Nov. 26, 1979

THE NEW YORKER

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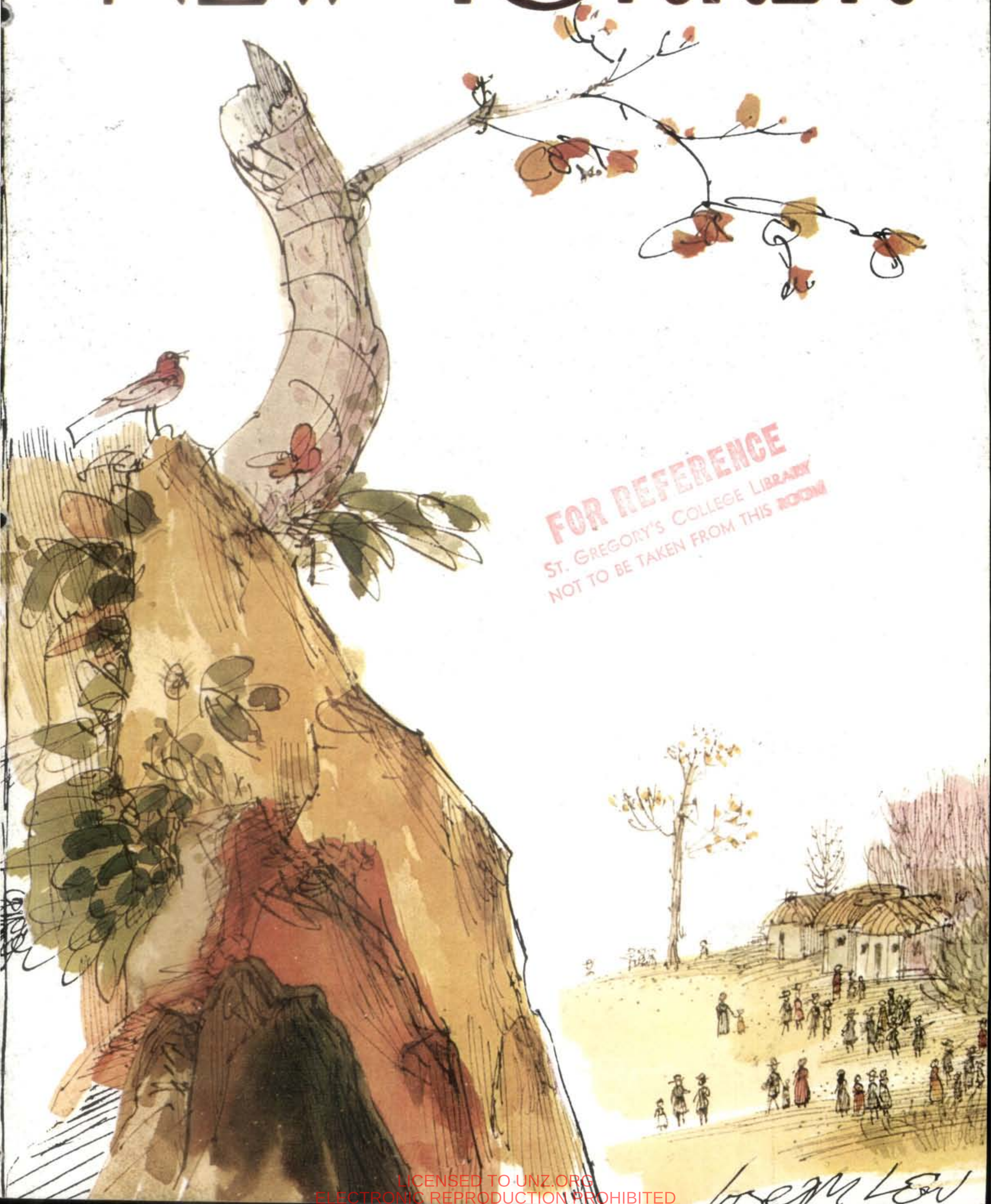

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 22. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Altar Boys—A play by Stephen Magowan, with Octavio Ciano and David Reinhardsen. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

The Balcony—Genet's exquisite little play is given a thorough shaking up by Richard Schechner, one of whose guiding principles is never to leave well enough alone. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

Bedroom Farce—A very funny play by Alan Ayckbourn, about four married couples of assorted ages and appetites. With Mildred Natwick, John Lithgow, and Robert Coote. Directed by the author and Peter Hall. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/9/79) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2; special matinées Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 23, at 3. Closes Saturday, Nov. 24.)

Class Enemy—A play by Nigel Williams, which originated in London. Directed by Tony Tanner. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Crazy Horse—A play by Louis Peterson. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Final performances Friday through Monday, Nov. 23-26, at 7:30.)

Evita—A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Flying Blind—A play by Bill Morrison. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Getting Out—The two heroines of Marsha Norman's affecting and accomplished first play are a young woman who has been released from prison on parole and her younger disruptive, delinquent self. Directed by Jon Jory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater—This little musical never attains enough independence from Kurt Vonnegut's novel to make a particularly strong or memorable show, but it has its moments all the same. Alan Menken wrote the larky score, Howard Ashman did the book and lyrics, and, in the title role, Frederick Coffin is exactly right as Mr. Vonnegut's rumpled hero. (10/29/79) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Jail Diary of Albie Sachs—Brian Murray heads the cast of a play by David Edgar, who adapted it from Mr. Sachs' writings. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 16.)

King of Schnorrers—A musical with a book, music, and lyrics by Judd Woldin. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Kurt Weill Cabaret—A pleasing assortment of Weill songs, ably presented by Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein. (11/19/79) (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Final performances Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23-24, at 10:30, and Sunday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

Ladyhouse Blues—Kevin O'Morrison's family portrait—a widow and her four grown daughters in a kitchen in St. Louis in 1919—is composed of many details of character, time, and place. Occasionally, it almost teeters over into sentimentality, but it is saved by the clear, firm performance under Tony Giordano's direction. Jo Henderson, Christine Estabrook, Laurie Kennedy, and Wendy Fulton are the good actresses. (10/29/79) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

Last Licks—A three-character play by Frank D. Gilroy, with Ed Flanders, J. T. Walsh, and Susan Kellermann. Directed by Tom Conti. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Nov. 25: Gilbert and Sullivan's **PRINCESS IDA.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Nov. 28, a five-week engagement of Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Loose Ends—Michael Weller's entertaining study of young folk in the nineteen-seventies: how they have accepted (or rejected) the burdens of adulthood, including the burden of making good in a society they mostly dislike. Brilliant performances by Roxanne Hart and Kevin Kline, under the direction of Alan Schneider (6/18/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mercier and Camier—An adaptation by Frederick Neumann of Samuel Beckett's book of the same title; with music by Philip Glass. A presentation of Mabou Mines. (Public, 425

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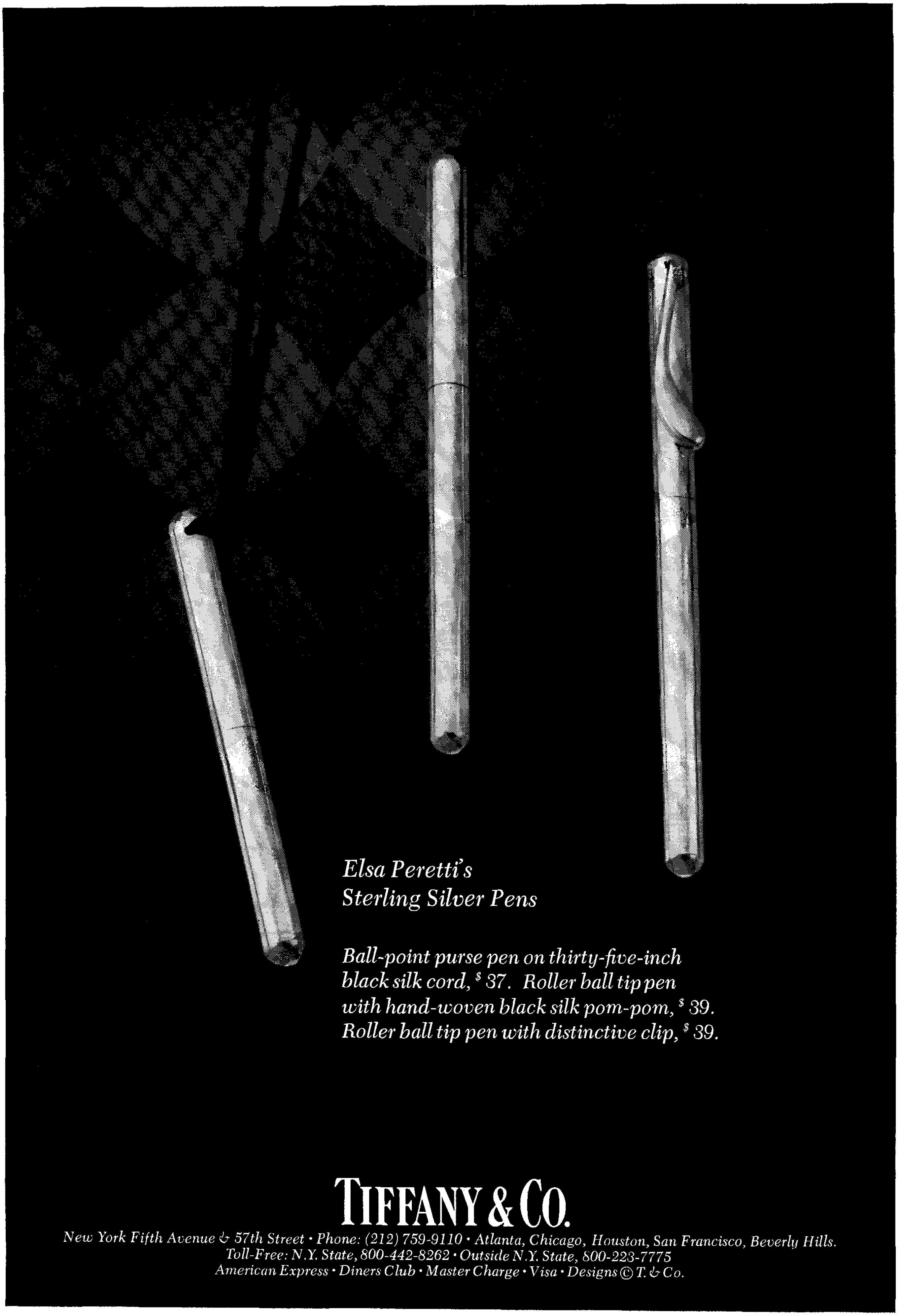

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Modigliani—A sad, implausible, carefully written play about a few days in the life of the celebrated painter. Jeffrey De Munn takes the leading role. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Most Happy Fella—A rather misshapen revival of Frank Loesser's near-opera, though well sung by an expert cast headed by Giorgio Tozzi. (10/22/79) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 25.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Dan Owens' **the michigan** is the first in this season's series of four productions. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Mark's Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 9.)

Night and Day—Maggie Smith heads the cast of a play by Tom Stoppard. Directed by Peter Wood. Previews through Monday, Nov. 26. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 27. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays, at 2; special matinées Thanksgiving Day at 3, and Friday, Nov. 23, at 2.)

The 1940's Radio Hour—A musical that lives off the singing of a great number of golden oldies, all in the name of summoning up how radio was in its prime. Written and directed by Walton Jones. (10/15/79) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 2.)

One Mo' Time—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he plays a leading role. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

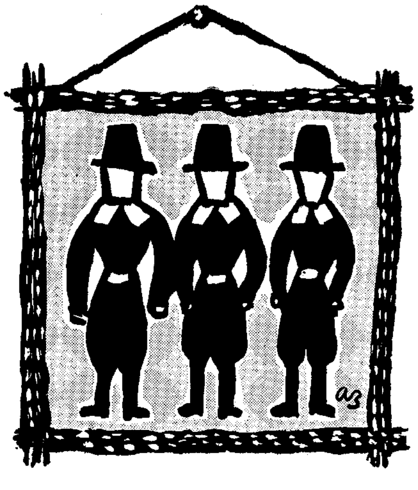
On Golden Pond—Ernest Thompson's funny, witty, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

Peter Pan—High in the sky with a guy—but the author is Barrie, not Porter. A pleasing revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical version of an indestructible play. (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thanksgiving Day at 3, and Friday, Nov. 23, at 2.)

Rebecca–The Rabbi's Daughter—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with an English narration by David Ellin. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Romantic Comedy—Bernard Slade's hand-me-down TV comedy stars Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow as a couple of ill-matched playwrights who collaborate on the writing of Broadway hits that one fears are just like this one. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23.)

Say Goodnight, Gracie—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion. Skillfully directed by Austin Pendleton. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 6.)



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Scrambled Feet—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Nov. 23, at 8; Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 23, at 7:30 and 10, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Smart Aleck–Alexander Woollcott at 8:40—An entry in the Humorists Series at American Place. Peter Boyden portrays Mr. Woollcott in a play written and directed by Howard Teichmann (based on his own biography of Woollcott, "Smart Aleck"). (Basement Space, American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Spell #7—Ntozake Shange's new show—a mosaic of scenes and recitations and music and dancing, set in a bar frequented by black actors and actresses—is a spellbinder indeed. The performances, under Oz Scott's direction, are very good; those of Mary Alice, Reyno, La Tanya Richardson, and Larry Marshall are even better than that. (7/16/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 9.)

Strider: The Story of a Horse—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin and arranged by Norman L. Berman) is consistently delightful. Robert Kalfin was both co-translator and co-director. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 2.)

Sugar Babies—Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller having a high old time in a musical show that only pretends to be based on the great days of burlesque, if burlesque ever had great days. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sweeney Todd—A mass murderer in nineteenth-century London is the peculiar protagonist of this boisterous musical, to which Stephen Sondheim has contributed something like twenty-five songs. With Len Cariou as the murderer and Angela Lansbury as his contented accomplice. Harold Prince directed. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ain't misbehavin':** A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.) . . . **annie:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the best little whorehouse in texas:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23.) . . . **chapter two:** A comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. Laurence Luckinbill plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 9.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.) . . . **da:** In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Brian Keith his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23.) . . . **dancin':** Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **deathtrap:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Cullum. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 2:30.) . . . **dracula:** Jean LeClerc co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinees Thanksgiving Day at 3, and Friday, Nov. 23, at 2.) . . . **the elephant man:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Jack Wetherall is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 8,136 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **gemini:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesdays through

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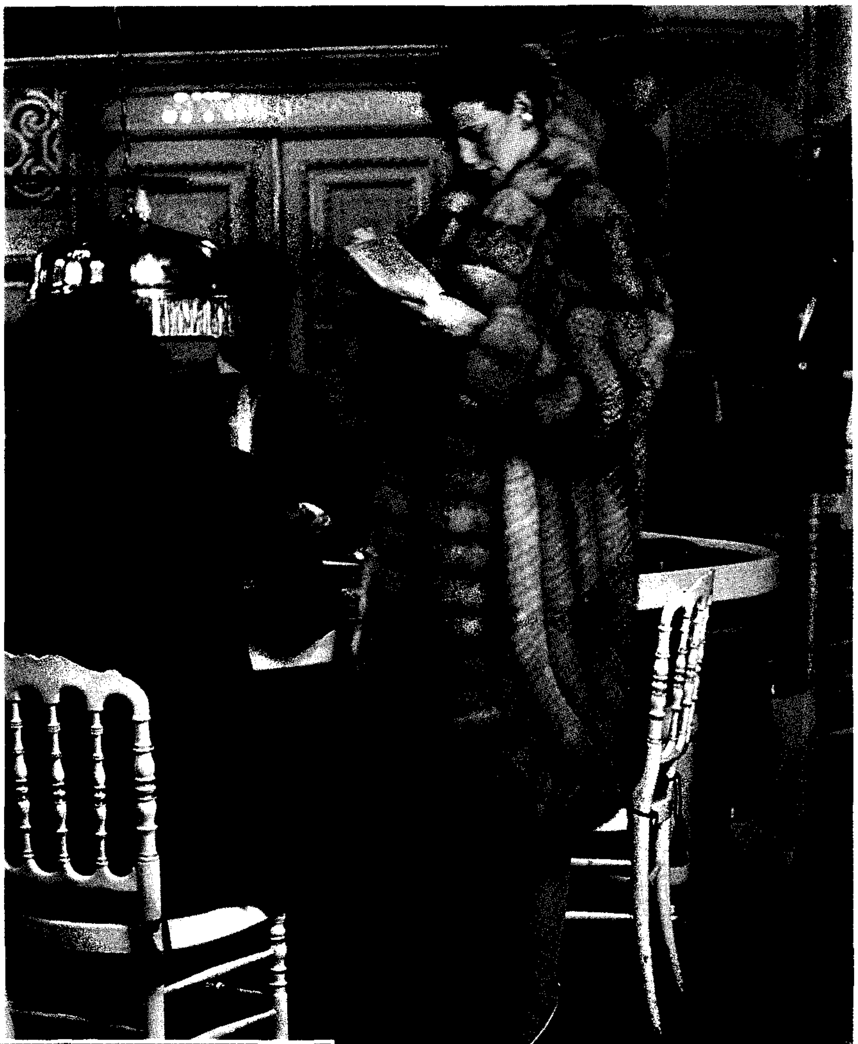

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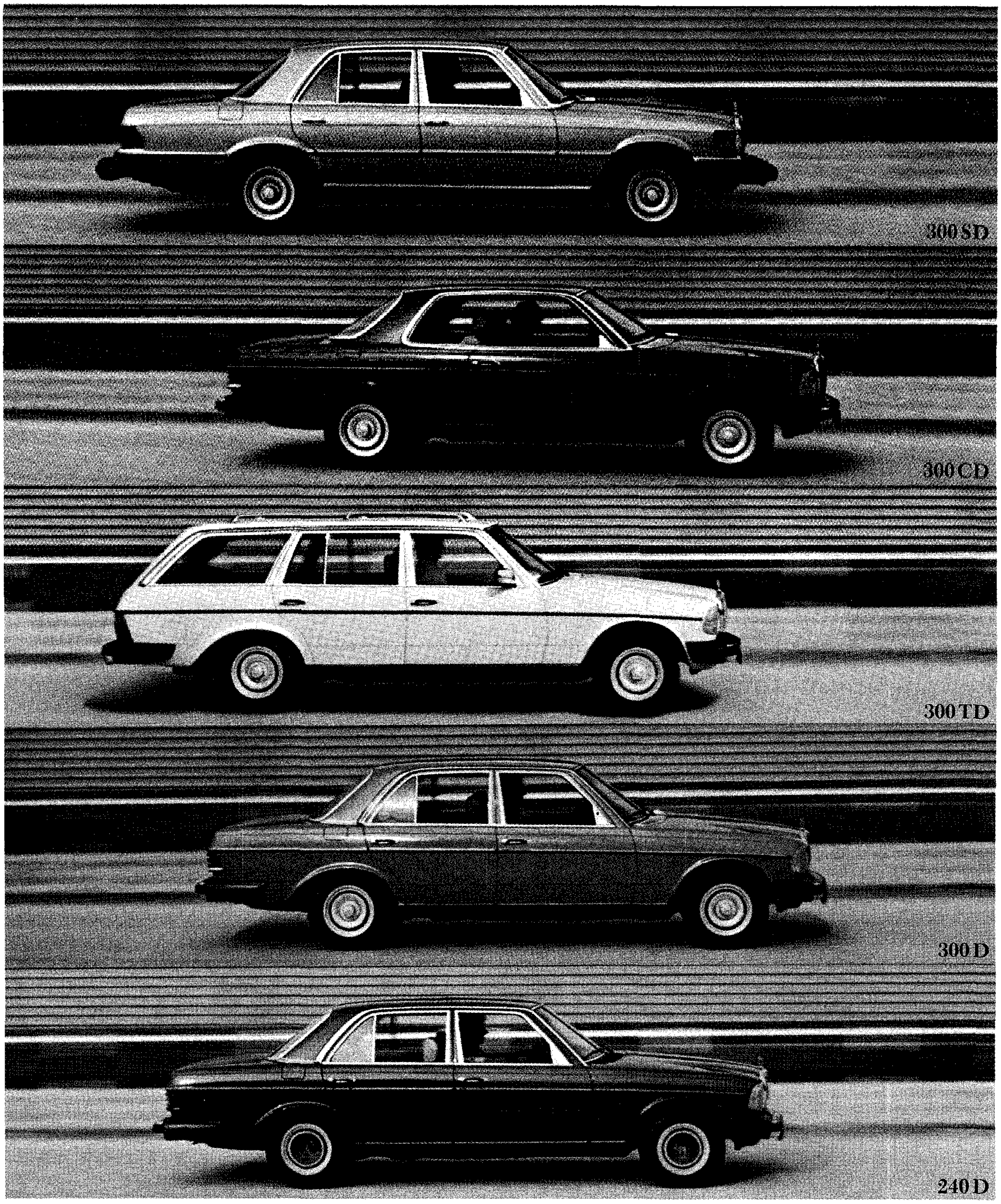

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)... **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 23, at 2.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A two-speed musical with Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Circus—The hundred-and-ninth edition of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey wingding. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L. I. 516 794-9100. Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 7:30; Thursday, Nov. 22, at 11; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23-24, at 11, 3, and 8; Sunday, Nov. 25, at 1 and 5:30; Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 3:30 and 7:30; Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 28-29, at 10:30 and 7:30; Friday, Nov. 30, at 3:30 and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 1, at 11, 3, and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 2, at 1 and 5:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Agon," "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "The Four Seasons." ...¶ Thursday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "La Sonnambula," and "Agon." ...¶ Friday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Chaconne," "The Cage," "Pas de Deux," and "The Four Seasons."...¶ Saturday, Nov. 24, at 2: "Square Dance," "Agon," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2."...¶ Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8: "Square Dance," "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "Chaconne."...¶ Sunday, Nov. 25, at 1: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "The Cage," "Tzigane," and "The Four Seasons."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 25, at 7: "Jewels."... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 8: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "La Source," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2."...¶ Friday, Nov. 30, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 1, at 2 and 8: "The Nutcracker." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 17.)

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International Ballet of Caracas—Final performances of a two-week engagement—Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Estudios," "Gemini," "Lento, a Tempo e Appassionato," "The River," and "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux." (Valentina Kozlova and Leonid Kozlov will appear in the last two ballets.)...¶ Thursday, Nov. 22, and Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 25, at 2: "Batucada Fantastica," "Estudios," and "Our Waltzes."...¶ Friday, Nov. 23, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 24, at 3: "Our Waltzes," "Percussion for Six Men," and "Rodin Mis en Vie."...¶ Sunday, Nov. 25, at 7: "Estudios," "Gemini," "Lento, a Tempo e Appassionato," and "The River." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 23—Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Tilt," "Facets," "Four Temperaments" (performed by the Joyce Trisler Danscompany), "Journey," and "District Storyville."...¶ Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Night Creature," "Facets," "Flowers," and an unnamed work (première)....¶ Friday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Tilt," "The Mooche," and "District Storyville."...¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 2: "Butterfly," "Myth," "Tilt," and the new work....¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Night Creature," "The Time Before the Time After," "According to Eve," and "Suite Otis." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Dance Umbrella—A ten-week season by twenty contemporary dance companies which will end Sunday, Dec. 9. **EIKO & KOMA:** Wednesday evening, Nov. 21; Friday evening, Nov. 23; and Sunday evening, Nov. 25.... **MARIA BENITEZ-ESTAMPA FLAMENCA:** Thursday evening, Nov. 22; Saturday evening, Nov. 24; and Sunday matinée, Nov. 25.... **SARA RUDNER PERFORMANCE ENSEMBLE:** Tuesday evening, Nov. 27; Thursday evening, Nov. 29; Saturday evening, Dec. 1; and Sunday matinée, Dec. 2. ... **MEL WONG DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday evening, Nov. 28; Friday evening, Nov. 30; and Sunday evening, Dec. 2. (Camera Mart-Stage One, 460 W. 54th St. 581-9386. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

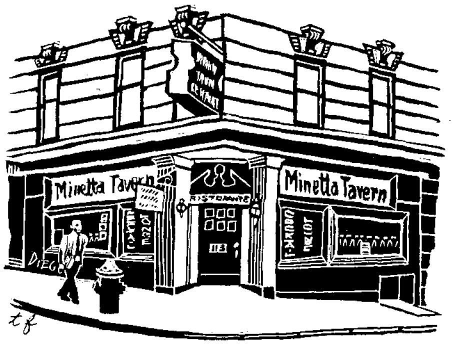
Meredith Monk and Company—Performances of a new work, "Recent Ruins." (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 675-5000. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Through Sunday, Dec. 2.)

"Dance"—The American première of a collaborative work combining solo and ensemble dance by choreographer Lucinda Childs and her company, with music by Philip Glass and films of the dancers by Sol LeWitt. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Nov. 29, at 7; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 2, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town....¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat club that shrewdly books jazz, country, blues, and above all, rock bands. The lineup: Through Saturday, Nov. 24, guitarist Pat Metheny; Sunday and Monday, Nov. 25-26, the Horslips, an Irish rock combo; Tuesday, Nov. 27, Clannad, another Irish band, with folksinger Jack Hardy; Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 28-29, **JOHN FAHEY,** the legendary folk-trance guitarist, and steel drummer Victor Brady; and Friday through Sunday, Nov. 30-Dec. 2, pianist **MC COY TYNER'S** band. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.



Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—It seems as though Bradley's is everybody's favorite neighborhood bar, even people who don't live in the neighborhood. Pianist **ROLAND HANNA,** a powerhouse operator, and his bassist will be on the premises through Saturday, Nov. 24; pianist **RAY BRYANT** and bassist Jimmy Rowser will move in on Monday, Nov. 26. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Brazil's chief exports are iron ore, manganese, coffee, cotton, beef, hides, and samba. This club is a samba outlet. Singer **DENISE DELAPENHA** and her backing crew perform from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a rhythmically inspired guitarist who plays fervent jazz that is disguised as hotel music, is assisted by pianist **TONY MONTE** and bassist **RON NASPO** from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** exuberant as ever, is back in the Café Carlyle with his bassist, **BEVERLY PEER,** and his drummer, **GENE GAMMAGE.** They go on at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining....¶ In the *Bemelmans Bar,* **BARBARA CARROLL** has her way with the keyboard nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS** is a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's backed Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Sylvia Syms, and other singers. And he's just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This rough-hewn night club hasn't done much for the surrounding neighborhood, but it's done a lot for rock and roll and the New York rock scene. The bands: Wizeguys and Tragic Flaw on Wednesday, Nov. 21; Bad Brains, Splits, and Mrozinsky on Thursday, Nov. 22; Shrapnel and Rattlers on Friday, Nov. 23; and Jayne County and Armageddon on Saturday, Nov. 24. Nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A large corner club with a past—it has been known as Nick's, Your Father's Mustache, and Alfredo's Settebello. It is now a country-and-Western hangout, though one needn't arrive in a pickup truck in order to be admitted. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly, after ten.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (265-0060)—This redesigned corner bar has brought in singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE,** who works with bassist **JACK SIX** Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** is not only a famous blues singer and composer but also a funny, rocking, and totally delightful entertainer. She's present with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Aaron Bell Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Sundays and Mondays are given over to Anne Marie Moss, who sings at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM,** his clear, easy tone still intact (he's in his mid-seventies), works with a trio during dinner—from six to eleven—Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-

9090)—This is **HUGH SHANNON** country—a singer-pianist's room, in which all the tables are close to the piano, and all the customers are usually very attentive. Mr. Shannon works Wednesdays through Sundays from nine until two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditional-jazz sextet plays every night but Sunday from nine-thirty. On Sundays pianist **JOHN BUNCH** is in charge of a quintet from eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A beautiful, carpeted, and usually well-attended below-stairs jazz room with one of the most bizarre entrances in town: a green-tinted Plexiglas door and a long, narrow hallway that challenges one's depth perception. The music: Through Saturday, Nov. 24, pianist **JOHN LEWIS** will play with bassist **RUFUS REID** and drummer **CONNIE KAY**. On Tuesday, Nov. 27, drummer **MAX ROACH** and his quartet will begin a five-night stand. The first set begins at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays, guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** collaborates with pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**; on Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio; and Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. All these groups play from ten, except on Sunday, when they start at nine. On Sundays, **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano from five to nine. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards team up on the tiny bandstand.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A several-months-old East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. This East Side one is a bit more elegant and offers pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD**, who is bound to attract patrons from all around the town. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one. Dining.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—On a clear day, you can see Jersey City. On a cloudy one, you can be completely socked in. Swing pianist **DILL JONES** plays with guitarist **MARTY GROSZ** and bassist **BILL PEMBERTON** for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Joe Albany alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with live and recorded rock and roll, and dancing to both. The bands: Alda Reserve and Normals Wednesday, Nov. 21; Jumpers and Ronnie & the Jitters Thursday, Nov. 22; Madness Friday, Nov. 23; Speedies and New Math Saturday, Nov. 24; and Walter Steding Monday, Nov. 26. Live music after eleven; recorded music from nine. Closed Sundays.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor, and on the ground floor in the Shandon Tavern. (477-3077)—Upstairs, singer Jay Clayton and a quintet on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23-24; on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, Thiago de Mello, a guitarist from the Amazon jungle, will bring in his quintet. Sundays are jam sessions. Music from nine-thirty. Downstairs in the Shandon Tavern, saxophonist Mike Morgenstern will head a band on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23-24; Brazilian trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** will show up with his group Brazil Special on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1. Sundays are turned over to saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** and his nonet. Music from ten. Closed Wednesday, Nov. 21, and Thanksgiving.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, the house legend, is propelled by a willing Dixieland quintet Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two. Closed Thanksgiving.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar. The home piano-bass team—**BILLY TAYLOR** and **VICTOR GASKIN**—has returned to do a five-week engagement. On Mondays, pianist **CORKY HALE** teams up with bassist **JAY LEONHART**. Music from ten. Dining.

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Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An extraterritorial Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, or country, and runs from about nine-fifteen until three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Wednesday, Nov. 21, folksinger Eric Andersen; Thursday, Nov. 22, folkie and comic Kinky Friedman; Sunday, Nov. 25, soul duo **SAM AND DAVE**; Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 26-27, the Pousette-Dart band; and Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 28-29, fiddler **VASSAR CLEMENTS** and his country band. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, and a picture-window view of a garden. **JOHNNY HARTMAN** is singing here with a backing band. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

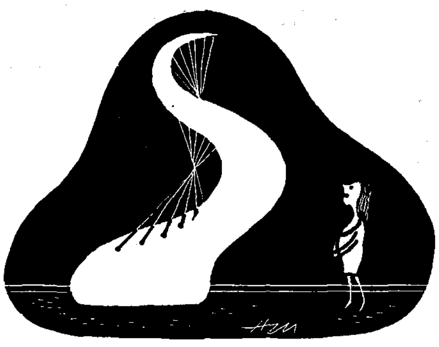
Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, and it will probably be crowded in the eighties. The lineup: Levi & the Rockats and the Stimulators Wednesday, Nov. 21; Fast, Jimi La Lumia, and Psychotic Frogs Thursday, Nov. 22; Throggs and Billies Friday, Nov. 23; Throggs and Heat Saturday, Nov. 24; Polyrock, Dots, and Hooks Sunday, Nov. 25; John King & the Cats and Steadies Monday, Nov. 26; R. L. Crutchfield's Dark Day, Sick Dick & Volkswagens, and Information Tuesday, Nov. 27. Music after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Music (at this moment unidentified) Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Ragtime and Funeral Band and a guest clarinettist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of the line of people waiting outside, one might think that there was a Woody Allen film being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A little neighborhood place that brings in jazz, blues, funk, and disco musicians. Pianist Monty Alexander pilots a foursome Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 22-24. Tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** directs his Revival Octet Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 29-Dec. 1. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. **BEN ARONOV** is now at the piano every night except Monday and Friday from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE**. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Not everybody here is a folkie. Country-rock singer **MARSHALL CHAPMAN** will appear Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 21-23; singer-guitarist Michael Johnson will be present on Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 24-25; Grover, Margret & Za Zu Zaz, a swing quartet, will perform on Tuesday, Nov. 27; and the **JOHN HERALD BAND** will be onstage Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.



Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. A sign in the lobby proclaims that one should "see and hear Cole Porter's piano." It's true that Mr. Lyon's instrument, a Louis XVI Steinway, did belong to Porter, who lived in the hotel, but Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, is the real draw. His touch seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band—**SY OLIVER'S** bouncy septet—populate this room. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Singer Maxene Andrews alternates with comic Tim Cahill through Sunday, Nov. 25. Singer and pianist **BLOSSOM DEARIE** will commence on Tuesday, Nov. 27. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven. Mondays are showcase nights. Dining.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—Harmonica virtuoso **LARRY ADLER** has moved into the King Cole Room, which is lavishly fitted out with brass railings, Maxfield Parrish paintings, and tiered seating. He performs a program entitled "Broadway, Blues, and Bach" with Hal Schaefer's trio Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly uncluttered. The Fabulous Floyd Boys are here on Wednesday, Nov. 21; pianist **CEDAR WALTON** will play with a quartet Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 22-25; and Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 29-Dec. 1, singer and pianist Robert Kraft will lead his band, the Ivory Coast. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In a lounge called the French Quarter one will find the venerable trumpeter **JONAH JONES** and his group. On Monday, Nov. 26, clarinettist Buddy De Franco's fivesome will take over. Music after nine nightly, except Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 21-24, tenor saxophonist **BILLY HARPER** will work with his quintet; on Sunday and Monday, Nov. 25-26, saxophonist Roland Alexander will guide a quintet; and Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 27-Dec. 1, will be claimed by a band comprising drummer **JOE CHAMBERS**, pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN**, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN**, saxophonist **GARY BARTZ**, and trumpeter **TERUMASA HINO**. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed, informal musicians' and listeners' hangout with a fine out-there and in-there lineup. Friday through Sunday, Nov. 25-27, will be benefit nights featuring such jazz performers as **CLIFFORD JORDAN**, **BARRY HARRIS**, **GEORGE COLEMAN**, and **JUNIOR COOK**. Music every night after ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—This recently remodelled club is currently bringing in a lot of blues players. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23-24, Sugar Ray & the Blue Tones will perform, and rhythm-and-blues singer Jenny Burton will be here on Wednesday, Nov. 28. Shows usually begin at nine and eleven. Sundays through Thursdays; at nine, eleven, and one on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining and dancing. Closed Thanksgiving.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—This place is primarily a showcase for journeyperson rock bands, but sometimes established, non-new-wave performers make their way onto the stage, too. The line-

Evening Pajama: Don Day. Hat: Whittall & Javits. Jewels: Bulgari.

Reach for the stars. Fur.

Deck the halls! Bedecked in fur. Santa's wearing a natural Finnish raccoon coat. His helper is in a natural ranch mink cape. Mrs. Claus is in the North Pole. Joy to the world. Shown are just two of the fabulous furs you'll find in a wide range of prices. At fine retailers, or write: The American Fur Industry, 767 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

up: James White & the Blacks Wednesday, Nov. 21; Normals and Joe Bidewell Group Thursday, Nov. 22; dB's Friday, Nov. 23; Mink DeVille Saturday, Nov. 24; Movers Monday, Nov. 26; Gramafone Tuesday, Nov. 27; Tinapeel and Heat Wednesday, Nov. 28; and Stirling Thursday, Nov. 29. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Music after eleven, usually. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the large downstairs room, Fridays and Sundays are reserved for flutist **HERBIE MANN**, who will play with percussionist **OLATUNJI** and conga whiz **RAY BARRETTO** on Friday, Nov. 23, and do solo flute recitals every Sunday. Shows Fridays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Sundays at ten. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work in the sidewalk lounge on Tuesdays from nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Trombonist **BOB BROOKMEYER'S** quintet, featuring guitarist **JACK WILKINS,** is on hand through Sunday, Nov. 25. On Tuesday, Nov. 27, tenor saxophonist **ZOOT SIMS** will arrive with his foursome. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A quiet, out-of-the-way soulfood restaurant that features good pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by pianist Esther Blue; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to pianist Sadik Hakim. Music from eight to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Columbia's off-campus survey of swing music. Trumpeter Franc Williams's Swing Four performs through Saturday, Nov. 24; Sunday, Nov. 25, Jazz à Cordes, a hot-jazz band, will be here; pianist Joe Albany will sit in on Monday, Nov. 26; bassist Frank Dean will play with his band on Tuesday, Nov. 27; Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 28-30, is set aside for tenor saxophonist George Kelly's group; and pianist **BROOKS KERR** will do a one-night stand on Saturday, Dec. 1. Things get under way about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Jefferson Starship and **Rory Gallagher**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Jorma Kaukonen & White Gland—With the Henry Paul Band. (Palladium. Friday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

Stanley Turrentine—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Nov. 23, at 8.

Rainbow—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, Nov. 23, at 8.

Nancy Wilson—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.

Marvin (Hannibal) Peterson—With Kalaparusha. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, Nov. 23, at 10:30.)

Pete Seeger—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8.

Woodstock Workshop Orchestra—With Karl Berger, Ed Blackwell, Lee Konitz, and others. (Public Theatre. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 10:30.)

Steve Forbert—With Carolyne Mas. (Palladium. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

Santana—Palladium. Sunday, Nov. 25, at 5 and 9.

Bette Midler—Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Thursday, Nov. 29, through Sunday, Jan. 6. Opening night at 6:30; thereafter, nightly, except Sundays, at 8.

Bob Wilber—In a program part classical and part jazz. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Outlaws—With Molly Hatchet. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

The Police—Palladium. Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8.

Foreigner—With Johnny Winter. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Dexter Gordon Quartet—With Woody Shaw and Barry Harris. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Hugh Masekela—With Eddie Palmieri. (Beacon Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 8.)

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John Renbourn, Ralph McTell, and **Stefan Grossman**—Town Hall. 840-2824. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8.

Andrew Cyrille and Maono—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.

Art Ensemble of Chicago—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 10:30.

Douglas Ewart and **Hank Drake**—Alternative Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St. 473-6072. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8.

Buzzcocks—With the Fall and the Sports. (Palladium. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Squat Theatre—Thursday and Friday, Nov. 22-23, at 9 and 11:30: Henry Threadgill sextet. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 27-28, at 9: Nana Vasconcelos and Collin Walcott. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 29, at 10 and midnight: U. K. Subs. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 30, at 10 and midnight: National Health. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 10 and midnight: Lynton Kwasi Johnson. (Squat Theatre, 256 W. 23rd St. 691-1238.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, Nov. 23, at midnight; Saturday, Nov. 24, at 9 and midnight; and Sunday, Nov. 25, at 3 and 8: Sun Ra and his Cosmo Drama Arkestra and Spacescape. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

The Wake: A Tribute to Bert Williams—Six performers in a program of minstrel music and dance. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Monday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

Duke Ellington Films—A program of film shorts and excerpts from feature films covering five decades, dating from the Duke's first film, "Black and Tan" (1929). (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8. For information about tickets, call 740-3423.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Charles Arnoldi—New abstract paintings. Through Dec. 12. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Guy Bardone—The blocky white houses of the Greek island of Patmos and the Aegean behind them are the subjects of this group of paintings by a French artist. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Gifford Beal (1879-1956)—Oils and watercolors representative of a long career, including his familiar circus paintings, landscapes, fishing scenes, and glimpses of the good summer life in Maine. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

CLOSED
LASZLO

Arnold Belkin—Classical paintings—Poussin's "Rape of the Sabines" and David's equestrian Napoleon, for instance—reduced to a sort of Cubist-Constructivist mélange. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Nardin, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Joseph Beuys—An installation: objects from a 1974 Beuys performance (felt blanket, etc.), rubble from a recently closed Berlin art gallery, gas lamps hung on small saplings. Through Dec. 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays. A larger exhibition of sculptures is at the Guggenheim Museum.)

Ilya Grigorevich Chashnik (1902-29)—Paintings, architectural drawings, and porcelain designs by one of the early theorists of the Suprematist group in Russia. Through March 15. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Rosemary Cove—Sculptured nudes cut out of Corten steel plate, one freestanding and the others mounted as wall pieces, and all reminiscent of Matisse's cutouts. Through Wednesday, Nov. 28. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Tommasi Ferroni—Paintings, classical-allegorical in style, except for the deadpan introduction of contemporary objects—a motorcycle helmet on Cupid, a smashed-up car mingled with fallen armored knights. First one-man show in New York. Through Dec. 29. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Michael Filmus / Fairfield Porter (1907-75)—Lyrical charcoal-and-pastel landscapes of the Berkshires. / Portraits of fellow-artists, including Jane Wilson, Paul Georges, and an innocent-looking Larry Rivers (done in 1951), and several poets (Ashbery and O'Hara) are among the figure paintings in this exhibition. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Klaus Fussmann—Loosely handled watercolors, mostly still-lifes and landscapes of the Baltic shores, by a German artist. Through Dec. 15. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Joseph Glasco—Tightly organized abstract canvas-collage paintings. Through Dec. 21. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Balcomb Greene—This artist's low-keyed, almost chiaroscuro palette seems to have acquired a touch of color in these new paintings of his favorite themes—the Maine coast, city crowds, enigmatic faces. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Friedrich Hundertwasser—Strangely colored patterns involving tiny figures, architectural details, and fantasy creatures, all done in a decorative-abstract style by this Austrian artist. Through Dec. 8. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Margaret Israel—A new series of paintings by this inventive artist, mostly bold still-lifes on paper sewn to canvas and surrounded by sculptured nursery figures or commedia dell'arte characters in ceramic or cloth, also sewn on. Through Dec. 15. (Cordier & Ekstrom, in new quarters at 417 E. 75th St.)

Gustav Klimt (1862-1918)—Thirty drawings, some of them in the loose, delicate style of his prime and some of them student work. Through Dec. 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Franz Kline (1910-62)—Fifteen small works on paper, in both black-and-white and color, dating from the fifties on. Through Dec. 28. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Jeanne Miles / Emmet Edwards—Mandala paintings. / Watercolors based on landscapes. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

Henry Moore—A benefit showing of nearly two hundred drawings from the past ten years together with a few sculptures. Through Jan. 18. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Bruce Robbins—Sixteen painted pilasters, eighty-eight inches tall, six inches wide, and made of wood and plaster, standing against stark white walls. Through Dec. 8. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Barbara Schwartz—Large, convoluted wall pieces made of pulp molded onto wire mesh and then painted, plus a couple of pedestalled bronzes. Through Wednesday, Nov. 28. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Joan Semmel—A new set of paintings and works

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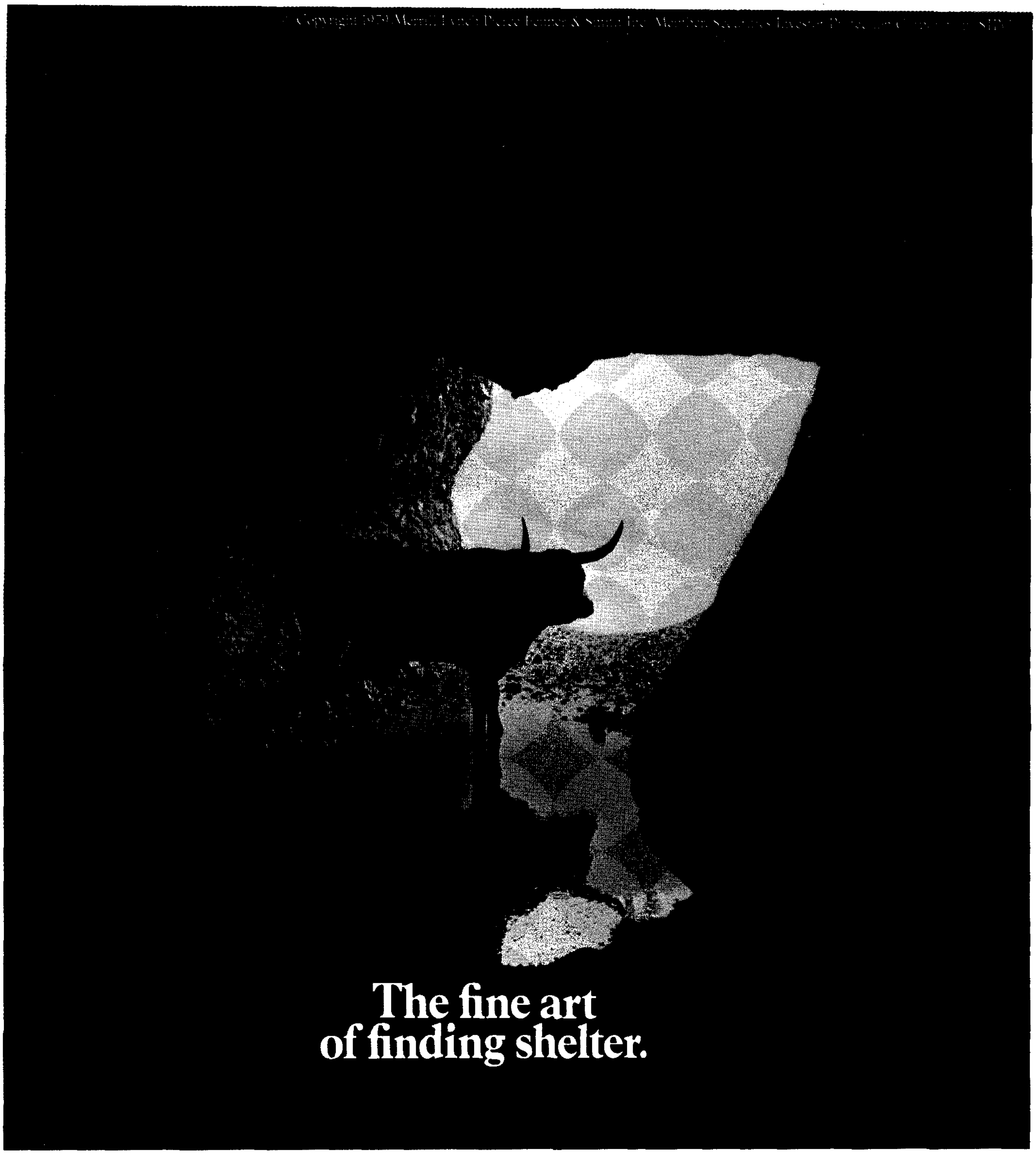
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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on paper depicting the artist's own nude body. Through Wednesday, Nov. 28. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Aaron Shikler—Paintings, pastels, and drawings by an exceptional draftsman. There are several full-length portraits of women, whose gowns are gold-colored collages, and a few landscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Jacques Villon (1875-1963)—Sixty drawings and watercolors covering a fifty-year period in the artist's career. Self-portraits, still-lifes, and horses are among the subjects. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Goldschmidt, 1117 Madison Ave., at 84th St.)

Max Weber (1881-1961)—A comprehensive showing of small plaster and bronze sculptures and a number of drawings and woodblock prints. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—Small-scale works dating from the early sixties to the present, many of them in this artist's cool, erotic manner. Through Dec. 8. (Ehrlich, 28 E. 74th St.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella**, 18 E. 79th St.: Twenty-two paintings by eighteen artists (Max Ernst, Chagall, Miró). Modigliani's "Boy with Red Hair" and Monet's "Dahlias" are two of them. Through Friday, Nov. 30. (Open Mondays.). . . **knoedler**, 19 E. 70th St.: Five Morris Louis paintings and a David Smith sculpture are among the works selected from a private collection. Through Wednesday, Nov. 28. . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: An exhibition of seldom-seen drawings by Calder, Léger, Matisse, Miró, Modigliani, Pascin, and Picasso. Through Dec. 8. . . . **randall**, 823 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by Mané-Katz, a Russian-born Expressionist who died in 1962, and by six Israeli artists associated with him. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. . . . **reed**, 120 E. 78th St.: "Woman" is a show of paintings and drawings by Botero, Lindner, Bombois, Hockney, and others. Through Dec. 15. (Opens at 1.). . . **saidenberg**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "Cubism and Related Movements," an assemblage of early-twentieth-century paintings and works on paper by Gris, Malevich, Severini, Moholy-Nagy, and others. Through Dec. 8. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Sculpture—Works by twelve Japanese, including Minoru Niizuma, Toshio Odate, and Fumio Yoshimura. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Douglas Abdell—Sculptures that consist of big, black, jagged geometrical metal forms but nevertheless manage to express a lighthearted quality, by an artist who does all his own blacksmithing. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30. Three of his painted-steel sculptures have been installed on the center divider of Park Avenue between Seventy-fourth and Seventy-fifth Streets.)

Ed Arno—Cartoons, many from this magazine. Through Jan. 4. (Austrian Institute, 11 E. 52nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Elena Borstein—Air-brushed paintings of building façades seen in the Greek islands. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Chuck Close—One huge (nine-foot-by-six) face, entitled "Mark," painted with startling exactitude, plus smaller portraits in which this artist carries his grid technique of enlargement to new lengths—inked thumbprints, for instance, or daubs of paint forming the "dots" that make up an image. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Max Cole—Abstract paintings, most of them solid-black canvases striated with fine lines of even blacker India ink. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Yrjö Edelmann—Trompe-l'oeil oils. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jackie Ferrara—Complicated towers made of stacked slats of raw, sanded sugar pine, some with interior stairways that suggest Mayan pyramids. Through Dec. 8. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Helen Frankenthaler / Anthony Caro—Big, new abstract paintings in which streaks of pale color trail across a sombre ground. Through Wednesday, Nov. 28. / Tabletop sculptures made of found iron pieces—ice saws, axe heads, cleaving tools, calipers, plowshares, assorted rods, and what look like findings from many, many barn sales. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ken Friedman—Humorous drawings done in black-and-white on the interior of plain wooden coffins. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Nobé, 250 W. 57th St.)

Ruth Gikow—Drawings and paintings of street people, theatrical folk, and teen-agers, done with considerable vigor. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Robert Graham—Two smaller-than-life nude female figures, done with lapidary precision and cast in bronze, and an unfinished head of the same quality at Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Dec. 4); and two ten-foot bronze columns, each with a figure on the top at Hammarskjöld Plaza, Second Ave. at 47th St. (through Jan. 18).

Cleve Gray—What look like explosions of fiery energy are seen against solid-color backgrounds in these new abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Adams Griefen—Recent abstractions. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

Stefan Hirsch (1899-1964)—Factories and mills are the subjects of many oils by this pioneer Precisionist painter, who worked in the same vein as Charles Sheeler and Niles Spencer, and around the same time—the early twenties. Through Dec. 8. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

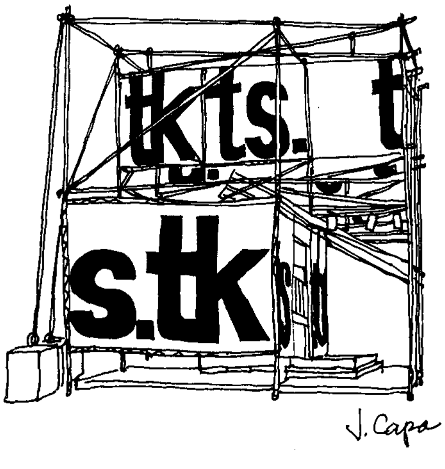
Marina Karella—Plastic-resin sculptures of nude figures in bed and partially covered by sheets, plus three white-on-white figure paintings and a couple of bronze pieces. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Gloria Kisch—Sculptures in which seaworn stones, some the size of a potato and some as big as one's head, are perched on slender metal rods in clusters more than five feet high. Through Thursday, Nov. 29. (Touchstone, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robin Lehrer—Pattern paintings done in pen-and-ink and watercolor and incorporating, among them, a multitude of motifs—Egyptian, circuses, executions, crucifixes, zoological, social-protest. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Gladstone, 38 E. 57th St.)

Michael Loew—A thirty-year survey of this artist's abstractions, which over the years have acquired a gentle note that alleviates the sharpness of his earlier, rigorously structured work. Through Dec. 6. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Alice Trumbull Mason (1904-71)—Paintings by an early abstractionist who derived some inspiration from her studies with Gorky but who developed a solid kind of composition that is all her own. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)



Forrest Moses—Oil-on-linen Expressionist paintings of mountain streams. Through Dec. 6. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Gregorio Prestopino—Watercolors of sylvan glades populated by stylized and rather sturdy nymphs, all painted in flat washes of color. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Robert Reid—Semi-abstract landscape paintings and drawings with a small inset in each containing realist renditions of the numeral "2." Through Thursday, Nov. 29. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Donald Sandstrom—Painted, miniature sculptures of existing Iowa and Illinois farms and crossroads communities, made of wire mesh cut, soldered, and shaped into sort of three-dimensional Grant Wood countrysides. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jaune Quick-To-See Smith / Pati Hill—Pictographic-looking pastels by an Indian woman of French-Cree and Shoshone descent, who manages to hold on to an unstudied simplicity despite thoroughgoing academic training in five universities and colleges. / "Men and Women in Sleeping Cars" is the title of this exhibit made up of photocopy images taken from European railroad brochures. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Kenneth Snelson—Tension sculptures in steel and aluminum. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joan Snyder—Abstract paintings inspired by the countryside. Through Dec. 15. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Alan Sonfist—Photographs and drawings of projected parks, a map of the numerous springs on Manhattan, and a sculptural array of core samples taken from the city's bedrock and set out in a hundred-odd ten-foot rows. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St.)

John Torreano—Canvases and wood columns to which pieces of colored glass have been affixed. Through Dec. 22. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

William T. Wiley—Mixed-medium drawings, some of them immense and densely crowded with the artist's own fetishes—palettes, skylights, yin-yang symbols, human figures, Three Mile Island—and scribbled over here and there with his punning observations about current events. Through Dec. 7. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Group Show—Paintings of old-fashioned, small-town Iowa homes by John Gordon; water lilies in a running stream by Roger Howrigan; and landscapes with idyllic figures painted from memories of the White River country in Arkansas, now inundated by the waters of Beaver Dam, by Eddie Earl Cato. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Tatistcheff, a recently opened gallery at 38 E. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Alice Aycock—Two huge wooden structures by one of the most innovative artists around. One is a rough-carpentered maze, forty feet long and twelve feet wide (she calls it an amusement park, asylum, prison, marketplace, battlefield, paradise—"Now they're really all the same thing, aren't they?"), whose labyrinthine passages are interrupted at various points by steel doors, like sluice gates, and whose terminus is an enclosure within three concentric walls. Each wall is manually turned fifteen degrees or so every hour, ultimately exposing an entrance, presumably to paradise. The other structure is a machine for "manufacturing ghosts," made of handsomely sanded plywood and brightly lit by an overhead ring of theatre spotlights. There are also related drawings and drawings for other projects. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Deborah Butterfield / Dalia Ramanauskas—Sculptures of life-size horses, some made up of scrap metal and some of sticks and mud; they have a startling reality. / Realistic colored-ink drawings of varicolored stones, sometimes

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wrapped in brown paper or coarse cloth.... ¶ In the front hall, Mattie Berhang has assembled large, striking mobiles made of industrial refuse—steel shavings, punched-out plastics, broken springs—found in alleyways near her home in Long Island City. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Don Eddy—This artist has progressed from superrealist renditions of gleaming Volkswagens to superrealist renditions of vitrines full of almost blinding displays of crystal and silver. Through Dec. 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

R. C. Gorman—A dozen abstract paintings that incorporate designs from Indian rugs and pottery. Also drawings and lithographs. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Bayard, 456 West Broadway.)

Aaronel deRoy Gruber—Illuminated abstract sculptures made of colored Plexiglas and mounted on slowly revolving bases. Through Dec. 2. (Opening Gallery, 379 West Broadway. Open daily, except Mondays, until 7.)

E. F. Higgins III—Two hundred joking postage stamps, eighteen inches by sixteen, painted in oil. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (112 Greene St., a newly done-over exhibition space.)

Gerald Laing—Vaguely Art Deco bronze sculptures of the female figure, and of heads, some of them veiled. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Kenneth Noland—New paintings. Through Dec. 8. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Ray Parker—Big abstract canvases in which a single massive shape is set off by confetti-like strings of paint squeezed onto the canvas directly from the tube. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Liliana Porter—Colored drawings in which a pyramid, a cube, a ball, and a vase are repeatedly examined. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Toll, 138 Prince St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Joanna Pousette-Dart—This artist moved from a relatively dark studio to a sunny one not long ago, and the difference is reflected in these huge new abstract paintings—mostly triptychs—which seem to be as much concerned with light as with color. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Rosalind Shaffer—Life-size figures assembled from painted plywood cutouts. Most are women—taking a bath, swimming, singing into a microphone, at a lunch counter. Through Wednesday, Nov. 28. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

David Loeffler Smith—Small oil-on-paper figure paintings. Through Dec. 5. (First Street Gallery, 118 Prince St. Opens at 1.)

Theodoros Stamos—Bold color-field paintings in which the artist makes reference to the symbols of antiquity—cuneiform writings, broken columns—that surround him in Greece, where he works half the year. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Michael Stolbach / John Van Alstine—Scumbled grids of earthy color done on paper affixed to raw canvas or to paper. / Experiments in stress and balance carried out in abstract sculptural pieces made of Colorado flagstone and forged-steel rods. Through Thursday, Nov. 29. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Boaz Vaadia—Slabs of bluestone or marble, which used to be lintels or doorsills, trussed up in primitive-looking sledlike constructions. Through Wednesday, Nov. 28 (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Composers' Art—A collection of musical scores assembled by John Cage, in which various composers break out of the ordinary alphabet of music and resort to something close to illustrative drawing to get their purpose across. The result has both calligraphic and musical charm, and the show is augmented with unusual scorings, from other collections, by such giants as Haydn, Mozart, and Brahms, as well as latter-day samplings from Gershwin, Sousa, Porter, and Jelly Roll Morton. Through Jan. 26. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Show—A single drawing apiece by more than twenty artists, among them Philip Guston, John Lees, and Joe Zucker Through Dec. 29. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Al Hirschfeld—Recent drawings by the *Times'* theatrical caricaturist. Also, a dozen watercolors on Japanese Kabuki theatre. Through Jan. 5. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays.)

Anna Walinska—An exhibit of more than eighty paintings and drawings from the last twenty-five years, all devoted to the Holocaust. Through Dec. 16. (Cathedral Museum of Religious Art, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

Fraunces Tavern Museum—A collection of paintings, china, religious items, silverware, and other memorabilia connected with the early Jewish community in New York, shown to inaugurate the museum's new Adeline Moses Loeb Gallery. (Fraunces Tavern, 54 Pearl St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Henri Cartier-Bresson / Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—Works from his entire career assembled by the seventy-one-year-old photographer. / A hundred photographs, mostly of Paris parks and gardens. Through Jan. 6. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

Bernard Faucon—Photographs of dressed mannequins printed by means of the Fresson-color process. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Philippe Halsman (1906-79) / **Thomas Schiff**—Contact prints of portraits. / Abstract photographs chiefly. Through Dec. 8. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)... ¶ Hastings, 121 E. 24th St., is showing thirty-four finished portraits by Halsman. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. Open Mondays.

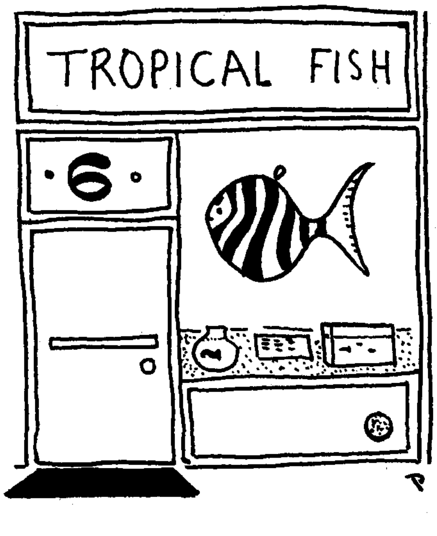
Aleksandras Macijauskas—Prints documenting the practice of veterinary medicine in Lithuania. Through Dec. 8. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Robert Mapplethorpe—Photographs dated 1970 to 1975. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Samuel, 795 Broadway, at 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Eliot Porter—Dye-transfer prints of wildlife. Through Dec. 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)... ¶ An exhibition of Porter's dye-transfer landscapes has been mounted by the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Steve Salmieri and Sydnie Michele—The former photographs Cadillacs in black-and-white, and the latter hand-colors the ensuing work. Through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Victor Schrager—Polaroid color prints of magazine pages, postcards, and other printed matter. Through Dec. 22. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St. Closed Friday, Nov. 23.)



MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of nearly eighty large-scale canvases by Clyfford Still, representative of the artist's work since 1942. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ "Greek Art of the Aegean Islands," a show of sculptures, vases, jewelry, and wall paintings dating from the Bronze Age to the fifth century. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ A display of Japanese ceramics from the Tanakamaru Collection, which is known for its tea-ceremony wares. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions of twentieth-century art: two galleries of paintings and sculptures, and one of drawings. Some of the artists: Alex Katz, Roy Lichtenstein, Robert Murray, Chryssa, Yvonne Jacquette. . . . ¶ Sixty-five seventeenth-century Dutch and Flemish drawings from the Lehman Collection, including ten Rembrandts and a Rubens. Through Jan. 27. . . . **Photography:** Dye transfers by Eliot Porter. Through Jan. 20. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The museum, celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, has drawn on the contents of its own collections for a sweeping survey of the art of the twenties. Among the works: paintings by Magritte and Hopper, architectural models and domestic designs by Breuer and Mies van der Rohe, sculptures by Brancusi and Moholy-Nagy, photographs by Rodchenko and Weston. Through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ A show of thirty etchings done by Marc Chagall for the book "Psaumes de David." They underscore the collaborative efforts of the artist and his printer and publisher. Starts Thursday, Nov. 22. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9.)

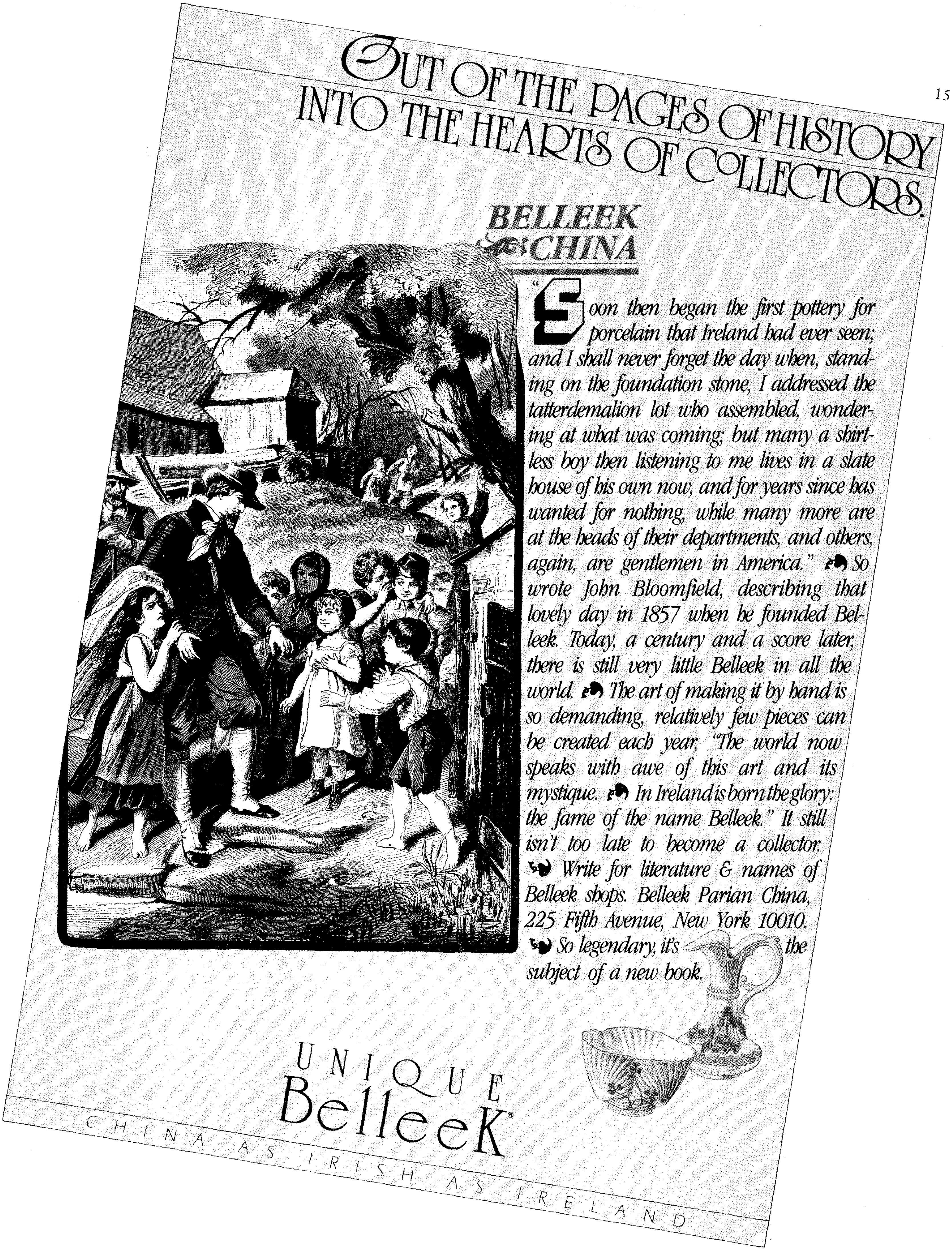
Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of the works of the German sculptor Joseph Beuys. Mediums include gauze, honey, fat, and felt. One-third of the rotunda, for instance, is occupied by large nonrepresentational pieces of solid cast tallow; in another area is a felt-draped piano. Also drawings. Through Jan. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) A complementary show is at Ronald Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Andy Warhol: Portraits of the '70s." Two views each of such personalities as David Hockney, Truman Capote, and Liza Minnelli; three of Chairman Mao; and eight of the artist's mother. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ A show of more than two hundred prints and illustrations by Edward Hopper. Through Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Sixteen watercolors by Masami Teraoka, a California artist who uses traditional Japanese art forms to satirize modern life. One series is titled "31 Flavors Invading Japan." Through Jan. 6. . . . **Photography:** Prints dated 1900 to 1930, by Berenice Abbott, Paul Strand, Clarence White, and others. Through Sunday, Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Portraits (in paintings, photographs, and videotapes) of artists by their fellow-artists. Some of the portraitists and their subjects are: Duane Michals of Joseph Cornell and Alice Neel of Robert Smithson. Through Wednesday, Nov. 28. (Open Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The American Renaissance 1876-1917," a show of more than three hundred objects by artists, architects, and craftsmen of the period. Through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ An exhibit of prints, drawings, and photographs of New York from the permanent collections. Among the sixty-six artists represented are Benny Andrews, Childe Hassam, Isabel Bishop, and Alfred Stieglitz. Through Jan 6. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W at 79th St.—An exhibit of Colom-



OUT OF THE PAGES OF HISTORY INTO THE HEARTS OF COLLECTORS.

BELLEEK CHINA

“Soon then began the first pottery for porcelain that Ireland had ever seen; and I shall never forget the day when, standing on the foundation stone, I addressed the tatterdemalion lot who assembled, wondering at what was coming; but many a shirtless boy then listening to me lives in a slate house of his own now, and for years since has wanted for nothing, while many more are at the heads of their departments, and others, again, are gentlemen in America.” ❧ So wrote John Bloomfield, describing that lovely day in 1857 when he founded Belleek. Today, a century and a score later, there is still very little Belleek in all the world. ❧ The art of making it by hand is so demanding, relatively few pieces can be created each year, “The world now speaks with awe of this art and its mystique. ❧ In Ireland is born the glory: the fame of the name Belleek.” It still isn't too late to become a collector. ❧ Write for literature & names of Belleek shops. Belleek Parian China, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010. ❧ So legendary, it's the subject of a new book.

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CHINA AS IRISH AS IRELAND

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bian gold and pottery dating from about 100 B.C. to the fourteenth century. The more than five hundred gold objects include, in addition to ornamental pieces, such utilitarian items as musical instruments, bowls, and flasks. . . . ¶ A show of art and artifacts of the Huichol Indians of Mexico, including costumes, yarn embroideries, and votive objects. Through Feb. 10. (Open daily except Thanksgiving. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday and Friday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Forty-eight artists have paintings, drawings, and graphics in the thirty-first annual Childe Hassam Purchase Fund exhibit (about twenty of the works will be bought by the fund as gifts to museums). . . . ¶ A memorial show of works by Edwin Dickinson, Charles Eames, Eugene Francis Savage, Edward Durell Stone, and Stow Wengenroth. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, 1 to 4.) Both shows through Dec. 30.

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of contemporary handmade musical instruments, ranging from earnest classical violins to whimsical gourd fiddles. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of more than sixty Japanese Buddhist paintings from Western collections. Through Dec. 9. (Open daily except Thanksgiving. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of sixty-three objects, including bronzes, jades, ceramics, and textiles, on loan from the Metropolitan Museum. Through Jan. 27. (Open daily except Thanksgiving. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 10 to 5; Tuesdays and Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Man-made and natural objects from twelve Smithsonian institutions form a show whose articles range from coins and stamps to butterflies and beetles. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of fifteen ornate small-scale wood sculptures by Abraham Miller (1881-1973), the craftsman who in 1914 carved the Frick's two decorative chimneypieces. Included are reliefs, figures, handmade tools, and an unfinished pine piece dated 1973. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A show of books, maps, prints, and portraits marking the five-hundredth anniversary of Jean Grolier, the French bibliophile and patron of the arts. Eleven of the bindings are from Jean Grolier's own library. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Open daily except Sundays and Thanksgiving. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works, including drawings and maquettes, by Seymour Lipton, whose abstract sculptures of interwoven organic shapes combine nickel silver and Monel steel. Through Jan. 20. (Open daily except Fridays, Saturdays, and Thanksgiving. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

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Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—British literary manuscripts, 800 to 1800, including Pope's "Essay on Man," and Johnson's "Life of Pope." Through Sunday, Nov. 25. . . . ¶ A display of musical manuscripts, including Stravinsky's 1946 version of "Petrushka," Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde," and Ravel's Piano Concerto for the Left Hand. Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ William Blake's twenty-one watercolor illustrations for the Book of Job and his illustrations for Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." Through Dec. 2. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A show of paintings with New York City themes by Philip Reisman—hot-dog venders, street musicians, tenements. Through Feb. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Two shows of figure studies, one of paintings that were donated to the academy by members, including Isabel Bishop, Frank Duveneck, and George Tooker; and the other of drawings from a private collection, by Eastman Johnson, Joseph Stella, and others. Through Jan. 31. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The first part of a show of Audubon's original watercolors for "The Birds of America." The second part will open Dec. 6. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"The Thirties in England" is the Berg Collection's current exhibition of manuscripts, first editions, letters, pamphlets, and radio transcripts by British authors, including Joyce Cary, Elizabeth Bowen, Noël Coward, and Graham Greene. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A survey of prints by sixty-six black artists. The earliest is dated 1837; among the contemporary artists are Betye Saar, Jacqui Holmes, and Hale Woodruff. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Pierre Jouvet (film), Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 8:30; Mark A. Scherman (performance with film), Thursday, Nov 29, at 8:30; single-edition books by Australian artists, through Friday, Nov. 30; individual exhibits in various mediums by Ann Rosen and Kenneth Shorr, through Dec. 8.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—A program of experimental films from the twenties, by Léger, Richter, Man Ray, and others, Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8:30; Jeffrey Lohn & Michael Nyman Band (music), Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23-24, at 8:30; Marc Camille Chaimowicz (performance with videotapes), Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 8:30; Maryanne Amacher (music), Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 8:30; David Salle (an installation of two painted rice-paper screens), through Saturday, Nov. 24; videotapes by twenty-three Australian artists, through Saturday, Nov. 24.

Film As Film—A show that examines, through photographs, drawings, and enlarged film strips, abstract film of the twenties and thirties. On view, among other items, are enlargements of individual pictures from "Rhythm 21," by Hans Richter, and from "Anémic Cinéma," by Marcel Duchamp. Through Dec. 15. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.) . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 26, at 6: A program of experimental films from the twenties. (The same program can be seen at The Kitchen, *supra*, on Nov. 21.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-6000.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 21: "Aida," with Ljiljana Molnar-Talajic, Viorica Cortez, Giorgio Merighi, Ingvar Wixell, Jerome Hines, and Julien Robbins; conducted by James Conlon. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 22: "Eugene Onegin," with Raina Kabaivanska, Yuri Mazurok, and Nicolai Gedda; Emil Tchakarov. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 23: "Carmen," with Gwendolyn Killebrew, Leona Mitchell, Guy Chauvet, and Michael Devlin; James Conlon. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 24: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Astrid Varnay, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 24: "Aida," with Elinor Ross, Viorica Cortez, Giorgio Merighi, Ingvar Wixell, Luigi Roni, and Julien Robbins; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 26: "Eugene Onegin," with Raina Kabaivanska, Yuri Mazurok, and Nicolai Gedda; Emil Tchakarov. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 27: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Astrid Varnay, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 28: "Aida," with Rita Orlandi-Malaspina, Viorica Cortez, Giorgio Merighi, and Ingvar Wixell; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 29: "La Gioconda," with Grace Bumbry, Bruna Baglioni-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Constantini, Jocelyne Taillon, Carlo Bergonzi, and Mario Sereni; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 30: "Eugene Onegin," with Raina Kabaivanska, Yuri Mazurok, and Nicolai Gedda; Emil Tchakarov. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 1: "Aida," with Rita Orlandi-Malaspina, Viorica Cortez, Giorgio Merighi, and Ingvar Wixell; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 1: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Astrid Varnay, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Nov. 24, at 2, and Saturday, Dec. 1, at 1:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta directing—Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8; Friday, Nov. 23, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 7:30 (a Chopin-Bruckner program, with Murray Perahia, piano); and Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8; Friday, Nov. 30, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8; and Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 7:30 (performances of Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah," with Leona Mitchell, soprano; Carol Wyatt, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; Sherrill Milnes, baritone; and the Westminster Choir).

Los Angeles Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Carlo Maria Giulini directing—Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 26-27, at 8: Two varied programs, no soloists. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8: A performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Renata Scotto, soprano; Julia Hamari, mezzo-soprano; Veriano Luchetti, tenor; Martti Talvela, bass; and the Temple University Chorus.

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona directing Mahler's Third Symphony, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano, and the Baltimore Symphony Chorus and Boys Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Julius Rudel conducting, with Jerome Lowenthal, piano, and Leonard Raver, organ. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 25, at 3.)

Orchestra of New York—Paul Dunkel conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

Metropolitan Ensemble of New York—Mamoru Takahara conducting, with Edmund Jacobsen, violin; Nathan Stutch, cello; and Bert Lucarelli, oboe. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8. For information about tickets, call 787-6983.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "L'Allegro, il Penseroso," with Benita Valente, soprano; John Aler, tenor; and Leslie Guinn, baritone. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 2, at 5:30.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing a performance of Poulenc's "Gloria" and C.P.E. Bach's "Magnificat," with Janice Dixon, soprano; Alteouise DeVaughn, mezzo-soprano; Eugene Carter, tenor; Edward Pierson, bass; and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

RECITALS

Theodore Lettvin—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—Jaime Laredo, violin and viola; Alexander Schneider, violin; Sharon Robinson, cello; and Stephanie Brown, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—With Ruth Laredo, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

Jack Winerock—Piano, in a program that includes William Albright's "Chromatic Dances." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 3.)

Seraphim Trio—A newly formed ensemble—Edward Auer, piano; Edith Peinemann, violin; and Yehuda Hanani, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

Amiram Rigai—Piano, in an all-Gottschalk program. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Sunday, Nov. 25, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

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Paul Shelden—Clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Nov. 25, at 2:30.)

Elly Ameling—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 25, at 3.)

Alicia de Larrocha and Victoria de los Angeles—Piano and soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 25, at 3.)

Syntagma Musicum—An instrumental and vocal ensemble from the Netherlands in a program of late-medieval music. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, Nov. 25, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

Music Before 1800—The third in a series of eight recitals will be performed by the Classical String Quartet. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Nov. 25, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Alan Mandel—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Nov. 25, at 5:30.)

New York Philomusica—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

Richard Young—Violin. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Monday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

Lazar Berman—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Monday, Nov. 26, at 8, a benefit recital. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

Marie Laferrière—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

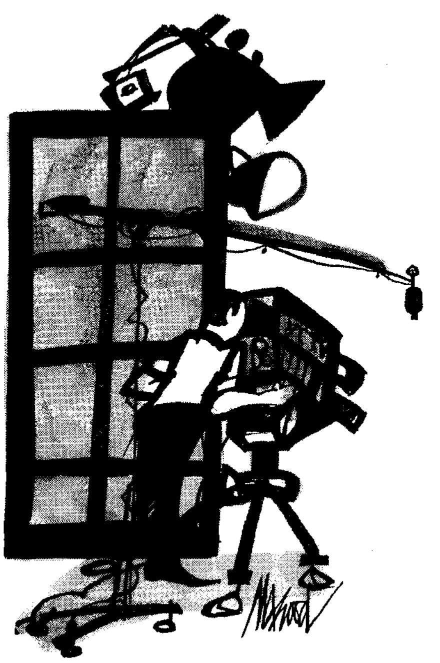
Max Rabinovitsj—Violin, with Pamela Mia Paul, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 28-29, at 8, with assisting artists. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Friday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Gary Hoffman—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Ani Kavafian and Syoko Aki, violin; Walter Trampler and Donald McInnes, viola; Fred Sherry, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Richard Fitz, percussion; Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord; and Lukas Foss, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 2, at 5.)

Composers String Quartet—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)



Diana Kacso—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

New York Renaissance Band—A program entitled "The Greatest Hits of the Renaissance," with Arthur Burrows, baritone and narrator. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Wall-to-Wall Brahms—A free twelve-hour marathon, with, among others, Jaime Laredo, violin; Sharon Robinson, cello; Walter Trampler, viola; Richard Goode and Stephanie Brown, piano; the Primavera Quartet; and the Riverdale Quartet. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, Nov. 24, from 11 to 11.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit, Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Denver, Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8:05. . . . **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER** (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. Milwaukee, Thursday, Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Detroit, Wednesday, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Friday, Nov. 30. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 463-8770.)

College Football—Saturday, Dec. 1: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 12:50. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Boston College, at Worcester, at 1.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Washington Redskins. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Nov. 25, at 1.) . . . ¶ Jets vs. Seattle Seahawks. (Seattle. Monday, Nov. 26.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Winnipeg Jets, Wednesday, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Sunday, Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Wednesday, Nov. 28.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Dec. 31. Post time will be 11 A.M. on Thanksgiving Day. The Queens County Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 22, and the Nashua, Saturday, Nov. 24. . . . **MEADOWLANDS**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 29. Post time will be 11 A.M. on Thanksgiving Day. . . . **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 8.

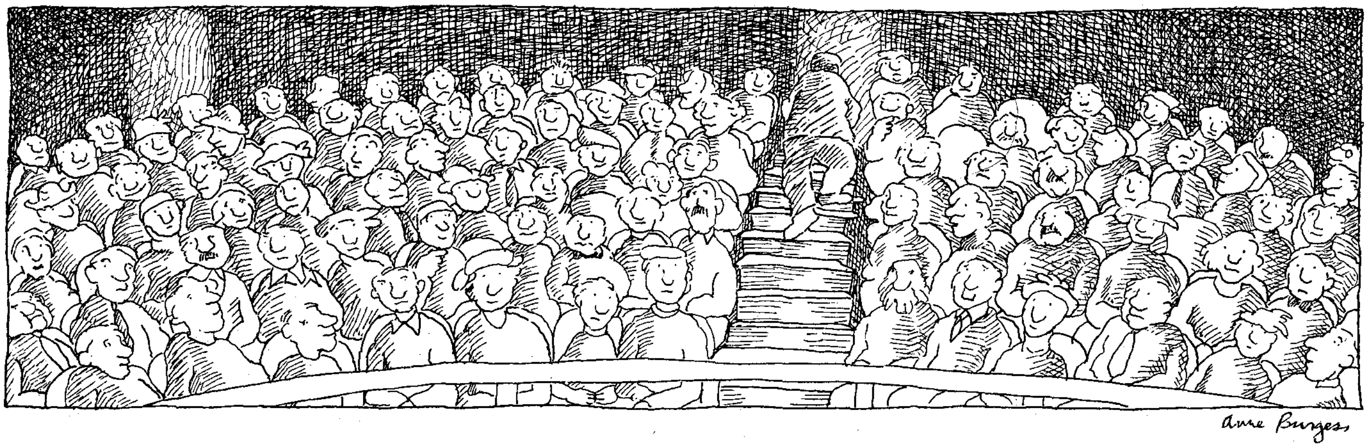
ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Prose Readings—Monday, Nov. 26, at 8: Elizabeth Hardwick and Francine du Plessix Gray reading from their own works. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8: Bernard Malamud reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 10 to 4; Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 2: Jewelry. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 24, at 2: Musical instruments. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 10:15 and 2: Books and autograph letters, together with a large selection of musical material. . . . ¶ The first five of nine sales of Americana. Tuesday, Nov. 27, at 2: Chinese Export porcelain and ceramics. . . . Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 10:15: Silver. . . . Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 2: Pewter. . . . Thursday, Nov. 29, at 10:15: Historical manuscripts. . . . Thursday, Nov. 29, at 2: Prints. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 10:15 and 2: The Roy P. Crocker Collection of Lincoln material and other American historical manuscripts. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 23. . . . **CHRISTIE'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.) Monday, Nov. 26, at 10 and 2: Printed books and manuscripts. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 29, at 10 and 2: European eighteenth- and nineteenth-century porcelain and eighteenth-century pottery. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 23.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE MOVIE HOUSES

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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 22. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Nov. 25: "Vanina Vanini."
Nov. 26: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 27: To be announced.

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Nov. 27: "Life of Brian."
From Nov. 28: "Strange Masquerade."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 27: "Rocky II" and "Invasion of the Body Snatchers."
Nov. 28-29: "Days of Heaven" and "The Last Picture Show."
From Nov. 30: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Till Marriage Do Us Part."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Animal House."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Nov. 27: "The Muppet Movie."
From Nov. 28: "Ballet Gayane."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Time After Time."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Divine Nymph."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"10."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Head Over Heels."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Don Giovanni."

MANHATTAN 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Each Other."

MANHATTAN 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Boardwalk."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Apocalypse Now."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Starting Over."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Where's Poppa?"

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Between Miracles."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Natural Enemies."

GEMINI 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Muppet Movie."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Animal House."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Magician of Lublin."

LOEWS NEW YORK 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Runner Stumbles."

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
". . . And Justice for All."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Nov. 22: "Breaking Away."
Nov. 23-29: "Rocky II."
From Nov. 30: "The Onion Field."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Till Marriage Do Us Part."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Animal House."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Nov. 27: "Quadrophenia."
From Nov. 28: To be announced.

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"10."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh."

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Arabian Adventure."
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 29: "Time After Time." From Nov. 30: "Jaguar Lives" and "Seven."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Breaking Away."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "10."
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 29: "The Onion Field." From Nov. 30: "El Super."
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 29: "The Divine Nymph." From Nov. 30: "The Seduction of Joe Tynan."
Theatre 4: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Black Stallion."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Rose."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Nov. 22: A program of Russian films. Call theatre for exact titles and dates.
From Nov. 23: "King of Hearts."

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Luna."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"French Postcards."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Europeans."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Consequence."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Quadrophenia."

CINEMA STUDIO 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Orchestra Rehearsal."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"The Divine Nymph."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Time After Time."
Theatre 2: "10."
Theatre 3: "Breaking Away."
Theatre 4: "Animal House."

NEW YORKER 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Take the Money and Run," "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex," "Sleeper," "Love and Death," "The Front," "Interiors," "Annie Hall," "Bananas," and "Play It Again, Sam."

NEW YORKER 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"The Shout."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 29: "The Muppet Movie" and "The World's Greatest Lover."
From Nov. 30: "The Onion Field" and "Old Boyfriends."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"10." (†)

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Sleeping Beauty."

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "When a Stranger Calls."
Theatre 3: "Alien."
Theatre 4: "Breaking Away." (†)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Divine Nymph." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Fiddler on the Roof." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Starting Over." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
". . . And Justice for All." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Arabian Adventure." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Apocalypse Now." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Nov. 29: "Animal House." (†)
From Nov. 30: "Jaguar Lives" (†) and "Seven." (†)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Halloween."

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Nov. 21: "Don't Look Now" (1973), directed by Nicolas Roeg, with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland; and "Rosemary's Baby" (1968), directed by Roman Polanski, with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon.
Nov. 22: "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "The Women" (1939), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard.
Nov. 23: "The Harder They Come" (1973), directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff; and "The Wild One" (1954), directed by Laslo Benedek, with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.
Nov. 24: "The Gold Rush" (1925), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Mack Swain, and Georgia Hale; and "Safety Last" (1923), a silent film, directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd, Mildred Davis, and Bill Strothers.
Nov. 25: *"Singin' in the Rain"* (1952), directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald

O'Connor, Jean Hagen, and Millard Mitchell; and a film composed of coming attractions.

Nov. 26: "Torn Curtain" (†) and "Topaz." (†)

Nov. 27: "Japanese Blood and Sand" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Teiji Matsuda; and "The Samurai Trilogy, Part II" (1956), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.

Nov. 28: "The Devils" (†); and "Witchcraft Through the Ages" (1922; "Häxan"), a silent film, directed by Benjamin Christensen.

Nov. 29: "The Devils" (†); and "The Conqueror Worm" (1968), directed by Michael Reeves, with Vincent Price.

Nov. 30: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn.

Dec. 1: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955), directed by Nicholas Ray, with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, and Dennis Hopper; and "In a Lonely Place." (†)

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Nov. 21: "The Three Musketeers" (1921), a silent film, directed by Fred Niblo, with Douglas Fairbanks; and "Ivanhoe" (1952), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Fontaine, and George Sanders.

Nov. 22: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962), directed by David Lean, with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.

Nov. 23: "A Nous la Liberté" (1931), in French, directed by René Clair, with Raymond Cordy and Henri Marchand; and "Modern Times" (1936), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, and Henry Bergman.

Nov. 24: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Loved One" (1965), directed by Tony Richardson, with Robert Morse and Jonathan Winters.

Nov. 25: "The Magic Flute." (†)

Nov. 26: "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Stolen Kisses." (†)

Nov. 27: "The Green Wall" (1972), in Spanish, directed by Armando Robles-Godoy; and "Principal Enemy" (1974), in Spanish, directed by Jorge Sanjines.

Nov. 28: "Siegfried" (1924), a German silent film, directed by Fritz Lang; and "The Lord of the Rings" (1978), an animated film, directed by Ralph Bakshi.

Nov. 29: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976), directed by Nicolas Roeg, with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry.

Nov. 30: "Anatomy of a Murder" (1959), directed by Otto Preminger, with James Stewart, Lee Remick, Ben Gazzara, Arthur O'Connell, and George C. Scott.

Dec. 1: "The Passenger" (1975), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider; and "Blow-Up." (†)

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Nov. 22: "Galileo" (1975), directed by Joseph Losey, with Topol, Georgia Brown, Edward Fox, and John Gielgud; and "The Maids" (1975), directed by Christopher Miles, with Glenda Jackson, Susannah York, and Vivien Merchant.

Nov. 23-24: "Go West" (1941), "The Big Store" (1941), and "At the Circus" (1939), all with the Marx Brothers.

Nov. 25-26: "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

Nov. 27: "Love on the Run" (1979), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Marie-France Pisier, and Claude Jade; and "Small Change." (†)

Nov. 28-29: "Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris" (1975), directed by Denis Heroux, with Elly Stone, Mort Shuman, and Joe Masiell; and "Lost in the Stars" (1974), directed by Daniel Mann, with Brock Peters, Melba Moore, and Raymond St. Jacques.

Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Quadrophenia" (1979), directed by Franc Roddam.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Nov. 24: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1940), directed by Ludwig Berger, Michael Powell, and Tim Whelan, with Sabu, Conrad Veidt, June Duprez, and Rex Ingram; and "Four Feathers" (1939), directed by Zoltán Korda, with Ralph Richardson, John Clements, and C. Aubrey Smith.

Nov. 25-26: "The Ghost Goes West" (†) and "Tight Little Island." (†)

Nov. 27-28: "Darling" (†) and "Georgy Girl." (†)

Nov. 29-Dec. 1: "Things to Come" (†) and "The Man Who Could Work Miracles." (†)

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Nov. 21: "The Little Shop of Horrors" (1960), directed by Roger Corman, with Jonathan Haze; and "Night Tide" (1964), directed by Curtis Harrington, with Dennis Hopper.

Nov. 22: "Intimate Lighting" (1965), a Czech film, directed by Ivan Passer; and "Competition" (1963), a Czech film, directed by Miloš Forman.

Nov. 23-24: "Cat and Mouse" (1978), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Michèle Morgan, Serge Reggiani, and Jean-Pierre Aumont; and "Le Corbeau" (1943), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Pierre Fresnay and Ginette Leclerc.

Nov. 25: "Sabrina" (1954), directed by William Wyler, with Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, and William Holden; and "Roman Holiday" (1953), directed by William Wyler, with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert.

Nov. 26: "Boy What a Girl" (1946), directed by Arthur Leonard, with Tim Moore; "Harlem Rides the Range" (1941), directed by Richard C. Kahn, with Herb Jeffries; and "Ten Minutes to Live" (1932), directed by Oscar Micheaux, with L. Chenault.

Nov. 27: "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend" (†) and "The Nutty Professor." (†)

Nov. 28: A program of three films about Tibet.

Nov. 29: "The Love Parade" (1929), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald; and "Lady Windermere's Fan" (1925), a silent film, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Ronald Colman, Irene Rich, May McAvoy, and Bert Lytell.

Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "Dirty Money" (1972), directed by Jean-Pierre Melville, with Alain Delon and Catherine Deneuve; and "The Corruption of Chris Miller" (1976), directed by Juan Antonio Bardem, with Jean Seberg.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 21: "Terror by Night" (1946) and "The Woman in Green" (1945), two films in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Holmes-Watson series, both directed by Roy William Neill.

Nov. 22: "Lili" (1953), directed by Charles Walters, with Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Kurt Kasznar; and "Gigi" (1958), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan, Hermione Gingold, and Isabel Jeans.

Nov. 23-24: "A Hard Day's Night" (1964) and "Help!" (1965), both directed by Richard Lester, with the Beatles.

Nov. 25-26: "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "The Spiral Staircase" (1948), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Dorothy McGuire, Ethel Barrymore, George Brent, and Kent Smith.

Nov. 27: "To Be or Not to Be" (†) and "We're Not Dressing." (†)

Nov. 28: "Midnight" (†); and "No Time for Love" (1943), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, Ilka Chase, and Richard Haydn.

Nov. 29: "Shadow of the Thin Man" (1941)

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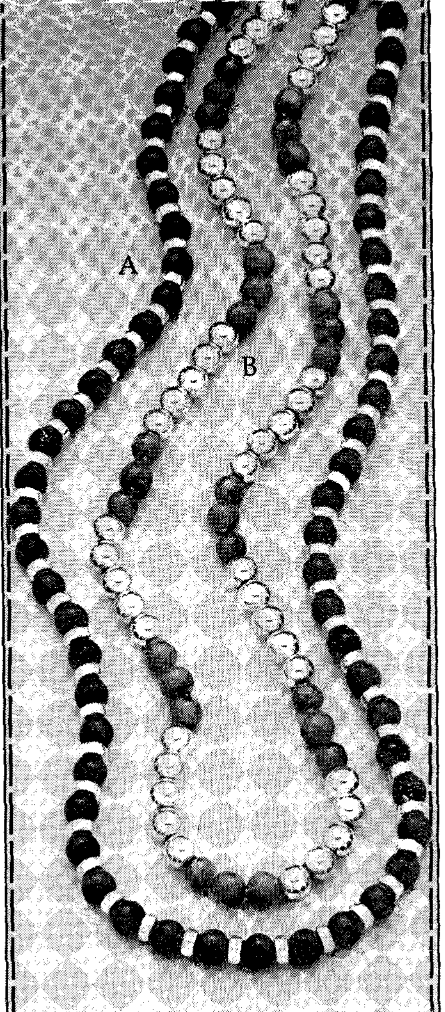

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and "Another Thin Man" (1939), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "A Night at the Opera" (1935) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both with the Marx Brothers.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 22 at 2:30: "The Whistling Cobblestone" (1972), in Hungarian, directed by Gyula Gazdag; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 2:30: "Snowfall" (1974), in Hungarian, directed by Férenc Kósa; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 6: "The Balloonatic" (1923), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton and Edward Cline, with Keaton and Phyllis Haver; and "The General" (1927), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman, with Keaton and Marion Mack. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at noon: "Blackbeard's Ghost" (1968), directed by Robert Stevenson, with Peter Ustinov, Dean Jones, and Suzanne Pleshette. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 2:30: "Snowfall." . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 5: "Requiem for a Revolutionary" (1976), in Hungarian, directed by Ferenc Grunwalsky; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at noon: "Blackbeard's Ghost." . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 2:30: "Elektreia" (1974), in Hungarian, directed by Miklós Jancsó; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 5: "Tobacco Road" (1941), directed by John Ford, with Charley Grapewin, Marjorie Rambeau, and Gene Tierney. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at noon: "Manhatta" (1921), a silent film, directed by Paul Strang and Charles Sheeler; and "Fièvre" (1921), a French silent film, directed by Louis Delluc, with Eve Francis, no inter-titles. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 2:30: "Requiem for a Revolutionary." . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 6: "Elektreia." . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at noon: "Manhatta" and "Fièvre." . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 2:30: "Tobacco Road." . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 6: "Amateur Night at City Hall" (1979), directed by Robert Mugge. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 2:30: "Erika's Passions" (1978), in German, directed by Ula Stoeckl; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 6: "Rheingold" (1978), in German, directed by Niklaus Schilling, English subtitles; not recommended for children. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 8:30 and Nov. 30 at 2:30: "Albert-Why?" (1978), in German, directed by Josef Rödl; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 6: "High and Dizzy" (1920), a silent film, directed by Hal Roach, with Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis; and "The Freshman" (1925), a silent film, directed by Sam Taylor and Fred Newmeyer, with Harold Lloyd and Jobyna Ralston. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at noon: "Island at the Top of the World" (1974), directed by Robert Stevenson, with David Hartman, Donald Sinden, and Mako. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 2:30: "Rheingold." . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 5: "Erika's Passions." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Starting Nov. 24: A film installation by William Childress. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45 (8:45 on Tuesdays). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. (744-8310)—Two programs in a series of films made by German directors when they worked in Hollywood. Nov. 27 at 6 and 8:30: "The Life of Emile Zola" (1937), directed by William Dieterle, with Paul Muni and Joseph Schildkraut. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 1 and 4: "Confession" (1937), directed by Joe May, with Kay Francis and Basil Rathbone; and "Detour" (1946), directed by Edgar Ulmer, with Tom Neal and Ann Savage.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"Appalshop: Films from Appalachia," a program of five short films. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. (594-2370)—A series of Shakespeare's plays on film: Nov. 25 at 7:30 and 9:30 and Nov. 26 at 6: "Hamlet" (1969), directed by Tony Richardson, with Nicol Williamson. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 8 and Nov. 27 at 6 and 8:40: "Hamlet" (1964), in Russian, directed by Grigory Kozintsev.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

. . . And Justice for All—A preposterous but apparently well-intentioned melodrama about the criminal-justice system, directed by Norman Jewison. Al Pacino, as a liberal criminal lawyer, is far from at his best. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/22/79.) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

Animal House (1978)—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (Bay Cinema, Gemini 2, U. A. East, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through Nov. 29.)

Annie Hall (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (New Yorker 1; Nov. 21-26, 28, and 30.)

Apocalypse Now—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Baronet, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

Arabian Adventures—With Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee, Milo O'Shea, and Mickey Rooney; directed by Kevin Connor. (R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (New Yorker 1; Nov. 25-27 and 29-30.)

The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend (1949)—It's hard to believe that Preston Sturges wrote, produced, and directed this botched parody Western, but he was trying to recoup after the shattering critical and box-office failure of his most sophisticated slapstick comedy—the 1948 "Unfaithfully Yours"—and he seems to have lost his bearings totally. A hot-tempered barroom singer (Betty Grable) takes a shot at her rival for the affections of a cardsharp (Cesar Romero) and accidentally hits a judge (Porter Hall) in the rear end. She escapes from prison and goes to Snake City (populated with many of the Sturges regulars), where she pretends to be a schoolteacher named Hilda Swandumper. Sturges tries for the frantic comic atmosphere he got in "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek," but everything is mistimed and so appears to be broadly overplayed. The film was such a disaster that he was finished in Hollywood. His career as an American writer-director began and ended in the forties. Among the performers struggling desperately to be funny are Rudy Vallée, Olga San Juan, Sterling Holloway, El Brendel, Hugh Herbert, Margaret Hamilton, Esther Howard, J. Farrell MacDonald, Marie Windsor, Chester Conklin, Chris-Pin Martin, and Dewey Robinson. Sturges' only film in color. (Thalia; Nov. 27.)

Between Miracles—Directed by, and with, Nino Manfredi. In Italian. (Cinema I.)

The Black Stallion—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild.)

Blow-Up (1966)—When the film came out, Michelangelo Antonioni's mixture of suspense with vagueness and confusion seemed to have a numbing fascination for some people which they associated with art and intellectuality. He conducts a leisurely tour of "swinging" London, lingering over the flashiest routes and dawdling over a pot party and a mini-orgy, while ponderously suggesting that the mod scene represents a condition of spiritual malaise in which people live only for the sensations of the moment. Yet despite Antonioni's negativism, the world he presents looks harmless, and sex without "connecting" doesn't really seem so bad. The best part of the movie is an ingeniously edited sequence in which the fashion-photographer hero (David Hemmings) blows up a series of photographs and discovers that he has inadvertently photographed a murder. With Vanessa Redgrave, Sarah Miles, Verushka, Jane Birkin, and Peter Bowles. Freely adapted by Antonioni and Tonino Guerra from a short story by Julio Cortázar, with English dialogue by Edward Bond. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 1.)

Boardwalk—With Ruth Gordon, Lee Strasberg, and Janet Leigh; directed by Stephen Verona. (Manhattan 2.)

Breaking Away—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscape of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Nov. 22.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Consequence—With Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald, directed by Wolfgang Petersen. In German. (Cinema 3.)

Darling (1965)—Julie Christie as a mod girl who doesn't feel "complete," in John Schlesinger's modish and spectacularly successful film about how empty we are. (Regency; Nov. 27-28.)

Days of Heaven (1978)—Terrence Malick wrote and directed this story of adultery, set principally in the wheat fields of the Texas Panhandle just before America entered the First World War. It's both a nostalgic and an anti-nostalgic vision of the American past. The landscapes are vast and lonely, with the space in the images strained and the figures tilted; the characters are monosyllabic—near mute. What is unspoken in this picture weighs heavily on us, but we're not quite sure what it is. The film is an empty Christmas tree: you can hang all your dumb metaphors on it. It can be said to be about the American dream, or Americans' loss of innocence, or America's destiny, or how the rich exploit the poor, or whatever else comes to mind. Richard Gere plays Bill, who works in a blast furnace in Chicago; he gets into a brawl with the foreman and heads south, taking his girl, Abby (Brooke Adams), and his twelve-year-old sister, Linda (Linda Manz), with him. They find work in the fields of a wealthy young farmer (Sam Shepard), who falls in love with Abby. When Bill learns that the farmer may be dying, he encourages Abby to marry him—so that she can soon be a rich widow. There appears to be some connection between Bill's lust and a locust attack on the farm, but is this punishment or another metaphor or just a photogenic effect? The movie is oblique, except for the narration, which is by Linda; she's a little-girl wise guy, and all the humor in the film comes from her laconic remarks, but she's also precociously full of the wisdom of the ages, and at times her illiterate poetry is drenched in wistfulness and heartbreak. Shot by Nestor Almendros, with additional photography by Haskell Wexler, the film is a series of pictorial effects—some of them, such as a train passing over a lacework bridge, extraordinary—but except for the well-edited locusts-and-fire sequence there's no visual flow; the overpow-

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ering images seem unrelated, pieced together. The movie suffers from too many touches, too many ideas that don't grow out of anything organic or form anything organic; when a flying circus comes down in the fields, and clowns emerge, they seem to have been looking for a Fellini set and landed in the wrong place. It's an epic pastiche. With all the silent-movie emotions and the elemental passions and an Ennio Morricone score, it suggests an Italian silent. Though the irregularly handsome, slightly snaggletooth Shepard has almost no lines, he makes a strong impression; he seems authentically an American of an earlier era. But Gere, with his post-fifties acting style and the associations it carries of Brando and Dean and Clift and all the others who shrugged and scowled and acted with their shoulders, is anachronistic. Shot in Alberta, Canada. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 28-29.)

The Devils (1971)—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 28-29.)

The Divine Nymph—With Laura Antonelli, Marcello Mastroianni, and Terence Stamp; directed by Giuseppe Patroni Griffi. (In Italian, with subtitles, at the Eastside Cinema and Embassy 72nd St.; and at the Quad Cinema, through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the Forum.)

Don Giovanni—Joseph Losey's full-length version of Mozart's opera. Not musically the best version of the opera you have ever heard, nor among the finest movies you've seen. But most people, after all, don't go to much live opera; and this "Don Giovanni" is better than most recent films. Which is not saying so very much. In Italian. (11/19/79) (Plaza.)

Each Other—Directed by, and with, Michal Bat-Adam. In French. (Manhattan 1.)

The Europeans—A collaboration between director James Ivory and writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala on a version of the Henry James novel, with Lee Remick and Lisa Eichhorn. Mrs. Jhabvala's script is adroit, New England in the autumn is a riot of Crayola, and both Remick and Eichhorn acquit themselves admirably, but the direction's a bit logy, and some of the performances are amazingly weak. (10/15/79) (Paris.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired take-off on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (New Yorker 1; Nov. 21-24, 27-28, and 30, and Dec. 1.)

Fiddler on the Roof (1971)—This joyously square musical succeeds in telling one of the root stories of American life. Tevye, the *shtetl* dairyman pulling his wagon, is a myth-sized version of a limited, slightly stupid Common Man. As his daughters marry and disperse, and the broken family is driven off its land and starts the long trek to America, Tevye's story becomes the story of the Jewish people who came to America at the turn of the century—what they left behind and what they brought with them. The movie offers the pleasures of big, bold strokes; it's American folk opera, commercial style. It's not a celebration of Jewishness; it's a celebration of the sensual pleasures of staying alive and of trying to hang on to a bit of ceremony, too. Isaac Stern plays the theme (as he does in the solo parts throughout the movie) with startling *brio* and attack, and Topol's Tevye has the same vitality and sweetness and gaiety as Stern's music; he's a rough presence, masculine, with burly, raw strength. Directed by Norman Jewison, from Joseph Stein's play, based on Sholom Aleichem's stories. The music is by Jerry Bock, the functional, uninspired lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. With Leonard Frey, Rosalind Harris, Paul Mann, Molly Picon, Neva Small, Michele Marsh, Norma Crane, Paul Michael Glaser, and Raymond Lovelock. The picture was originally run in two parts, with an intermission; for the current reissue, the intermission has been done away with, and, under Jewison's supervision, twenty minutes have been trimmed. (Loews New York 2, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh—A sloppy, unfunny comedy with Stockard Channing as an astrologer, and a few basketball stars (Julius Erving, Meadowlark Lemon, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar) hamming it up as a team of losers which starts to win because all the players' sign is Pisces. (11/19/79) (86th St. East, and National.)

French Postcards—A sloppy, poorly observed, and foolish comedy about some nice enough American students (Blanche Baker, Miles Chapin, and David Marshall Grant) studying for a year in France. (11/5/79) (Little Carnegie.)

The Front (1976)—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front: the funniest, most original scenes show the stirrings of literary vanity within this non-writer. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (New Yorker 1; Nov. 22, 25-26, and 28-30.)

Georgy Girl (1966)—An exceptionally good English tragicomedy about a fat girl's joys and sorrows, with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling. Directed by Silvio Narizzano. (Regency; Nov. 27-28.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—A rich American (Eugene Pallette) buys a castle in Scotland and brings it home to Florida, complete with ghost (Robert Donat). This crude, painfully frolicsome satire on America was written by Robert E. Sherwood and directed by René Clair; intermittently, it's redeemed by Donat's elegance and his melancholy face and voice. With Elsa Lanchester and Jean Parker. (Regency; Nov. 25-26.)

Head Over Heels—With John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt, directed by Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Trans-Lux East.)

In a Lonely Place (1950)—Humphrey Bogart as a Hollywood screenwriter named Dixon Steele, in an atmospheric but basically pointless murder melodrama directed by Nicholas Ray. Steele is suspected by the police of having killed a hat-check girl after inviting her to his quarters to grill her about a book she happens to have read. (He is supposed to adapt this book to the screen, and he wants to save himself the trouble of reading it.) He's in love with Gloria Grahame, whom he almost kills in a fit of jealousy, so she naturally thinks that he did the other girl in. Ray doesn't seem to have a budget or any ideas to work with; he keeps the thing going, but the writing is no more than functional, and there's not much of a supporting cast. From a novel by Dorothy B. Hughes. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 1.)

Interiors (1978)—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who here wrote and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." We are inside the skulls of people who look at the world as if it were partitioned off from them—as if they were separated from it by glass, which they are scared of breaking, because their control over themselves is so shaky. With performances by Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, and Mary Beth Hurt. (8/7/78) (New Yorker 1; Nov. 21-26, and 28, and Dec. 1.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers—Undiluted pleasure and excitement. The scriptwriter, W. D. (Rick) Richter, supplies some of the funniest lines ever heard from the screen, and the director, Phil Kaufman, provides such confident professionalism that you sit back in the assurance that every spooky nuance you're catching is just what was intended. This set of variations on the low-budget classic directed by Don Siegel in 1956 (see above) has its own macabre originality; a full-scale science-fiction horror fable, it's a realization of the potentialities of the material—a new classic. With Brooke Adams, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, Kevin McCarthy, and Don Siegel. (12/25/78) (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 27.)

Jaguar Lives—With Christopher Lee, Donald Pleasence, Barbara Bach, Capucine, and Joe Lewis; directed by Ernest Pintoff. (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Nov. 30.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Festival; starting Nov. 23.)

The Last Picture Show (1971)—This straightforward, involving narrative picture about growing up in a small town in Texas in the early fifties was Peter Bogdanovich's first great success. It's plain and uncondescending in its re-creation of what it means to be a high-school athlete, of what a country dance hall is like, of the necking in cars and movie houses, and of the desolation that follows high-school graduation. Concerned with adolescent experience seen in terms of flatlands anomie—loneliness, ignorance about sex, confusion about one's aims in life—the movie has a basic decency of feeling, with people relating to one another, sometimes on very simple levels, and becoming miserable when they can't relate. Robert Surtees' stylized cinematography is in black and white, and the frequent silhouetting—so that we seem to be looking at a map of life as it was—helps to clarify the subject matter. The film badly needs this stylization, because, of course, its shallow overview of town life is dangerously close to TV, and especially to the "Peyton Place" series. The movie suggests what TV soap opera would be if it looked at ordinary experience in a non-exploitative way, if it had observation and humor. This is perhaps an *ideal* TV show. From Larry McMurtry's novel, adapted by McMurtry together with the director. With Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Ellen Burstyn, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, Eileen Brennan, and Cloris Leachman. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 28-29.)

Life of Brian—And now for something completely Biblical, from the troupe who did "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975). Brian—played by the unhinged Graham Chapman—is an uncharismatic person who was born in Bethlehem and is unaccountably mistaken for the Messiah. The comic acting—by Chapman and by John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin as centurions, members of the Judean People's Front, rambling prophets, listeners who cannot quite hear the Sermon on the Mount, etc.—is superb, as always. But the movie will feel a bit oversustained if you like the Python TV shows for their libertine discontinuities and perverse sense of scale. Written by the whole troupe, in Python style—intellectual but not above a blind-man sight gag. Directed by Terry Jones. (8/27/79) (Art; through Nov. 27.)

Love and Death (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (New Yorker 1; Nov. 21, 24-27, and 29-30, and Dec. 1.)

Luna—A faltering on the part of the admirable Italian director Bernardo Bertolucci, who here brings Jill Clayburgh, as an American opera star, into confrontation with the horribly dreary and painful world of drug addiction; her son (Matthew Barry) sticks a fork in his arm because, we're meant to believe, he's not loved enough. Clayburgh tries to make up this lack by offering to go to bed with him. The film is amazingly silly. (10/8/79) (57th St. Playhouse.)

The Magic Flute (1975)—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life: you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. He emphasizes the theatricality of the piece, using space as stage space but with the camera coming in close. We get the pixilated feeling that we're near enough to touch the person who is singing; we might be dreamers sailing invisibly among the guests at a cloud-borne party. It's blissful. The English translation of Bergman's adaptation (he clarifies the text) has considerable grace, and the titles are unusually well placed in the frame. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 25.)

The Magician of Lublin—Based on the Isaac Bashevis Singer novel, with Alan Arkin. Directed by Menahem Golan. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Beekman)

The Man Who Could Work Miracles (1937)—H. G. Wells' comic fantasy is one of the most touching and good-natured of all the films that employ "supernatural" tricks and illusions. It's also one of the few that have any real point. With Roland Young as the mild, bewildered miracle-maker; Ralph Richardson as the militarist whose swords are turned into plowshares; Ernest Thesiger (who never disappoints); Ivan Gardner; and, in a tiny part as a god, young George Sanders. Alexander Korda produced; Wells did the script, with Lajos Biro; Lothar Mendes directed. (Regency; Nov. 29-Dec. 1.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

Midnight (1939)—Rapturous fun. Slim-hipped, wide-eyed Claudette Colbert, stranded in Paris in an evening gown, gets involved with rich, aristocratic John Barrymore, who is trying to regain the affections of his straying wife, Mary Astor, who is hooked on dapper gigolo Francis Lederer. This romantic comedy, written by Brackett and Wilder, and directed by Mitchell Leisen, is one of the authentic delights of the thirties. The cast includes Hedda Hopper, Monty Woolley, Elaine Barrie, Rex O'Malley, and Don Ameche. Actually, Ameche has an important role; he isn't bad—for Ameche. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 28.)

The Muppet Movie—Kermit, Miss Piggy, Fozzie Bear, et al., travel across the country toward Hollywood, pursued by a fried-frogs'-legs entrepreneur. After some scuffles and a few songs, they make it into show biz and become stars. (7/2/79) (Gemini 1. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Nov. 29.)

Natural Enemies—A hollow effort to understand the lives that lead to tabloid headlines like "Father Kills Children, Wife, Self." Directed by Jeff Kanew, the movie stars Louise Fletcher and Hal Holbrook, neither of whom are at their best. It somehow misses any authentic note, familiar or unfamiliar, derived from the real-life despair of couples. The result is an hour and forty minutes of monotone enigma. (11/19/79) (Cinema II.)

Nosferatu, the Vampyre—A reprise of the 1922 F. W. Murnau film, by the gifted and prolific Werner Herzog. Klaus Kinski exerts his ferocious magetism as Boss Vampire, and Isabelle Adjani is present as Throat-of-the-Month. There are some fine images, but the film doesn't really add very much to a great tradition. In German. (10/15/79) (Quad Cinema.)

The Nutty Professor (1963)—Jerry Lewis in a Jekyll-and-Hyde story that provides him with one of the best gimmicks of his career: as Julius Kelp, he's a shy, clumsy chemistry professor, a simp with specs and rabbity teeth, but when he drinks his formula he turns into a brash, domineering hipster singer named Buddy Love—i.e., a cartoon of Dean Martin. Lewis has reconstituted his former team but now plays both halves, and working within this format he has some scenes that can hold their own with the classic silent comedies. The picture is very erratic, and it's too long and repetitive; Lewis, who also directed and wrote the script (with Bill Richmond), has always had trouble knowing when to drop something. But he had the good taste to cast Stella Stevens as the heroine; with her just faintly infantile sexiness, she's a remarkably curvy and pert straight woman. Lewis plays the hapless Julius for childlike pathos, and Buddy for hollow-man Las Vegas loathsomeness; yet in his TV appearances in the years that followed he has moved ever closer to Buddy Love—even down to singing loudly and off key, and being aggressively maudlin as he milks the audience for approval. With Kathleen Freeman, Howard Morris, Henry Gibson, and Les Brown and his band. (Thalia; Nov. 27.)

Old Boyfriends—Directed by Joan Tewkesbury (who wrote Altman's "Nashville") and written by Paul and Leonard Schrader, this is a rather distraught and very small-scale film about a woman (Talia Shire) who plods down what the picture calls Memory Lane, in a pastoral mood, picking up her love history by playing fast and loose with three men out of her past. (4/2/79) (Olympia; starting Nov. 30.)

The Onion Field—Joseph Wambaugh's very strong version of his own book, the true story of a sixties Los Angeles cop-killing, with painfully evocative performances by John Savage as the officer who survived a horrifying night in the onion field, and James Woods as the small-time hood who executed Savage's partner. The film's argument is that the law has become, itself, an obstacle to justice, and although this is not wholly proved, a good case is made. (10/1/79) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting Nov. 30.)

Orchestra Rehearsal—Federico Fellini's style here is as compact and silvery as a sardine. The musicians rehearse—in a shadowed thirteenth-century church oratory with perfect acoustics—under the baton of a German conductor (Baldwin Baas) and give touching, funny interviews to Fellini (off camera) about their instruments. When they revolt against the dictatorship of the conductor, the movie turns into a political metaphor that draws a false comparison between artistic discipline and totalitarianism, but it can be skimmed for its eloquent details. Music by the late Nino Rota, who scored all of Fellini's movies from "The White Sheik" (1952) on, and to whom this one is dedicated. In Italian. (8/27/79) (Cinema Studio 2.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. He plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs, in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (New Yorker 1; Nov. 21-24, and 27-29, and Dec. 1.)

Rocky II—As the ads say, "the story continues . . ." Practically repeats itself, in fact. Rocky Balboa retires from boxing after going the distance against the heavyweight champion, marries, becomes a father, loses a couple of jobs, and, finally, agrees to a rematch with Apollo Creed. Sylvester Stallone is the writer, director, and star, and he seems to be the best man for the jobs. Same basic cast: Talia Shire, Burgess Meredith, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers. Same location (Philadelphia). Different ending. "Rocky III" is in the works. (7/2/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Nov. 23-29.)

The Rose—Loosely based on the life of Janis Joplin, the film nearly drowns out the considerable talents of its star, Bette Midler, in

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bad music, incessant crisis, and plain noise. (11/12/79) (Ziegfeld.)

The Runner Stumbles—A simultaneously unconvincing and offensive movie (directed by Stanley Kramer), mostly in flashback, about a priest (Dick Van Dyke) accused of murdering a perky nun (Kathleen Quinlan), with whom he was in love. We know he didn't do it, and we soon guess who did. The film's notions of Church, courtroom, and love—as well as of erotic tension or religious crisis—are somehow appalling, inaccurate, and obtuse. (11/19/79) (Loews New York 1.)

The Seduction of Joe Tynan—An airless, pious study of political corruption. Alan Alda, as Tynan, a young liberal senator, has a tight face and tinny voice that do not express the changes taking place inside the character. Meryl Streep and Barbara Harris provide delicious moments, and Melvyn Douglas, as an aging Southern senator, rises above the platitudes around him with touching dignity. Rip Torn is on hand for one of his madman turns, but the movie's schematic respectability domesticates him. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (8/20/79) (Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 30.)

Seven—With William Smith and Barbara Leigh, directed by Andy Sidaris. (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Nov. 30.)

The Shout—A poorly acted, incoherent, and unendurably loud film, entirely played at peak volume, in Dolby Stereo. Directed by Jerzy Skolimowski, it stars Alan Bates as an occultist psychopath whose shout can kill. (11/19/79) (New Yorker 2.)

Sleeper (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it has a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, magic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1; Nov. 21, 23, 25-27, and 29-30, and Dec. 1.)

Small Change (1976)—Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. Truffaut's deadpan, disjointed style is quicker and surer than ever before; the kids seem to be photographed in the act of inventing slapstick. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (Cinema Village; Nov. 27.)

Starting Over—With Burt Reynolds, Jill Clayburgh, and Candice Bergen; directed by Alan Pakula. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet, and Loews State 1.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 26.)

Strange Masquerade—Directed by Pál Sándor. In Hungarian. (Art; starting Nov. 28.)

El Super—A modest, non-polemical film about the adaptation of a small group of Cuban expatriates to life in New York. The main character is Roberto, a building superintendent beset by cold weather, the English language, and middle age, who decides to move with his wife and daughter to Miami. Directed by Léon Ichaso and Orlando Jiménez-Leal, and based on a play by Ivan Acosta. Roberto is played by Raymundo Hidalgo-Gato. In Spanish. (7/23/79) (Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 30.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (New Yorker 1; Nov. 22-24, and 27-29, and Dec. 1.)

10—A bleak, unfunny comedy which rests on such gags as Dudley Moore's having his teeth drilled and being stung on the nose by a bee. (10/29/79) (Sutton, Loews Ciné, Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion.)

Things to Come (1936)—The most elaborate science-fiction movie ever made in England until "2001." H. G. Wells wrote the tendentious screenplay, the celebrated designer William Cameron Menzies directed, Georges Périnal was the cinematographer, and Arthur Bliss wrote the score. It's a handsome movie, with great costumes and some wonderful howlers in Raymond Massey's and Ralph Richardson's dialogue and acting. (Regency; Nov. 29-Dec. 1.)

Tight Little Island (1949; also called "Whiskey Galore")—The only amusing famine in movie history is the whiskey famine on the mythical Scottish island of Todday; the wartime ration of whiskey has run out, and the island is devastated by drought. Then a ship bound for the United States with fifty thousand cases of Scotch is wrecked on the shore, and the parched islanders take on the sweet task of salvage. Alexander Mackendrick directed this convivial little classic, based on Compton Mackenzie's novel "Whiskey Galore." With Joan Greenwood, Gordon Jackson, Basil Radford, Catherine Lacey, James Robertson Justice, and a contingent of gloomy Scots. Photographed on Barra, the Hebrides. (Regency; Nov. 25-26.)

Till Marriage Do Us Part—With Laura Antonelli, directed by Luigi Comencini. In Italian. (Gramercy, and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

Time After Time—H. G. Wells inadvertently unlooses Jack the Ripper on San Francisco in the twentieth century and then tries to catch up with him to transport him back to the century where he belongs. Wells falls in love with a somewhat liberated young lady of our time. A sweet, inventive romantic comedy, starring Malcolm McDowell, David Warner, and Mary Steenburgen. Directed by Nicholas Meyer, who wrote "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution." (10/29/79) (34th St. East, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶R.K.O. 86th St.; through Nov. 29.)

To Be or Not to Be (1942)—Some people have great affection for this anti-Nazi comedy-melodrama, with its knockabout seriousness. The stars are Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, bizarrely cast as a famous Polish actress and her actor-husband; the plot involves the actors' disguising themselves as Nazis in order to foil the Nazis. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, who starts off on the wrong foot and never gets his balance; the performers yowl their lines, and the burlesque of the Nazis, who cower before their superior officers, is so crudely gleeful it isn't funny. With Robert Stack, Lionel Atwill, Stanley Ridges, Felix Bressart, Tom Dugan (as Hitler), Sig Rumann, Maude Eburne, Halliwell Hobbes, and Miles Mander. The script was written by Edwin Justice Mayer, from a story conceived by Lubitsch and Melchior Lengyel. Photographed by Rudolph Maté. It was Lombard's last film; two weeks after completing it, she was killed in a plane crash while on a tour to sell defense bonds. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 27.)

Topaz (1969)—Hitchcock's fifty-first feature is a larger, slower, duller version of the spy thrillers he made in the thirties. Full of waxwork Cuban rightists who are spying for the U.S., creaking romances, an Arrow-collar-ad hero (Frederick Stafford), and drab facsimiles of spies in earlier Hitchcock films. From a Leon Uris novel. With Roscoe Lee Browne, who perks things up briefly, and John Vernon, John Forsythe, Dany Robin, Karin Dor, Michel Piccoli, Philippe Noiret, Claude Jade, Michel Subor, and Per-Axel Arosenius. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 26.)

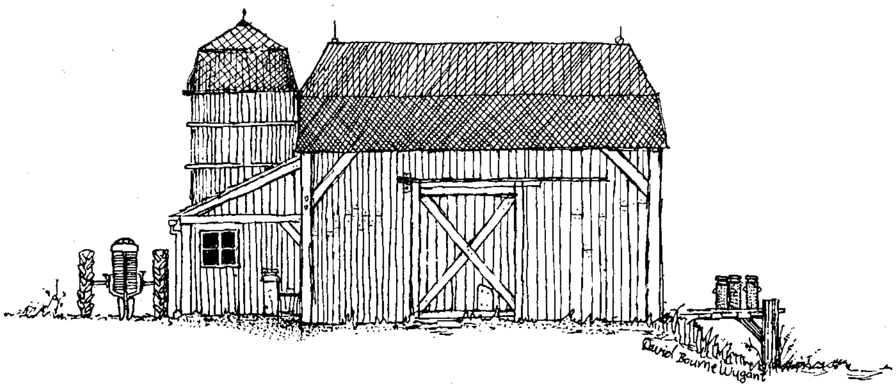
Torn Curtain (1966)—Sloppy, clumsy Hitchcock thriller with Paul Newman as an American nuclear scientist who says he's defecting, and Julie Andrews as the girl who tags along—pure heart, piping voice, and all. With Lila Kedrova. Tamara Toumanova, and Ludwig Donath. Brian Moore is credited with the original screenplay, but probably his friends don't mention it. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 26.)

Vanina Vanini (1961)—Directed by Roberto Rossellini. In Italian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Nov. 25.)

We're Not Dressing (1934)—Light, easygoing Paramount musical comedy about the wreck of a yacht on a desert island, taken (very loosely) from J. M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," one of the most serviceable of screen sources. Bing Crosby is the sailor; he doesn't bat the spoiled heiress, Carole Lombard, around the way the hero of Lina Wertmüller's shrill "Swept Away" does. The other passengers are lecherous Ethel Merman (who sings "It's Just an Old Spanish Custom"), and Ray Milland and Leon Errol as rich prigs. The island, fortunately, isn't deserted; Gracie Allen and George Burns turn up, as naturalists living there. Norman Taurog directed; the Harry Revel and Mack Gordon songs include "Love Thy Neighbor" and "She Reminds Me of You." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 27.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—Two New York brothers (George Segal and Ron Leibman) who have promised their dying father they won't put their mother (Ruth Gordon) in a home for the aged are stuck with a demanding senile psychopath. Segal, the unmarried son who lives with her, is in an agony of sexual frustration and walks in a stooped position under his Oedipal load. This Freudian farce was adapted by Robert Klane from his own novel and directed by Carl Reiner. It's full of hip energy and talent, and it's intermittently very funny, though it goes any which way for a gag. The skits tend to fall apart for want of aim, and the unlimited, omnidestructive satirical humor doesn't leave us anything to hold on to—there's nothing for our laughs to bounce off. The high point is perhaps the quietest moment: when Segal, in a near trance of romantic longing, sings "Louise" to the charmingly comic ingénue, Trish Van Devere. With Vincent Gardenia, Paul Sorvino, Rae Allen, Garrett Morris, Rob Reiner, and Barnard Hughes. (D. W. Griffith.)

The World's Greatest Lover (1977)—Gene Wilder's slapstick farce may not be long, but "long" is a relative term, and a half hour of this is eternity enough. It's set in the twenties and has to do with a Milwaukee baker (Wilder) who goes to Hollywood for a screen test, hoping to become a rival to Rudolph Valentino. The picture never rises to sophomoric humor—it's infantile humor, for young, slow kids, who want everything pounded at them. With Carol Kane, Dom DeLuise, and Fritz Feld. Script by Wilder, with a "thank you" credit to Fellini (for the use of part of the plot of "The White Sheik"). (Olympia; through Nov. 29.)



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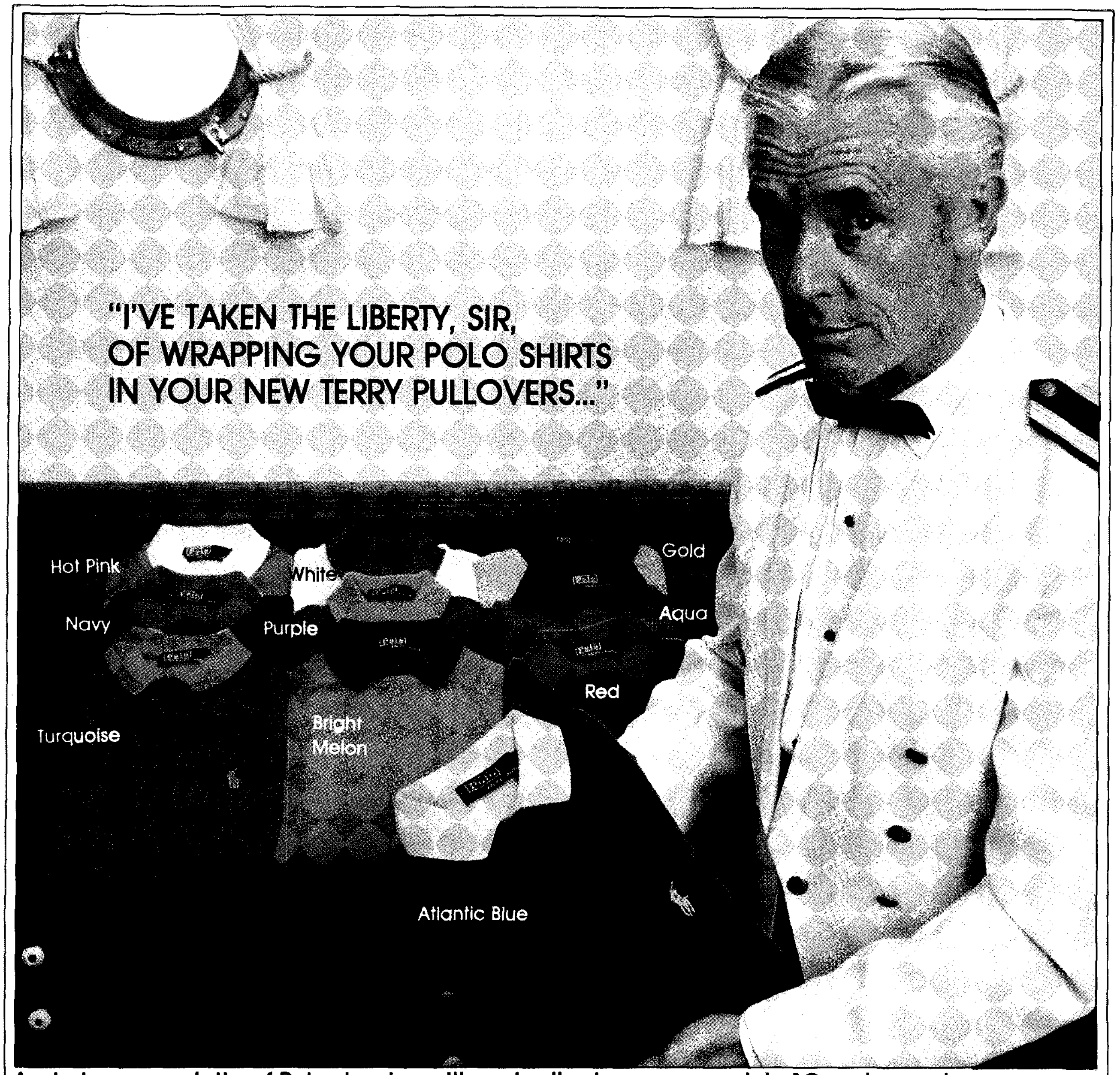
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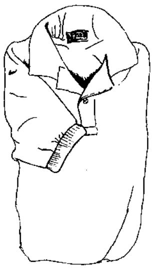

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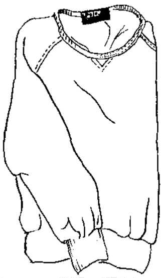

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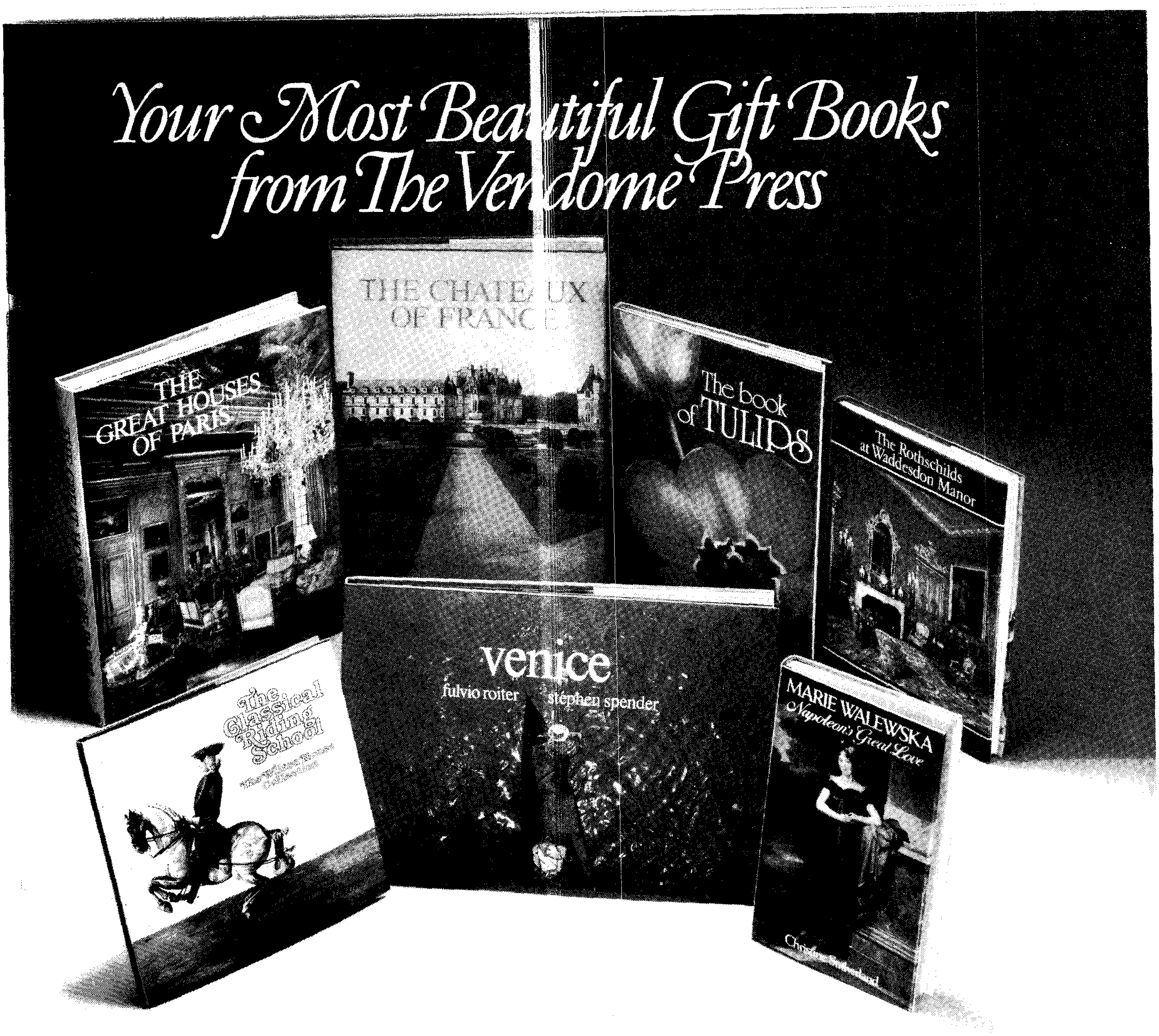

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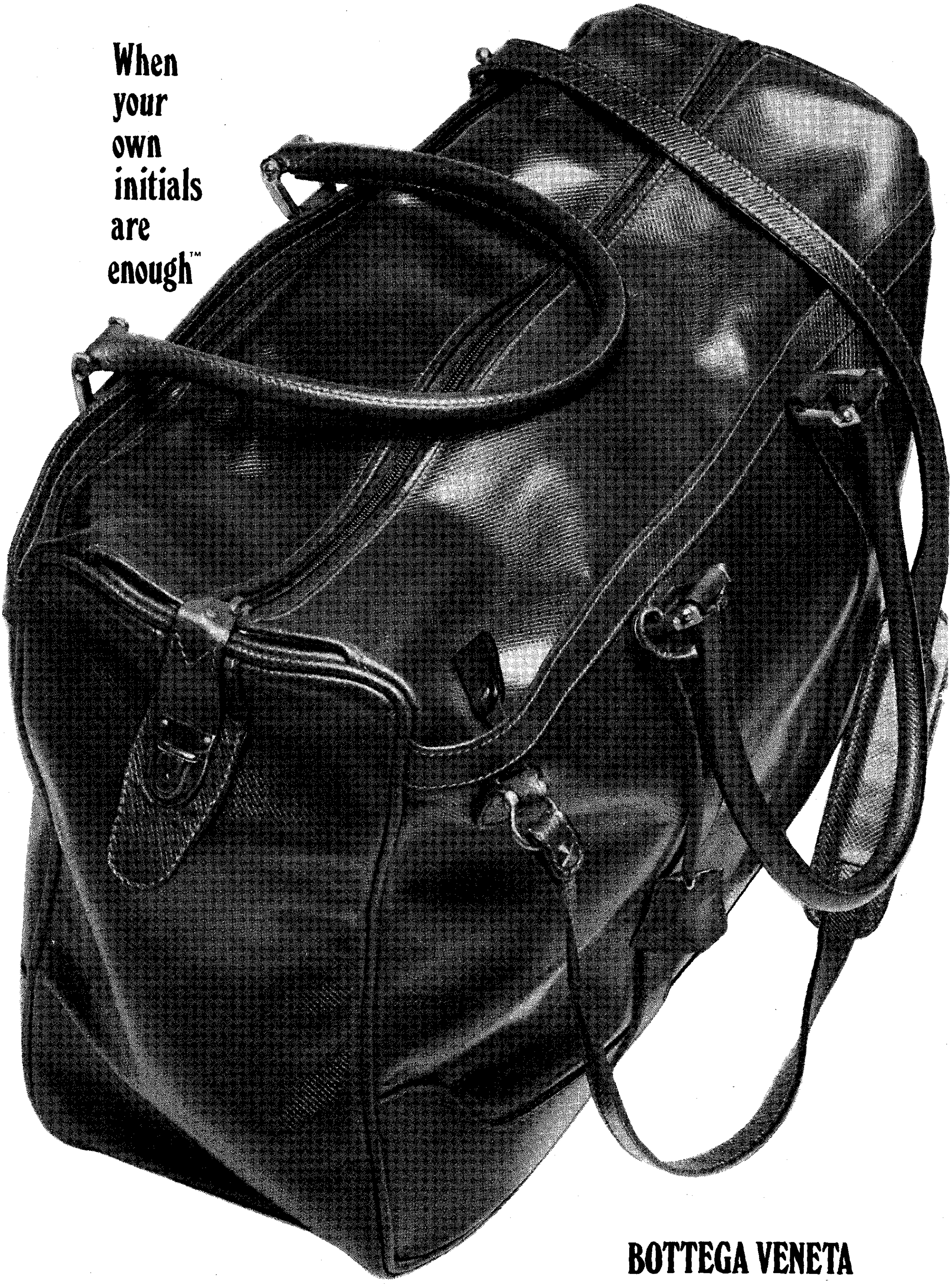
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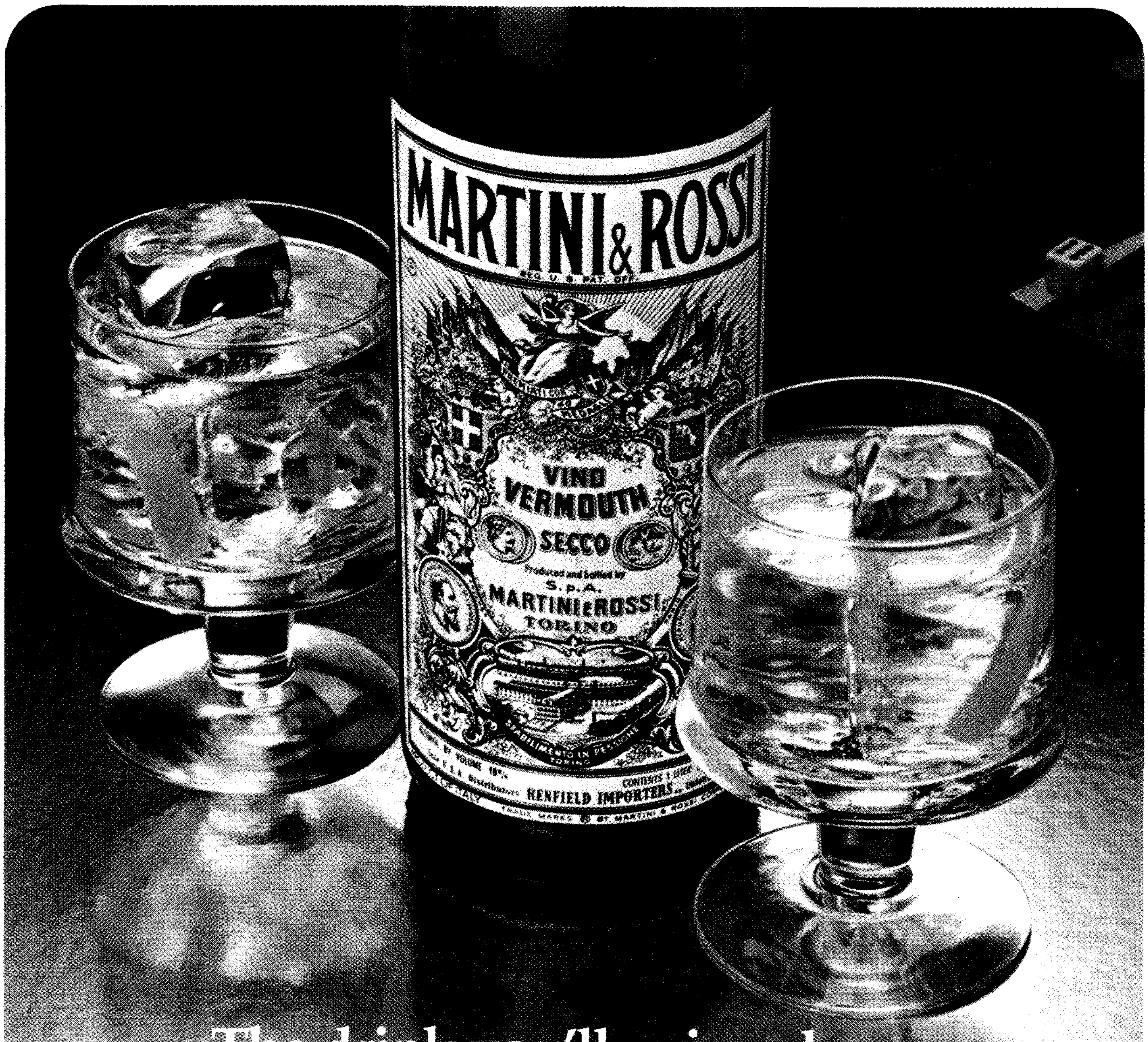
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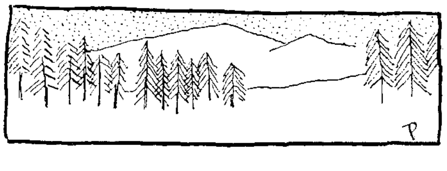
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE seizure of the American Embassy in Iran and sixty-two of its American employees and their dependents by supporters of Ayatollah Khomeini, Iran's violent holy man and atavistic political leader, has provoked a remarkably uniform two-stage reaction among people at every level of American life. First has come the imperative, visceral impulse to take radical action, perhaps of a military nature, to get our kidnapped countrymen back, and then has come the sober, paralyzing realization that such moves are just the kind of thing to get the hostages killed. Unwilling to accept America's helplessness in the face of outrageous blackmail but also unwilling to place the lives of the hostages in greater danger, people all over the country have found their emotions swinging wildly between fury and anxiety, belligerence and solicitude. The peculiar torment of the American position was summed up by an angry American demonstrator against the Iranian action who blurted out to a television reporter, "A nation that can blow half the world apart ought to be able to save sixty people." Unfortunately, whatever else it may be good for, our ability to blow up half the world turns out to be of no use at all when it comes to protecting hostages in the hands of crazed religious fanatics.

Many people, apparently exasperated beyond endurance by the monumental uselessness of our arsenal, have sought to explain our country's military inaction by assuming its military weakness. Actually, none of the conceivable options of force are foreclosed to us by a lack of military means—or, for that matter, by a lack of martial will. We are free at any instant to unleash violence on any scale—from the mere retaliatory seizure of Iranian personnel in Washington to the nuclear obliteration of Iran, which could be carried out in about ten minutes, with no military risk to us. Our failure to take retaliatory steps (except for the President's insistence that Iranian students here report themselves to the immigration authorities, his freezing of Iranian assets in the United States, and the oddly appropriate self-punishing "retaliation" of declining to buy oil from Iran any longer) speaks not for any military deficiency or wavering will but for our humanity and good sense: humanity because it shows reluctance to accept the advice of the destroy-them-in-order-to-save-them tactical school and sacrifice the hostages; good sense because we know that whatever there is of international order, which all nations depend on for their survival, requires the global observance of diplomatic immunity. We hold back from responding in kind to the Iranian transgressions because we value our own nation's standards of conduct more highly than we value the dubious satisfactions of bloody revenge. No fear, loss of nerve, or collapse of will is involved. No humiliation is suffered. Secure in the knowledge that we possess boundless military might, we deliberately forgo its use, and *choose* the policy of restraint, out of respect for the lives of innocent, noncombatant people. Nor does the Iranian action in "standing up to" the United States demonstrate any strength or courage on the part of that nation. Kidnapping, even when it is used by a small nation against a large one, is essentially a cowardly weapon. Its special ignobility lies in the fact that it capitalizes on the scruples of the foe. The political kidnapper, instead of relying on his own strength and courage—as soldiers do in a military action—uses the humanity of his adversary as his shield. In the present instance, Ayatollah Khomeini relies for his and Iran's protection on America's respect for international law and for life. That we continue to show this respect in the face of his extreme provocations is a sign of national strength.



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Stamp

A FRIEND stopped by our office the other day to show us a postage stamp. It was a familiar-looking stamp, printed in red, deep blue, and dark gray and depicting an American flag, around which was the legend "THE LAND OF THE FREE, THE HOME OF THE BRAVE—USA 15c." Since our friend seemed upset, we asked him what was the matter.

"These stripes," he said, pointing to the flag design. "Any child knows that the American flag has thirteen stripes. This flag has *fifteen* stripes. Is it a misprint? Is the stamp a collector's item? Is it an error on the scale of the famous 'upside-down Jenny'—that twenty-four-cent airmail stamp of 1918 on which the airplane was mistakenly printed upside down? How could this have happened? Why?"

After soothing our friend with a cup of tea, we placed a call to the United States Postal Service in Washington. In the Public and Employee Communications Department we reached a man who gave his name as Ron Powell. Speaking in a calm and intelligent voice, he said, "Tell your friend not to worry. The stamp is just as it should be. It was issued in June, 1978. It is part of the Postal Service's Americana series, which is intended to commemorate important events in the nation's history. This particular stamp commemorates the battle of Fort McHenry, which was fought in September of 1814. It was this battle that inspired Francis Scott Key to write 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' At that time, the United States flag did have fifteen stripes. You will remember that during this country's early years the government's intention was to increase the number of stars *and* the number of stripes each time a new state joined the union—a nice idea, if the country hadn't grown so large. The fifteen-stripe flag was the official flag from 1795 until 1818, the year in which Congress decided to return the number of stripes to thirteen, to represent the original states."

Mr. Powell suggested that we might learn more from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, which is part of the Department of the Treasury, and which not only prints all United States postage stamps but also designs, engraves, and prints all the country's paper currency. After thanking Mr. Powell, we put in a call to the Bureau, where we reached Herbert Krisak, the superintendent of the Bureau's Management Services Division. Mr. Krisak, who also spoke in a calm and intelligent voice, told us that his office had received a number of letters concerning the fifteen-stripe-flag stamp, and that most of the letters included phrases like "gross incompetence" and "bureaucratic bumbling." He said that all such letters are answered politely, and he added that designs for postage stamps are decided upon by an advisory committee of the Postal Service and are carried out either by free-lance commercial artists or by artists within the Bureau. In the case of the Fort McHenry stamp, he said, the design was executed by an artist named V. Jack Ruther, who is one of six banknote designers who work for the Bureau.

We thanked Mr. Krisak and put in a call to Mr. Ruther. He, too, spoke in a calm and intelligent voice, and he told us that after the advisory committee had approved the idea for this stamp the idea had been sent to the Bureau, and that he had been asked to do the design. "What they wanted was the Fort McHenry flag the way it looked on the night before the British bombardment," Mr. Ruther said. "As far as I know, there are no pictures of the flag as it was then, but the flag itself hangs in the National Museum of History and Technology, which is part of the Smithsonian. I went over and looked at it. It's enormous—it's about two stories high—and it's all tattered and has a big hole in it. Basing my ideas on what I saw, I did several trial designs. In one of them, I included a flagpole, but we decided that, for purposes of printing, it would make the design too busy. After my final design had been approved by the advisory committee and the Postmaster General—you'll notice that it shows a rope but no flagpole—I did the original in water-based paint, about five times as big as the actual stamp. The design was then photographically reduced, and engraved and printed. Ever since the stamp was issued, people have been asking me about it, including even some of our own printers, who were sure there was something wrong with it. I told them the story, of course. People often do ask me questions about stamps, but half the time I can't answer them. I'm not a philatelist, you see. I just design stamps."

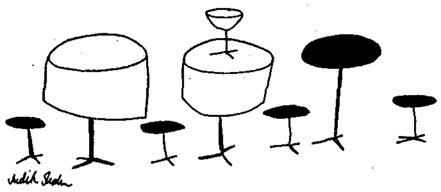
We thanked Mr. Ruther, wished him luck, and hung up. After we had explained the situation to our friend, he finished his tea and left our office looking cheered.

Renewed Acquaintance

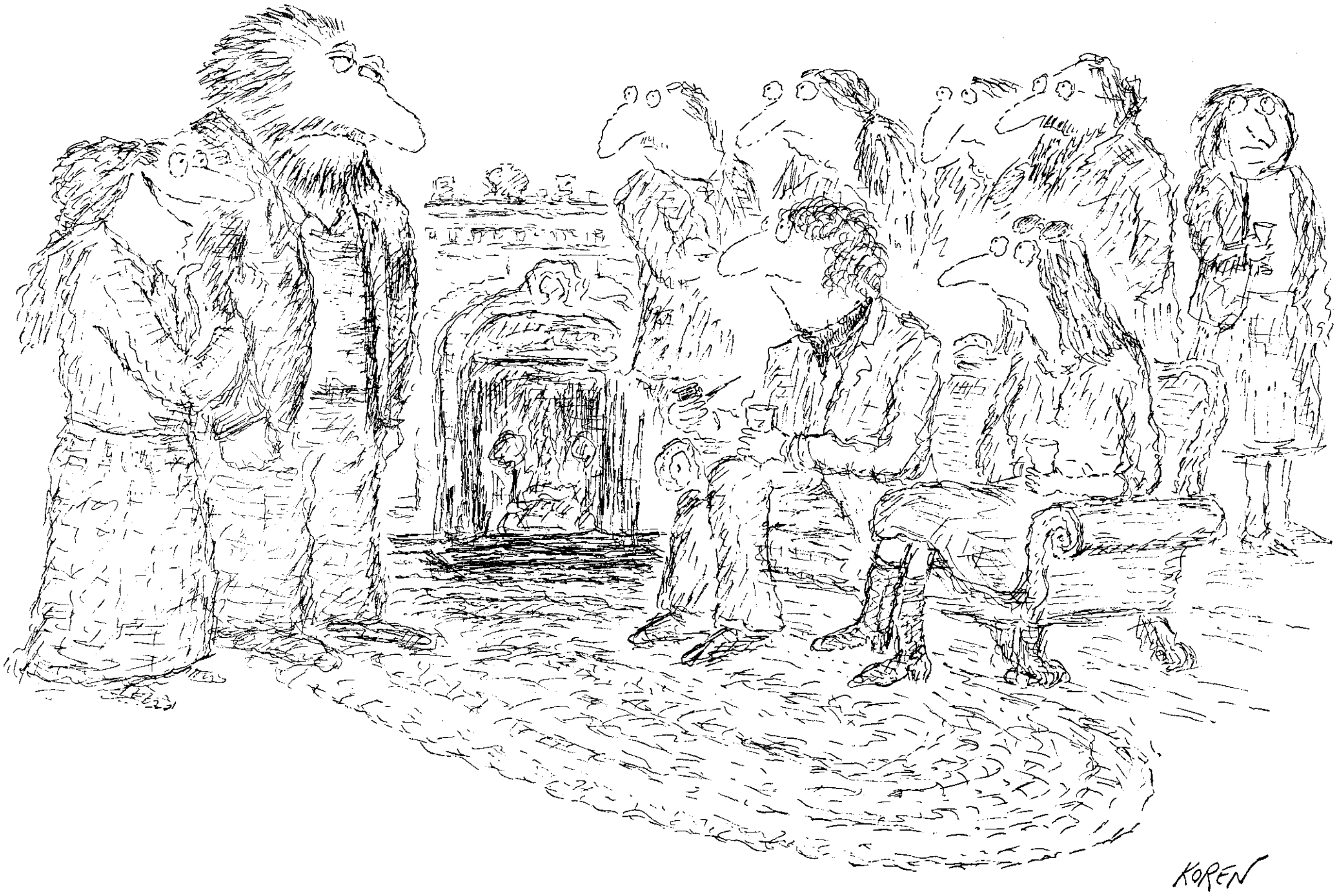
IT'S been fifty-four years since we first mentioned Ruth von Phul in these columns, so we thought it was about time we looked her up again. We took note of Mrs. von Phul in our April 4, 1925, issue, when she was in her early twenties. She was a crossword-puzzle expert, and Simon & Schuster (we spelled it "Shuster" then, and herewith apologize) was promoting the newfangled addiction. We called on Mrs. von Phul, now a widow and great-grandmother, at her Park Avenue apartment the other day. "I don't do crosswords much anymore, because I read with difficulty and it's hard to make out all those numbers," she told us. "But when I do do them I much prefer the English variety—especially the ones in the London Sunday *Times*. I loathe the New York *Times* Sunday puzzle. Too easy, for one thing. And then all that cuteness. Ugh."

We asked Mrs. von Phul what she'd been up to since John Hylan was Mayor of New York.

"For a while, I seemed mainly to be moving," she said. "I had grown up in the city, and attended Horace Mann School. It had a girls' high then, in the Teachers College complex. I spent a couple of years at Wellesley, because my father, a lawyer, wanted me to go there—I'd have preferred Barnard. My parents were very advanced and gay—oh dear, that word is lost!—and my mother even smoked. I never finished college, because I discovered Harvard and Harvard discovered me. My husband-to-be, who died two years ago, was studying there. He was a civil engineer, originally from New Orleans, who specialized in pipelines. Between 1925 and 1950, we lived in—let's see—Syracuse, Colorado Springs, Baton Rouge, Dallas, Los Angeles, and probably a couple of other places, but they don't come instantly to mind. I was kept pretty busy packing and unpacking and raising two daughters, but I did keep up my interest in words. At the start of the Second World War, I was in New York again and took a course in cryptanalysis at Hunter. Within a few months, I was an assistant censor in a secret Special Security Division of the New York Office of Postal Censorship, looking for secret messages in correspondence, with a hundred or more people working under me. After the war, I was twice offered cryptanalytical jobs in top-secret government agencies, but by then I had had my fill of that kind of work.



"In 1957, my husband and I were living in— Wait a second. Oh, San Antonio, Texas. We'd been there since 1950. 'The $64,000 Challenge' was then having its vogue on television, and when I heard that a friend of mine in Pennsylvania had got on the show, I decided to try out for it myself. Without having to cheat or anything, I got as far as the eight-thousand-going-for-sixteen bracket, but then I stumbled over the meaning of the word 'rescissible.' I didn't much mind. I had earned four free round trips between Texas and New York. By then, too, I was deeply interested in James Joyce. I'm considered quite good on Joyce now, though controversial. For a long time, I read 'Ulysses' the way some people read the Bible—cover to cover, every year or eighteen months. When 'Finnegans Wake' came out, I rejected it outright, but then read it through twice, with no recourse to commentaries, and no understanding of it. Finally, I gave in and got Campbell and Robinson's 'Skeleton Key,' which gave me some comprehension of the language. But as I got closer and closer to the book, I began to question some of the assumptions in the 'Key.' There is obviously a connection between my interest in crosswords and cryptography and my fascination with Joyce. When you're solving puzzles, you let your mind float with respect to words. It's very Freudian, dealing with puns and tricky word associations, and you almost have to know several languages. In that respect, Joyce was incomparable. He probably has a lot of Croatian and Es-



"Michael welcomes contrasting points of view."

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kimo words hidden in 'Finnegans Wake' that nobody has discovered yet, but don't fool yourself—somebody someday will come up with a list of them.

"I'm in correspondence with a lot of people about Joyce all the time, and I've made the usual pilgrimages to Dublin and his other haunts. I've just returned from a non-Joycean trip to Europe. My travel agent got me in with an expedition of the Society for the Preservation of Archaeological Antiquities, which is not normally my sphere of interest. There were twelve of us on the tour. I had a little Kodak, and they must have had fifteen thousand dollars' worth of camera equipment among them. A couple of them never seemed to look at anything except through a viewfinder. I couldn't wait to get back to Joyce. I have an unfinished book about him that I'm working on, and I have written about him for, among other publications, the *James Joyce Review*, the *James Joyce Quarterly*, and *A Wake Newslitter*. Three years ago, the very first issue of *Modern British Literature* was kind enough to make my 'The Last Word in Stolentelling' its leading article—that was an analysis of the various influences in 'A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.' In the editor's biographies of his contributors, not having any academic credentials he could assign to me, he rather flatteringly referred to me as the 'retired undefeated crossword-puzzle champion of the world,' which was a surprise to me but sounded nice."

We asked Mrs. von Phul to tell us her agenda for the future.

"At my age, one doesn't make many long-range plans," she said, "but I hope to write some more about Joyce and, for the short term, to spend Christmas in California with my great-grandchild."

Walkers

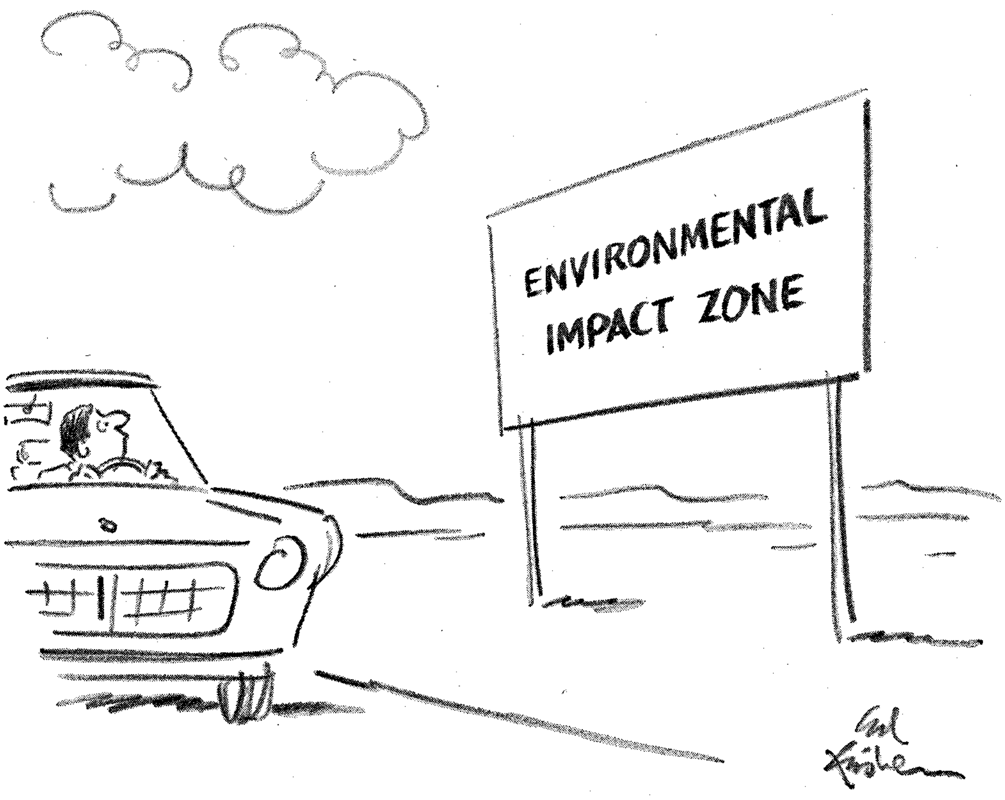
THIS year, for the first time, the sponsors of the New York City Marathon admitted a group of entrants whose aim was to walk, not run. Thirty-five race walkers—some of whom are prospects for the United States Olympic team—covered the Marathon course in what one of their leaders called a "race within a race," with several of the walkers finishing in better times than those of many of the runners. (The winning race walker, Carl Schueler, of Washington, D.C., finished in three hours forty-seven minutes and thirty-nine seconds—a time that put him ahead of about six thousand of the more than eleven thousand runners who participated.) Race walking is a very old activity—some historians have traced it to medieval England—and it has been an Olympic sport since 1908, the walkers usually competing at distances of ten, twenty, and fifty kilometres. The sport has gone in and out of vogue several times during this century; one of its halcyon phases came during the nineteen-twenties, when six-day walking races used to be held in Madison Square Garden. There was a decline of interest from the nineteen-thirties through the nineteen-fifties, and then, in the sixties—soon after joggers began to appear conspicuously on the nation's streets and sidewalks—race walking began to catch on again.

Last April, some people who are convinced of the pleasures and benefits of walking founded the New York Walkers Club. The president of the new club is a forty-nine-year-old garment-center executive named Howard Jacobson, who now devotes much of his time to coaching walkers and runners. Each Saturday morning, weather permitting, either Jacobson or one of his assistants holds free "race-walking-for-fitness clinics" in Central Park. The other Saturday morning, we went up to the Park's entrance at Fifth Avenue and Ninetieth Street to observe one of the clinics. It was a brisk and invigorating sort of day. The sky was clear, the temperature was in the fifties, and the leaves on the Park's London plane trees shivered in a light wind. When we arrived, about fifty people were doing warmup exercises under Jacobson's direction. Jacobson is a lean man with brown hair and a brown beard, and he was wearing blue trunks, sockless training shoes, and a white T-shirt that bore the inscription "IAAF Welt Cup Gehen 1979 Lugano Trophy Eschborn," which referred to a recent race-walking competition in Germany in which he had participated as a coach.

The people appeared to range in age from their teens to their seventies or eighties, and when they had finished their exercises Jacobson said to them, "With the beginners, I've been noticing a number of faults in your walking. If you focus on your arms, you forget about your legs, or else you forget about foot-strike. I want to stress to you that fluidity is important. When we walk, we must achieve propulsion with our legs. I still see some of you—your arms are *drifting*. You must feel the fluidity of it, must feel the synchronization, no matter what the tempo. Some of you are still not fluid in the hips. You're still walking as you would if you were just walking along the street. What is race walking? Race walking is an efficient method of walking quickly. You don't have to *race* to race walk, you know. You can race walk simply in order to improve your stamina, your physical development, and your general health. The first thing to remember is to keep your arms at about a ninety-degree angle. They should be close to your body but not rigid. When you reach out with the left foot, the right arm swings forward, and vice versa. You must feel the heel-plant, feel the pushoff."

Soon Jacobson organized the participants into four groups, according to their levels of endurance, and sent them off on walks of varying lengths along the Park's East Drive. He joined a group that was going to race walk for about a mile, and we set out—walking in an ordinary manner—beside him. As we walked, keeping up only with some difficulty, Jacobson told us that race walkers consider their sport to be more beneficial to the heart and lungs, more conducive to balanced muscular development, and far less injury-inducing than running. "Walkers get along fine with runners, but the two groups do have differences of opinion," he said. "And there is a certain amount of crossover. Some runners have taken up race walking, and some race walkers also run. In fact, the New York Road Runners Club coöperated with our club in arranging for race walkers to be admitted to the Marathon this year. Race walking can definitely improve a person's running skills, because race walkers pay more attention to efficiency and alignment. I started out as a runner myself—I was a scholastic and collegiate distance runner—but twenty-three years ago I decided to take up race walking. As soon as I tried it, I had a feeling of power and strength that I had never experienced before. For one thing, your arms get a strenuous workout. We develop our upper bodies much more than runners do. We also develop fantastic endurance. And race walkers get very few injuries. You may have noticed that the runners you know always seem to be in the process of recuperating. That's because running involves a great deal of shock impact—with each step forward, a runner sends a shock through his body that amounts to a force of from three and a half to four times his body weight. Those shocks are the reason for a lot of runners' injuries. In contrast, race walking is a smooth and efficient transfer of body weight, without all that pounding. Sometimes race walkers have been laughed at and called 'wigglers,' because of the way some walkers appear to wiggle their hips. But an accomplished race walker is not a wiggler at all. Recently, a lot of people have begun to realize what race walking is all about. Here in the Park, runners and bicyclists give us the thumbs-up signal. During the Marathon, bystanders shouted things like 'Yea, race walker!' and 'Go, race walker!' We're getting more notice and more acceptance all the time."

When all the walkers had returned to the starting point, we spoke with several of them, including a woman named Sally Stewart, who told us that she was the director of health and physical education at the McBurney Y.M.C.A., and that the Y had recently incorporated race walking into its cardiovascular-fitness program. We also spoke with a white-haired woman in a magenta sweater, who told us that her name was Miss Gwendolyn Clark, that she was a retired nurse, and that she was eighty-seven years old. "That man has helped me tremendously since I started," she said, indicating Jacobson. "My coördination and my posture were *terrible* when I took up walking, a few months ago. Now they've improved tremendously. I'm out here almost every morning. I feel wonderful. I walk six miles a day."

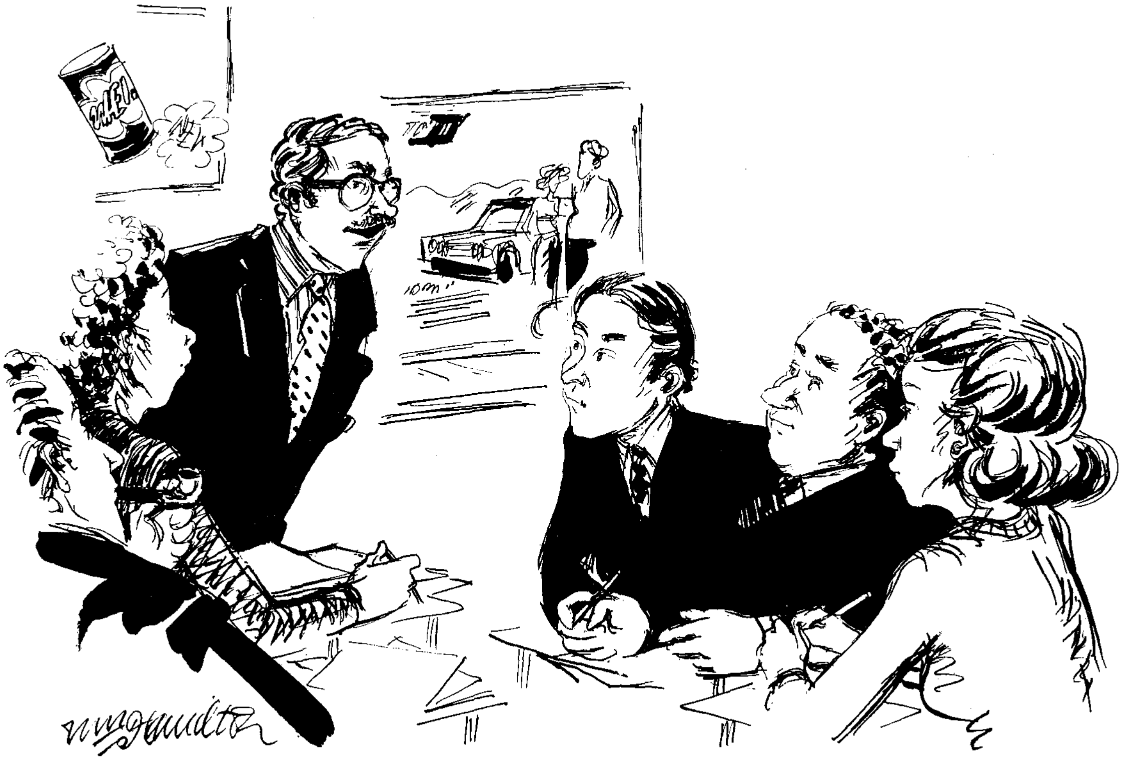


Two Lunches

A THURSDAY lunch given by Pepsi-Cola in honor of the Parks Department's urban park rangers:

"This bread is the wrong color," said the man in the gray herringbone suit.

"The bread *is* the wrong color,"



"I may be a tad early, but my instinct is the future is coming back."

said the pretty girl in the gray cashmere sweater, rolling a piece of crisp brown bread around in her hand.

"What color should the bread be?" asked a girl who was dressed in the uniform of a forest ranger and who had red hair and freckles.

"Ah ha ha, ah ha ha ha, ah ha ha ha ha," laughed the man and the pretty girl, falling into each other's laps.

"It's always nice to have a forest ranger seated next to you at lunch," said the man, winking at the girl in the ranger uniform.

"Oh, but I am not a real forest ranger," said the girl wearing the ranger uniform. "I am a park ranger. An urban park ranger. All the people you see in this room dressed like this are urban park rangers. We are sponsored in part by the people who asked you here and whose lunch you are eating."

"Well," said the man. "Well."

"Have you ever been to the Grand Canyon?" the pretty girl asked the man. Then, not waiting for an answer, she said, "Don't go."

"Don't go," said the man. "Well. Don't go."

"I had a bad time at the bottom of the Grand Canyon," said the pretty girl. "I had a very bad time. Snakes, losers, and wild burros—that's all that's there."

"Forty thousand dollars a year . . . off your income . . . kind of hard to make do . . . you know what," said the man.

"I am not hearing everything you say," said the pretty girl. "There are so many people in this room, and they are all talking at the same time."

"Well," said the man. "Well."

The girl wearing the ranger uniform chewed a forkful of overcooked string beans, then looked around her.

"What are you looking at?" asked the man.

"I was trying to see if everybody got the same thing," answered the girl.

"Everybody got the same thing," said the man. "Bay scallops in a floury sauce on a French-type piecrust, beans, and potatoes in a floury sauce."

"Scallops are high in protein," said the pretty girl.

"Look," said the girl wearing the ranger uniform. "Someone is approaching the microphone."

"Our many distinguished guests," said the man at the microphone.

"People are going to sing," said the girl in the ranger uniform.

"Yes. Actors from a play about New York City," said the pretty girl.

"What a pity," said the girl wearing the ranger uniform after hearing the actors from the play about New York City sing. "Usually, actors are so neat to see."

"I hate musicals in general," said the pretty girl.

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A Tuesday lunch given by the Skoal tobacco company (makers of snuff) to honor the country singer Charlie Daniels:

"So many of the men in this room are losing the hair on their heads," said the pretty girl.

"So many of the men in this room are not interested in boxing," said the man, her companion.

"That woman over there, that woman, she showed me pictures of her baby. Her baby is one and a half years old. From the pictures, I like her baby," said the pretty girl.

"Some people are drinking red wine, some people are drinking white wine, and they are all eating the same food," said her companion.

"That man over there, that man, he plays the fiddle and for a large fee speaks publicly in favor of a tobacco company. He is from the South. He often begins a sentence with the words 'my daddy,' " said the pretty girl.

"Some people are refusing the mashed carrots, some are refusing the sliced and overboiled zucchini. What about you?" said her companion.

"That girl over there, that girl, she told me that Fidel Castro owns a Betamax so he can watch taped Yankee games," said the pretty girl.

"The waiters dislike all the people in this room and would probably like to spill hot coffee on their shirts," said her companion.

"I asked her, 'Has Castro read a good book lately?' It's just the kind of thing she would know," said the pretty girl.

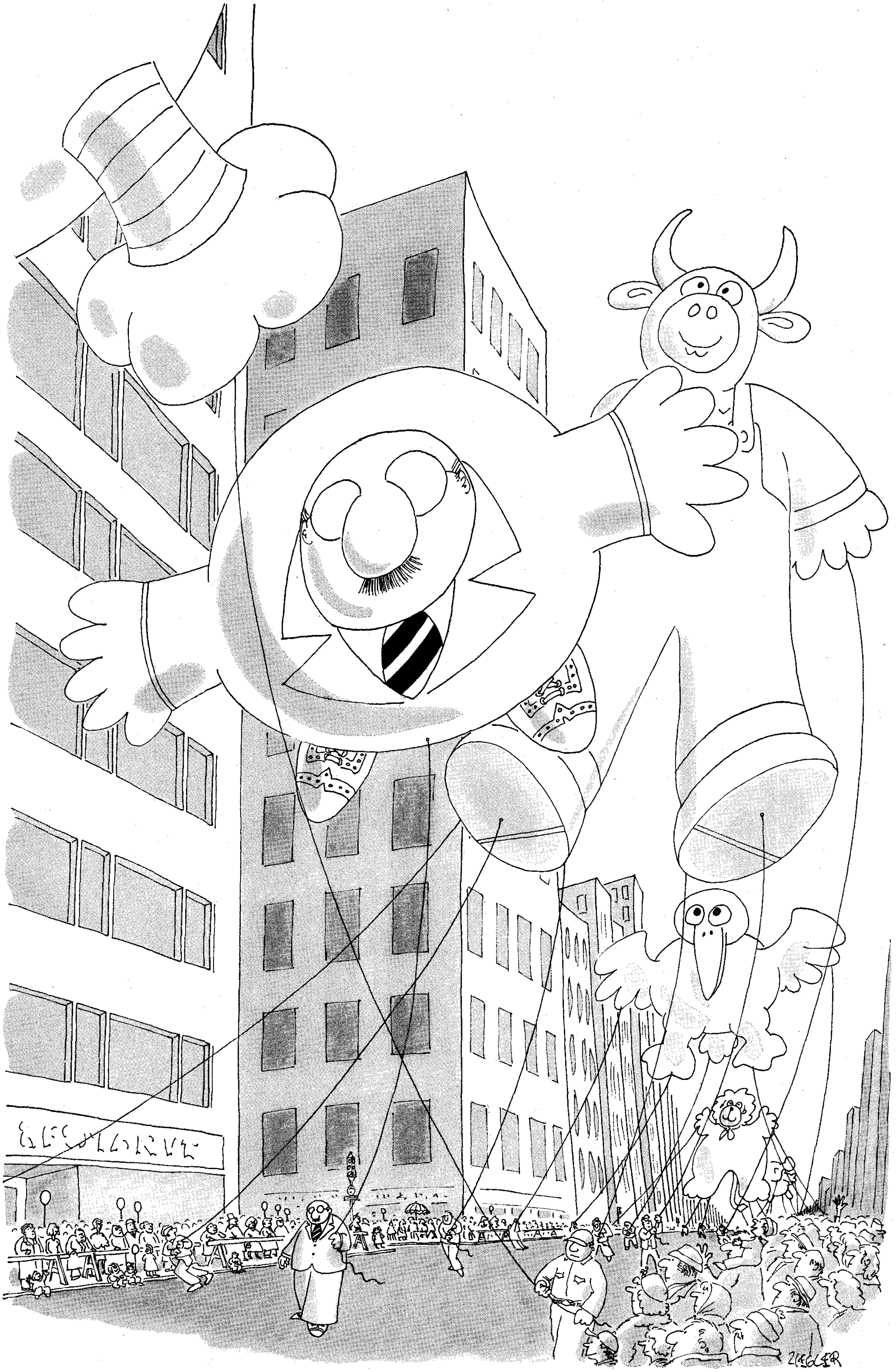
"That waiter comes from Albania. He told me. Imagine coming from Albania and then having to serve lunch to these people," said her companion.

"Just before I go to lunch, I think, What fun this will be—like recess on a Friday afternoon when you are in school, though not as much fun as a day at the beach," said the pretty girl.

"This is as much fun as I thought it would be," said her companion.

"So many of the people in this room know each other—perhaps from the same health clubs, or just sharing other interests," said the pretty girl.

"I miss the park ranger and I wish she were here," said her companion.



SHE WILL MAKE YOU VERY HAPPY

SOME years ago, in London, a civil servant named Christian Thrale, who was then twenty-seven, unexpectedly had an evening free from weekend work at a government office. In retrospect it seemed to have been an evening free, also, of himself. He did not often go alone to a concert or anything else of the cultural kind. On your own, you were at the mercy of your responses. Accompanied, on the other hand, you remained in control, made assertive sighs and imposed hypothetical requirements. You could also deliver your opinion, seldom quite favorable, while walking home.

As to pleasure, he was suspicious of anything that relieved his feelings.

The concert, on that particular evening, was furthermore too easy to get into. Yet, passing in light rain, he saw posters and bought a seat on the aisle.

He was scarcely in place when he had to stand again to let two women into the row. He lifted the folded mackintosh, the hat, and damp umbrella he had dumped on the empty seat alongside; and the younger woman, having stood back for the elder, now sat there. He had noticed her large-eyed good looks at once when she glanced up, saying Sorry. But as the struggling out of coats went on, and the drawing off of stubborn gloves, he lost interest.

It was the other woman he next became aware of.

The older woman was small and dark and wore a red felt circlet on her head, trimmed with navy ribbon. Around her shoulders there was looped a swag of sharp little furs—the mouth of one fur fastened, peglike and with needle teeth, on the paw of the other. In her lap a handbag was crammed squat, and she dried this with rustling paper. That she was in some way related to the girl, though not of an age to be her mother, was evident from their manner together.

It was hard to summarize, even in guesses, even in his mind, the relation of girl to woman. Until, as the musicians started to appear and more arrivals pushed along the rows, the phrase came to him: she is in her power.

The older woman had been coaxed for an outing, in the desperation of an interminable Sunday. That she expected nothing of the music was apparent from her turning this way and that, providing her own discordant tuning-up. "How people rig themselves out, will you just look at that one. I ask you. They might've done the place up a bit by now. Anyone would think the war was still on."

The girl sat quietly, an evasion she would not be allowed to get away with.

"Well, Grace, you're cheery I must say. First you tell me I'm depressed, and then you don't have a solitary word to say for yourself."

Now that he knew the association was founded in fear, he still wondered whether they were cousins, perhaps, or aunt and niece. When she turned his way, the wide, high slope of the little woman's bright cheeks recalled the girl's.

"Not a breath of air in here." She flapped the furs on her breast, and the pronged fox face snapped up and down. "That's the way you catch things. Remind me to gargle when we get home."

The lights lowered. Throughout the first work Christian was aware of the woman simmering there, a boiling turned low. The girl between them was impassive, hands lightly clasped, slim knees aligned under dark skirt. At the interval the little woman, murmuring to the girl, got up and went out to the Ladies'.

She was no sooner down the aisle than Christian spoke. He had never done such a thing in life, but knew there was no time to lose. They got swiftly through some piffle about Sibelius, and by the time the duenna returned Christian had written a phone number and suggested Saturday. All this, which should have seemed extraordinary to him, appeared inevitable and entirely right.

He got to his feet, and Grace said, "Dora, this is Mr. Thrale." He saw Dora's face flash with the realization that they had stolen a march on her, and with an impulse to spoil things. Dora saw a sandy man, quite tall, who could easily present a threat. Christian had discovered they were half sisters and from Australia. When the concert was over, he put them in a cab.

He did not, during that week, tell himself I must have been besotted, even though besotted was one of his words. He knew that something out of the ordinary had been set in motion. But did wonder if it would survive reunion with Grace, whose attraction could well decline at an address of furnished rooms. One would then be faced with the process of coming to one's senses. To do him justice, Christian Thrale feared rather than hoped for this.

d. ehrenberg

ON the Saturday, Christian went to W.11 by taxi, to take off the pall. The stairs were freshly painted white and had a scarlet carpet. There was a glass jar of yellow flowers on a landing.

It had not occurred to him he himself might have brought.

As he went up, he was shamed by a sense of adventure that delineated the reduced scale of his adventures. After the impetuous beginning, he would puzzle them by turning out staid and cautious. In a gilt mirror near the door he surprised himself, still young.

Grace's beauty was a vindication. He had relied on it, and it did not let him down. She was calm, as before, and smiled. There were the gold flowers again, on a table. Christian sat on a furnished-looking settee. No, no difficulty at all finding the address and knew the area quite well, actually, from once having had a dentist nearby. A kettle whistling in a kitchenette was swiftly muzzled by, he assumed, Dora.

Another girl—dark, tall—brought in the tray. My sister. A place was cleared for cups and plates. The dark girl was called Caroline, or Caro.

Christian sat again, and Caro opposite, with Grace bent between them: Is that too strong, these are from Fortnums. With a silver blade she laid open a quadrant of cake. A little furrow of concentration between her eyes was beguiling as the grooved brow of a kitten. On his sofa Christian was a man on a riverbank, not so much gazing at the other side as aware of a current into which he must plunge. He saw Grace shining and rippling over afternoon stones. She leadeth me beside the still waters.

Opposite, Caro's still waters ran deep.

Unfortunately, Dora has had to go to Wigmore Street to pick up her new glasses. Thank God. It was clear that Dora battened on the girls' occasions, might be absent from necessity but never from tact. As in the concert hall, it was evident they must make the most of the time before she returned, get things to a pitch where she could not reverse them. In relief at no Dora, Christian sat easy, had a second cup, and was pleased. Into the furnished staleness there came cool air from a window, and a scent of bath salts or cologne.

Against the light, Caro's head and shoulders were remarkable. Once or twice he made her laugh. But when he leaned for biscuits felt her eyes on him as if. As if, for instance, she knew about the sense of adventure on the stairs.

He found these women uncommonly self-possessed for their situation. They seemed scarcely conscious of being Australians in a furnished flat. He would have liked them to be more impressed by his having come, and instead caught himself living up to what he thought might be their standards and hoping they would not guess the effort incurred. Quickness came back to him like a neglected talent summoned in an emergency: as if he rose in trepidation to a platform and cleared his throat to sing.

The room itself appeared unawed by him—not from any disorder but from very naturalness. A room where there had been expectation would have conveyed the fact—by a tension of plumped cushions and placed magazines, a vacancy from unseemly objects bundled out of sight; by suspense slowly dwindling in the curtains. This room was quite without such anxiety. On its upholstery, the nap of the usual was undisturbed. No tribute of preparation had been paid him here, unless perhaps the flowers, which were fresh and which he himself if he had only thought.

It was a high room that Grace said had seen better days.

Christian said, "I can't imagine a better day than this."

A few objects, and the books, evidently their own. There was a warped picture of a woman's head painted on wood.

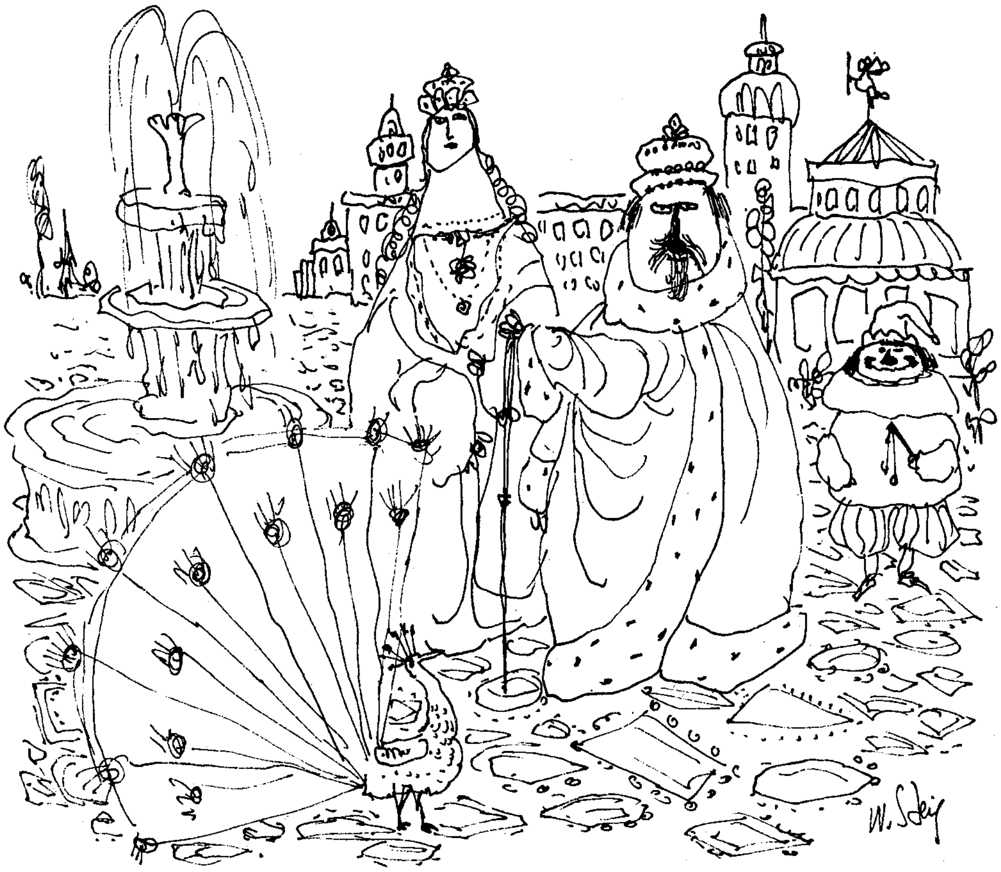
"Caro got it in Seville."

"It's an angel."

Caro had been three months in Spain for the language. To do this she had gone as nursemaid to an English family, who had afterward taken her to France and to Italy. Caro was now working—serving was what she said—in a bookshop while studying for a government examination.

It was even worse with Grace, who was in the complaints department at Harrods.

There could be no outcome to such activities but marriage. He knew all about Caro's examination, and she would never pass it. It had only recently been opened to women, and he had never heard of a woman passing it. "It is stiff," he said. It did not even lead to prospects: you came in at the lower level; it was a way of having people with languages without giving them career service.



Demesne

"An exploitation, if you like," he concluded.

She said, "I don't like," and took a cream wafer. "Peek Frean" she read, before biting the lettering in half.

"I shall confine myself to saying," he began again, and stopped. He did not know where he got these expressions, I confine myself, I shall refrain from, I withhold comment upon—as if he had placed himself under house arrest. Perhaps it was from his parents. Or it might be racial memory. He asked with whom had she dealt, where was she to present herself. And over the officials and bureaus of her answers assented with knowing confirmation—as a Greek will sagely nod at the mention of Hesiod or Pindar even if he has never read a line of them.

The situation of Grace was more pointed still, an abeyance. What could she possibly learn in a complaints department?

"I," said Grace Bell, "have learned that a soft answer does not turn away wrath." The girls fell to laughing together, their bodies slightly inclined each to each even across a tea table.

Caro told him, "London is our achievement. Our career, for the time being." As if she read through his forehead like glass. "Having got here is an attainment; being here is an occupation."

Like a creature whose lair has been observed, he shifted to new cover. "Very sensible not to plan too far ahead."

They would talk about him afterward, and Caro would adjudicate. He did not know if Grace would abide by the verdict or not. Caro would bite him in half like a biscuit. He wondered how Caro stood up to Dora, and for a moment would have been curious to see them together. When Caro got to her feet, when she brought hot water or closed a window, she moved with consequence as if existence were not trivial.

When these girls were small their parents had drowned in a capsized ferry. Christian was to refer to this as "a boating accident" for the rest of his life.

"And do you then," to show his independence of their futures, "mean to try out life here, and return to—was it?—Sydney?"

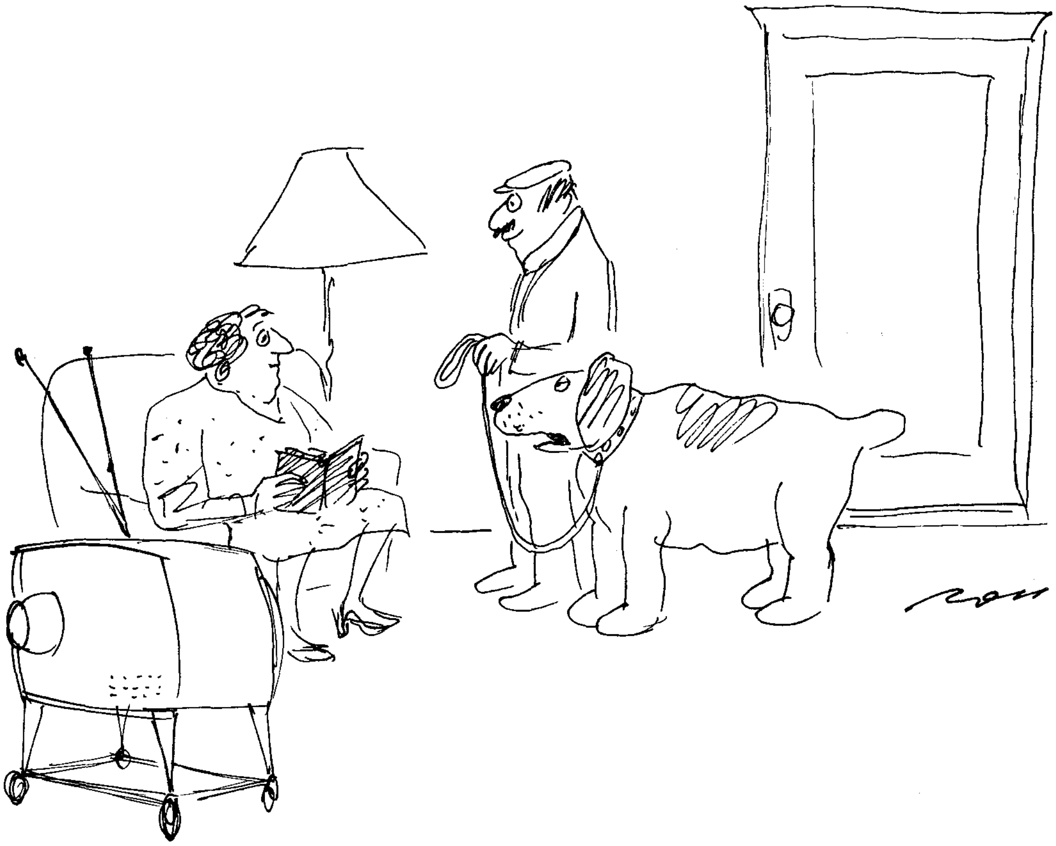
Caro laughed. "Life doesn't work that way."

As if she knew, and he did not.

A plate on which biscuits had lain was old, chipped, Italian, and had a border of rustic lettering. Caro had brought it from Palermo. Saying, "May I?," Christian took it up and read aloud, turning the disc to decipher: "*Chi d'invidia campa, disperato muore.* Who lives—if I'm right?—in envy, dies in despair." He put it back on the table. The angel had been charming; the plate had a sharper edge.

How happy he was, all the same. Christian, who often feared to find himself in obscure conditions, in a monochrome where his own colors might not prove fast. Given the present circumstances—the furnished room, the brute fact of Sydney, the desk at Harrods, and the examination already as good as failed—this should now have been overwhelmingly the case. But was not, by any means.

These women provided something new to Christian—a clear perception unmingled with suspiciousness. Their distinction was not only their beauty and their way with one another, their crying need of a rescue for which they made no appeal whatever; but a high humorous candor for which—he could frame it no other way—they would be willing to sacrifice.



"I'm taking him for a stroll. We'll be back in time for 'Kojak.'"

Christian was happy. Grace had done that for him. She will make you very happy.

The degree of good faith being required of him amounted to a mild abandon, but he did not want to botch this afternoon. His chances in life seemed bound up with the colors of girls' dresses, the streaks of curtain at windows, a painted angel; and even with a tea cozy of crocheted orange, felted with handling, that said everything about the landlord. Turned to him, there were the two long figures in light. He would have liked to think, Sargent; but feared something more disruptive, like Vermeer.

There were intervals when he knew that he was the one in need of rescue, that Grace might easily do better than take up with him, and that Caro would pass the examination ahead of all the rest. But health was hard to maintain: self-importance flickered up like fever.

There was something else now, with the three of them in that room: some event or at least a moment. Whatever this was, the excitement in it was displacing the calm, the charm. It was quickly past. Christian knew that Grace was as much as he could manage; she was already a departure, though of his own unexpected choosing. Caro was beyond his means. He was like a statesman faced with a capital decision. On the brink of the sofa he renounced any possibility of Caro. There was deliverance in this, and a flow of propitiatory emotion toward Grace.

Now that Caro had proved too much for him, he almost disliked her.

Grace was telling about a customer who had sent back a dead canary in a box, for refund. Christian must soon make himself clear. A third meeting would be commitment of a kind, to a chain of new circumstances.

"And got it back stuffed, from Taxidermy, with a bill for five guineas!"

Christian was laughing out loud with relief. He could hear this laughter of his that showed what he could do when given a chance. In his laughter it was as if he already took Grace in his arms.

She came downstairs to see him out. Dora, now in sight along the street, performed her usual function of bringing matters to a head. He asked Grace to dine with him during the week, and she made an arrangement for Wednesday. They repeated time and place like vows, safe forever from the sharp heels of Dora on the path.

Christian quite strongly did not want to see Dora, but waited to greet her and hoped for credit from Grace. Dora's hair was netted in a veiling cap, like thatch under wire. She dropped her key, and bumped her head on Christian's as they both bent down for it. This in turn gave rise to false little gasps of overdone apology. Christian knew the type. She was one of those persons who will squeeze into the same partition of a revolving door with you, on the pretext of causing less trouble.

By the time he got home he had forgotten Caro. It was hard to credit that she had been, however briefly, the object of a capital decision. Long before Wednesday he began to wish for Grace. And when the evening finally came was more charming to her than he had ever been to anybody in his life.

—Shirley Hazzard

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The rail trust fund would advance money to build obsolete tracks, to purchase modern high-speed and efficient rolling stock, and to install electrification facilities.—*The Times.*

Then you simply put the high-speed rolling stock on the obsolete tracks, and—presto!—you've got a railroad.

THE COLORS OF OUR AGE: PINK AND BLACK

That year the war went on, nameless, somewhere,
but I felt no war in my heart,
not even the shotgun's ba-bam
at the brown blur of quail.
I abandoned brothers and fathers,
the slow march through marsh
and soybean nap where
at field's end the black shacks
noiselessly squatted under strings
of smoke. I wore flags of pink:
shirts, cufflinks, belt, stitching.
Black pants noosed my ankles
into scuffed buck shoes.
I whistled Be-Bop-A-Lula
below a hat like Gene Vincent's.
My uniform for the light, and girls.

Or one girl, anyway, whose name I licked
like candy, for it was deliciously
pink as her sweater. Celia,
slow, drawling, and honey-haired,
whose lips hold in the deep mind
our malignant innocence, joy,
and the white scar of being.
Among my children, on the first
of October, I sit for supper,
feet bare, tongue numb with smoke,
to help them sort out my history's
hysterical photographs. In pink
hands, they take us up, fearless
as we are funny and otherworldly.

Just beyond our sill two late hummingbirds,
black and white, fight for the feeder's
red and time-stalled one drop.
They dart in, drink, are gone,
and small hands part before me
an age of look-alikes, images
in time like a truce wall
I stare over. The hot, warping
smell of concrete comes, fear
bitter as tear gas rakes
a public parking lot. "Mid-City
Shopping Center, Portsmouth, Va.,"
the magazine says, ink
faded only slightly, paper yellowing.

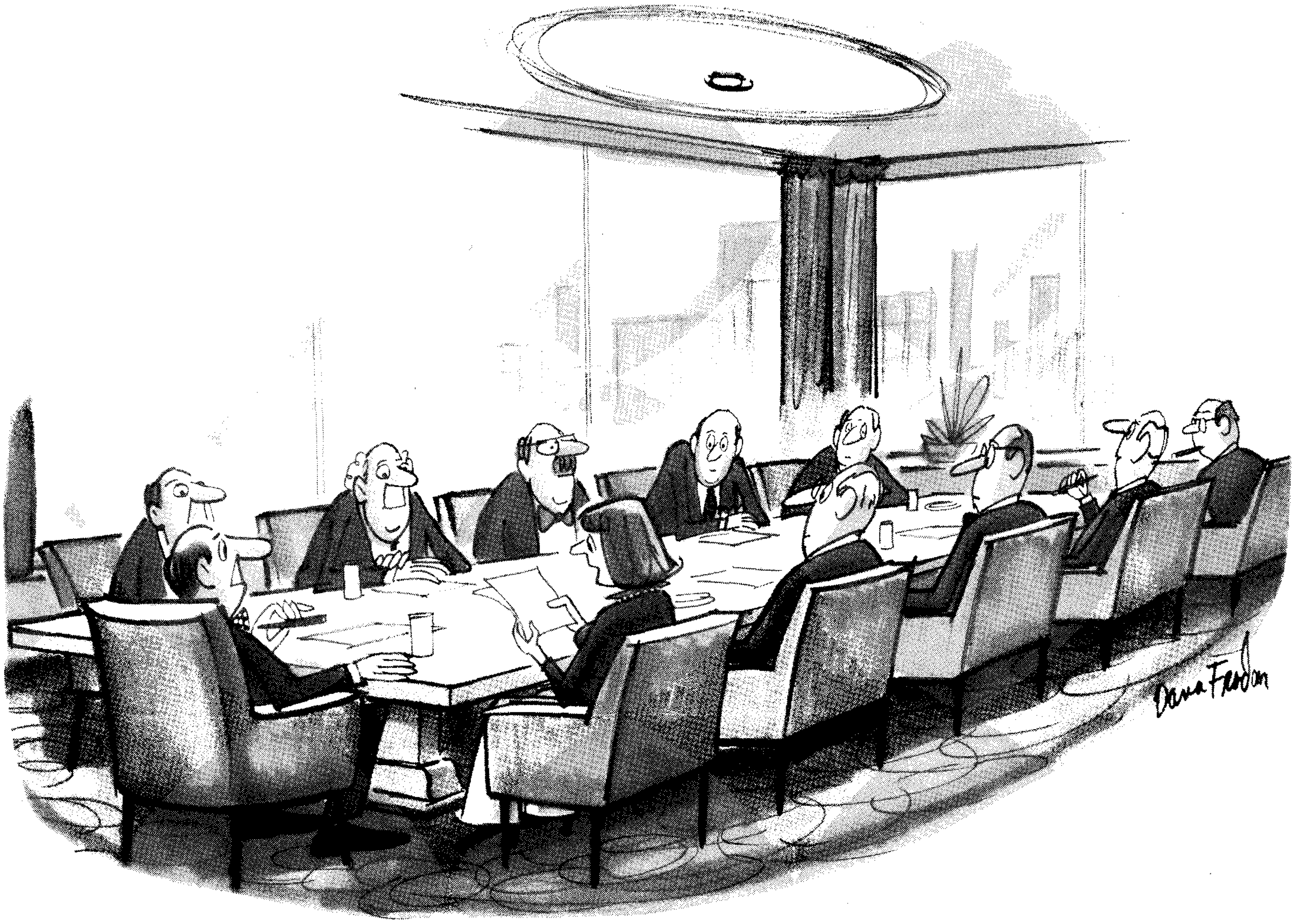
Everyone is here, centered, in horror
like Lee Oswald's stunned escort.
A 1958 Ford convertible, finned,
top down and furred dice hung,
seems ready to leap in the background.
The black teen-ager, no name given,
glares at the lens in distraction.
Half crouched, he shows no teeth,
is shirtless, finely muscled,
his arms extended like wings.
White sneakers with red stars
make him pigeon-toed, alert.
His fingers spread by his thighs
like Wilt Chamberlain trying
to know without looking what moves.

Three girls lean behind him, Norcom H.S.
stencilled on one. One wears a circle
pin, another a ring and chain.
Their soft chocolate faces appear
glazed, cheeks like Almond Joys.
They face the other side, white,
reared the opposite direction—
barbered heads, ears, necks.
In between, a new shiny hammer
towers like an icon lifted
to its highest trajectory.
A Klan ring sinks into flesh,
third finger, left hand,
cuddling the hammer handle.
This man's shirt is white, soiled,
eagle-shaped, and voluminous. Collar up.

Each detail enters my eye like grit
from long nights without sleep.
I might have been this man, risen,
a small-town hero gone gimpy
with hatred of anyone's black eyes.
I watch the hummingbirds feint
and watch my children dismiss them,
focussing hammer and then a woman
tattooed under the man's scarred
and hairless forearm. The scroll
beneath the woman says *Freedom.*
Above her head, in dark letters
shaped like a school name on
my son's team jacket: *Seoul, 1953.*
When our youngest asks, I try
to answer: A soldier, a war . . .
"Was that black man the enemy?"

I watch the feeder's tiny eye-round
drop, perfect as a breast
under the sweater of a girl
I saw go down, scuttling
like a crab, low, hands no use
against whatever had come to beat
into her silky black curls.
Her eyes were like quick birds
when the hammer nailed
her boyfriend's skull. Sick,
she flew against Penney's wall,
our hands trying to slap her sane.
In the Smarte Shop, acidly,
the mannequins smiled
in disbelief. Then I was
yanked from the light, a door

opened. I fell, as in memory I fall
to a time before that time.
Celia and I had gone to a field,
blanket spread, church done,
no one to see, no one expected.
But the black shack door opened,
the man who'd been wordless,
always, spoke, his words intimate
as a brother's but banging out.
He grinned, he laughed, he wouldn't
stop. I damned his lippy face
but too late. He wiggled
his way inside my head.
He looked out, kept looking
from car window, school mirror,



"Mr. Kendall then said, 'I withdraw that last remark.' Mr. Brook then withdrew his last remark. Mr. Cole then withdrew his remark. Mr. Kohler, his. Mr. O'Toole, his. Mr. Swanson, his . . ."

• •

from face black and tongue
pink as the clothes we wore.

Often enough Celia shrieked for joy,
no place too strange or obscene
for her, a child of the South,
manic for the black inside.
When he fell, she squeezed
my hand, and more, her lips came
fragrant at my ear. I see them
near my face, past the hammer.
But what do they say? Why, now,
do I feel the insuck of breath
as I begin to run—and from her?
Children, I lived there and wish
I could tell you this is only
a moment fading and long past.

But in Richmond, Charlotte, God knows
where else, by the ninth green,
at the end of a flagstone pathway
under pine shadow, a Buick waits
and I wait, heart hammering,
bearing the done and the undone,
unforgiven, wondering in what
year, in what terrible hour,
the summons will at last come.
That elegant card in the hand
below the seamless, sealed face—
when it calls whoever I am
will I stand for once and not run?
Or be whistled back, what I was, hers?

In Utah, supper waiting, I watch my son
slip off, jacketed—time, place,
ancestors of no consequence to him,
no more than pictures a man carries
(unless a dunk-shot inscribed).
For him, we are the irrelevance of age.
Who, then, will tell him of wars,
of faces that gather in his face
like shadows? For Christ's sake,
look, I call to him, or you will
have to wait, somewhere, with us.
There I am, nearest the stranger
whose hammer moves quicker
than the Lord's own hand. I am
only seventeen. I don't smoke.
That's my friend Celia, kissing me.
We don't know what we're doing.
We're wearing pink and black.
She's dead now, I think.

—DAVE SMITH

WITH THE POTTERS

I HAD found all at once that terrible things happened when I went out. As I was driving to work one morning, a car hit mine and one of my headlights was shattered. It made me feel off balance—as though I were seeing through one eye—and I quit my job that day. The next time I went out, I got lost looking for a bookstore in an area of Boston I knew well. Then, during the Christmas rush, a woman, flung against me by the crowd, caused me to drop my bag of groceries, breaking a dozen eggs. "Scrambled," a man with a cigar said. I went back to my parents' house, and for six weeks hardly left my room.

When Walker Potter called, in early March, and asked me to go to a poetry reading, his voice on the telephone was steady and even-toned. I hoped some of that steadiness might be conferred upon me the way when one person in a room yawns the others can't help doing the same.

During that year the Potters' invitations held great power. Saying no to them, it was clear, was saying no to rehabilitation. I'd gone to school with Walker's sister, Victoria, and when she moved to San Francisco I became friends with Walker and their mother as well. I was weak enough to do what they asked as long as the prospect was less painful than the walls of my room. There each wall was broken by a door—to the study, the bathroom, the closet, and the hall. I dreamed I'd be better if those walls were unbroken expanses. The night of the reading, I shut all of the doors as if I had a cat or dog I wanted to be there when I got back, and went out to meet Walker on a rainy street corner by the M.T.A. station.

These were the circumstances: Walker had met Miss Thorndyke, the woman who sponsored these bimonthly poetry readings, at a series of art lectures at the Gardner Museum. Miss Thorndyke had greatly admired the questions Walker asked the lecturer. She had approached him at the end of one of the lectures and told him about these poetry readings that were held in her apartment. She had such interesting people. Wouldn't he come? He had promised. Another month went by and she reminded him. Now it had been half a year, and when Walker saw her at the museum he felt guilty. Though he dreaded the interesting people, he would have to go.

I was at the corner first, but Walker hurried up before I'd even begun to worry that he wouldn't come. He wore his trenchcoat belted and a cap with a bill. He was very thin and tall, and only the skirt of his coat blown out by the wind and the bill of his cap gave him a third dimension. "You're here," he said.

"Yes. I hope this won't be too awful."

"You should try not to worry so much."

"How's your mother?" I asked. "I spoke to her the other day, and she mentioned something about helping with her spring cleaning."

"How fortunate you are," he said solemnly.

When we came out of the train, we were lost. Walker knew Back Bay as little as I did. The rain had picked up and the hem of my dress was damp around my knees. We circled blocks. Walker asked a man if he knew where Locust Street was, but the man only said, "Yes," and hurried on. He looked Japanese.

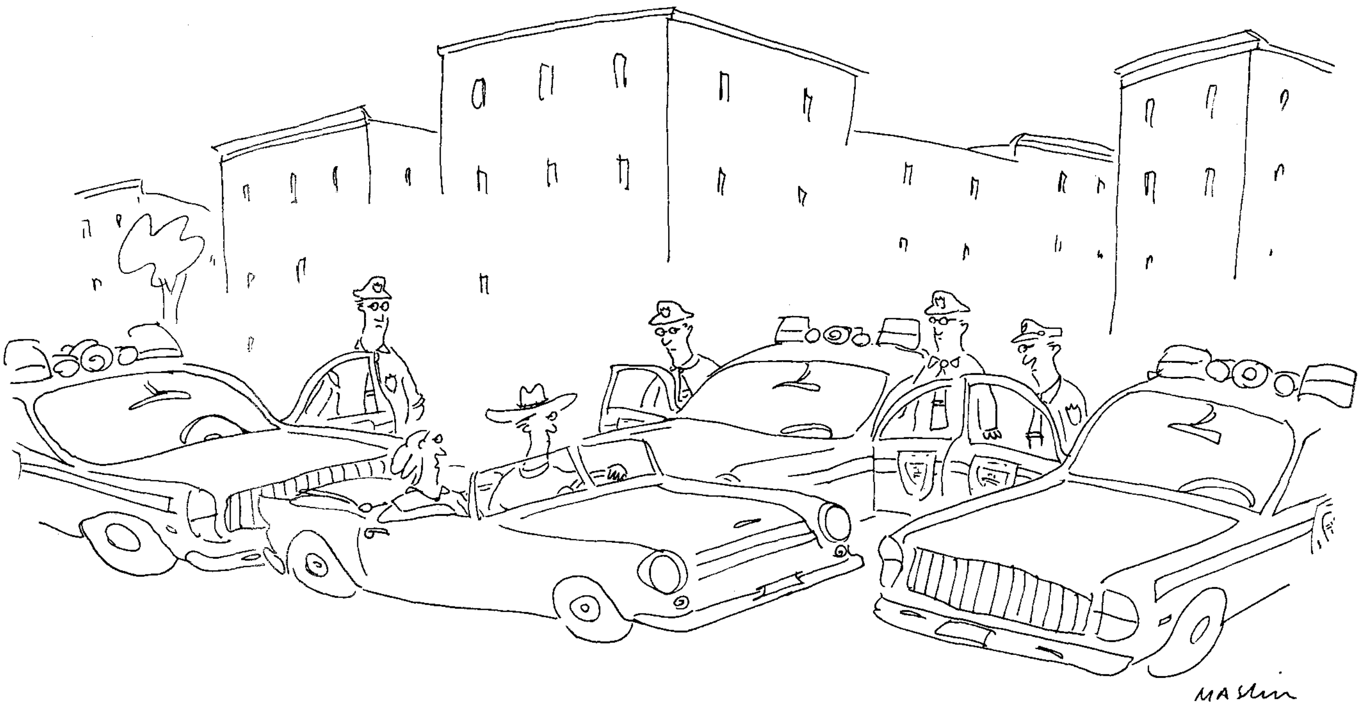
Then we found it. It was the narrowest building on the block, squeezed between two solid administrative buildings of some secretarial school. "From this we know that secretaries are fat and healthy, while poets starve," Walker said, but I knew he wasn't bitter, because he didn't write poetry himself. His favorite poem began, "Loveliest of trees, the cherry now . . ." I had learned things about Walker from Victoria, and sometimes I had spent the night in his room while he was away at college.

We walked up four flights of stairs. On the fifth floor a door was open and there were sounds of talking. "The poets," I said.

We were drawn into a room where we knew no one. The conversation stopped for a minute and a girl in red clamdiggers and a silk kimono said, "Thorny's in the kitchen making coffee."

Just as she said this, a woman appeared in the doorway. "Dear Walker," she said, as though she were testing the range of her voice. Her hair was impossibly red for a woman in her middle fifties, and it stood out from her head in separate spikes like an artist's rendering of fire. She wore pink toe shoes and a man's oxford shirt tucked into royal-blue stretch pants.

"To the first drink of the rest of my life."



"*You and your embezzling.*"

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Her face, powdered as pink as the toe shoes, was absurdly happy to see Walker. "And you've brought a friend."

"Yes, this is Ruth."

Miss Thorndyke introduced us to a pair of women sitting cross-legged on the floor, a man in a business suit, a boy with a guitar, and some other people, on pillows, in corners, everywhere. Walker and I shared the piano bench and accepted cups of herb tea so strong that I was sure it had some purpose. Miss Thorndyke took a chair by the fireplace and smiled. "We'll begin. Mona, would you like to read first?"

Mona pulled a piece of paper from her leather bag. Her poem seemed to be about roses and menstruation, and she read it in a shrill, monotonous voice.

When she was done, Miss Thorndyke said, "That was lovely, Mona."

Sitting as we were, side by side on the bench, Walker and I couldn't look at each other without being obvious. If we'd been lovers, I might have squeezed his hand, but it wasn't Walker that I loved. I didn't know whom he loved, though once when we passed a church in Concord he'd told me that he would like to be married there.

Miss Thorndyke chose another woman to read next, who was tense and gray-haired, with eyes that were stretched wide open. I've always wondered about people with very clear blue eyes: do they see more? Her poem was about the spring and I liked it very much, though she read quickly, with a grim smile. Then the businessman read a long prose poem about a trip to Belgium. My back was tired from sitting with nothing to lean against. Walker was still sitting stiffly, hardly moving at all. He lived with his widowed mother in a dark small room at the back of her house. He was almost thirty and had been there since he finished college. I was living at home too, of course, keeping strange hours to avoid my parents in the kitchen or the halls. Now I thought I might take my savings from the bank and go somewhere far away. I wasn't sure where. If I were going to go by boat, all of these people might be my fellow-passengers.

It would be an imposing ship, like the QE 2, whose purser had arranged this evening's entertainment in the blink of an eye. Of course, it was too wet to promenade on the deck, as we had other evenings. We were sailing on this grand ship to another hemisphere for the winter. Walker, I knew, had great respect for tradition and property. I wanted to ask what he thought of the odd passenger list. Though his mother would buy undignified things at the supermarket—pistachio-flavored jello or chicken spread in a can—Walker invariably wore a jacket and tie at the dinner table.

The poem about Belgium ended. The last line, about a pigeon flying into the station "gray as a commuter," reminded me of Boston, and I wondered whether this man had been to Belgium at all. Walker, I knew, must be appalled by all of this; he'd always had a prejudice against strange people. I wondered what the best way for normal people to behave among strange ones was. I didn't want to disappoint Walker, because he might very well tell his mother and sister.

There was a silence, as befits the end of a long, dull poem. Miss Thorndyke stood, her list in her hand. "I think Twenty-seven has something for us."

Twenty-seven turned out to be the young man with the guitar. He had sleek black hair parted in the middle and a crooked scar at the corner of his mouth which did not allow him to stop smiling. He struck a harsh chord and began to intone, "I'm going away on a train. I won't be back again." At the end of every couplet came another chord, each one booming louder in the crowded room. I suddenly had to go to the bathroom. The door was shut, and there was no answer when I knocked. As I opened the door, two cats ran by me. I entered and closed the door behind me and was left with their smell. Through the wall I heard the consternation I'd caused in the next room.

When I came out, Miss Thorndyke was waiting with a gray-and-white spotted cat under one arm and a thin black one under the other.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't know they were there."

"You'll read something for us?" she asked, her eyebrows rising, mobile as a clown's.

"I'm sorry," I said again. "I'm not a writer. I don't have anything." I remembered that in school people used to say "The dog ate it," so now, with a smile to show that I was joking, I said this to Miss Thorndyke. She looked at me quizzically, then at the two cats under her arms.

I wondered how much longer Walker and I would stay. I liked being there better than at home. Though I always wanted to say no when people asked me to do things, once I did them I felt better. Things were improving slowly. I felt I was travelling a long distance, though I wasn't sure in what direction. I liked to think of it as an anatomical journey: first a leg, then perhaps an arm, some other day the torso and a hand, and finally the head. When I had completed the head—rounded the horn—I would be well again. This was much better than the voyage on the QE 2, which, I now realized, would be circular and leave me off at the port where I had embarked.

When the reading was over, we would get on the M.T.A. again and go home. I would have liked to go to Walker's little room, and he could have gone to mine. He would do well taking up my life where I'd left off. He'd wake up in the morning and go down to breakfast with my parents. "Yes, one sunny side up, thank you," Walker would tell my mother. And the pictures in my room wouldn't look crooked, so he would have to jump out of bed to tilt one a little in one direction, and then a few minutes later back the other way.

People began to chat about the rain, mustering courage to go out into it. I always feel sad when I leave a place where people haven't been unpleasant. Of course, it was fine to look at Walker now. How sharp his nose was. My mother once said that it sliced the air in front of him like a knife as he walked. I believed this. When the air was cut into two parts, Walker stepped bravely between, like an explorer into the black mouth of a cave.

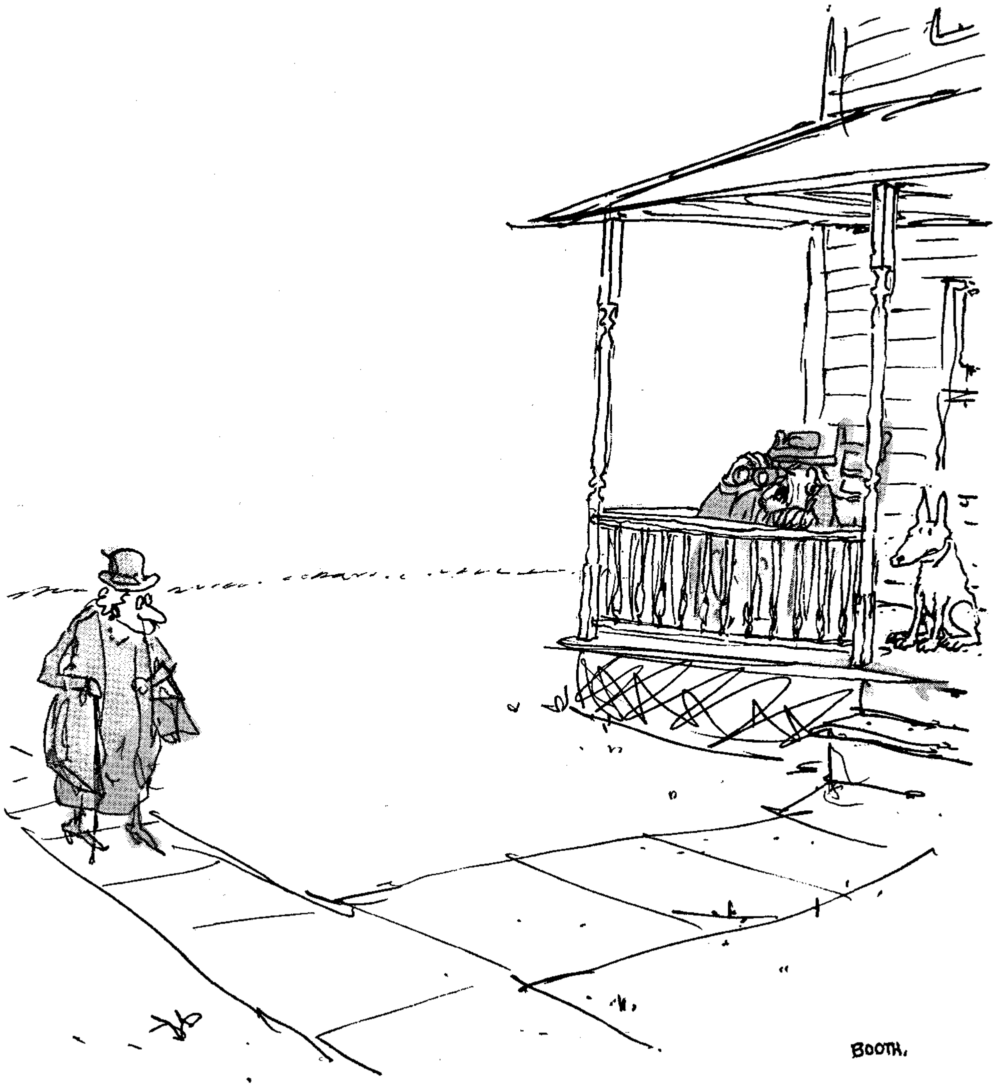
On the way home, we were lost again. Looking for the M.T.A., we passed Twenty-seven with his guitar. He held it over his shoulder with no case, and under the street light it glistened in the rain.

"Well, what did you think?" Walker asked, taking great stiff-legged strides over puddles. He began to laugh his high-pitched, hiccupping laugh and I laughed, too, so that my stomach hurt and I had to lean against a lamppost to steady myself. On the space between my hat and coat I felt the wet metal against the skin of my neck, like an unexpected hand. I sprang away from it.

A WEEK later, Mrs. Potter, hunting for some papers in the basement of the building she owned, asked me to move heavy boxes and help her clean up a little. "You'll come," she had said to me on the telephone, and I could hear no question in her voice. I was uneasy about this. I was still mapping out my journey, and I wasn't sure whether I'd gone in the right direction following Walker to the poetry reading. But I trusted Mrs. Potter. She was a very ordinary person, who could no more lose her ordinariness than someone walking down a long straight corridor can lose his way.

Mrs. Potter's five-story building was downtown. Two floors were taken up by a fabric outlet, another by a telephone-answering concern. There was also a deaf-mute who repaired furniture. Mrs. Potter complained that whenever she wanted to get in touch with him she had to send a letter. The fifth floor was empty, and she spent her days trying to rent it.

In the basement were Potter family relics: Victoria's cradle, Walker's stilts, and the overflow of antiques from the Potters' house in Dedham. It was an enormous room, cement-floored, and the ceiling, the same dark gray, was visible through a maze of pipes. Dirt had collected in airy black heaps all over the floor. Mrs. Potter and I stirred the heaps up as we walked, and they clung to the toes of our shoes and attached themselves to our ankles. I moved four heavy cardboard boxes at once, hugging them to me like ungainly fat people. In the bottom box there were little wads of tissue paper. I



"By Jupiter, an angel! Or, if not, an earthly paragon!"

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picked one up and a chip of glass fell back among the others.

"My prisms," Mrs. Potter said. "I collected them for years."

"What for?"

"I thought I'd have a chandelier above the dining-room table and they'd cast rainbows on the tablecloth. You may have this one," she offered, holding it out to me in her narrow hand. It had a flaw, but I took it and put it in my pocket.

She set me to work sweeping up the piles of dirt, while she looked through the boxes I'd lifted down. The noise of bristles on cement gave me gooseflesh. Mrs. Potter, up to her elbows in newspaper, was looking over various pieces of china which cast their poor light back on her face. It was narrow, and her hair, growing stiff from her forehead, had no color at all. It elongated her face so that it was like a rubber mask sagging out of shape.

"Ruth," she said to me abruptly. "I think you're getting well. You seem to be recovering from that young man."

"It's not just that."

"Of course not, but I think it's time you did something with yourself."

"Like what?"

"You might look for a job."

"I hate jobs. Haven't I explained to you, Mrs. Potter, the way I feel about jobs? When there is something I *have* to do in a day, I can't get up in the morning. It spoils everything for me. Every day is like the fifth straight day of hard rain. Please, I'd rather not think about it now."

I remembered how the elevator man at my last job had called me Mary Mope. "And how's Miss Mary Mope this morning?" he would ask as I turned myself over to him for the day's incarceration. In the evenings he would say, "Free at last to run home to her lover's arms."

"Don't," I had begged him. His words had turned the remaining part of the day into the other half of a vault that held me. It shut tight around me with a sharp click.

"I can't bear another job," I said to Mrs. Potter.

She was sitting on a dusty Louis XIV chair, and she gestured to me to sit in its twin. She had a thermos full of brandy. "I didn't know if it would be warm down here," she explained, offering me some damp floury wafers wrapped in tinfoil. "Let me tell you a story."

"It isn't an allegory, is it? I can't bear allegories."

She promised that it wasn't. "You may apply it to your own case as you will.

"When I was a girl—nineteen or twenty—I was still living at home, and very much in love. I had auburn hair then. Can you believe that? One evening I was standing on the fire escape of my apartment building with Kingsley, the man I was engaged to marry, and across the street there was a man at the very edge of the roof.

" 'He's going to jump,' Kingsley said.

"I only laughed, but of course he did jump or fall. He fell to the ground faster than you can imagine. I felt sick and dizzy, as if I were going to fall from the fire escape myself. His thud shook me terribly. Later that night I tried to explain to Kingsley how it made me feel different. But this time he laughed and warned me against appropriating other people's tragedies for my own."

"Is that the end?" I asked. I was pleased with the story, because it didn't apply to me. Nothing that applied seemed to help.

"No, there's more. The man didn't die. It was only the third floor. We stood watching, and an ambulance came from the Holy Samaritan. It was two blocks away and there were always ambulances screaming by our house.

"I couldn't stop myself from thinking about him. In a few days I went to see him in the ward.

" 'I'm saved from myself now,' he said as I came in. And it was true. He was so weighed down with plaster he couldn't move at all. It encased two broken legs, some cracked ribs, and a dislocated clavicle. Even his head was bound in a space helmet of gauze. I couldn't see his face at all, and since it had been dusk when he jumped, I still had no idea what he looked like.

" 'I saw you fall,' I said. 'Fall' seemed more polite than 'jump.'

" 'I saw you watching with your husband,' he said.

" 'Oh, that wasn't my husband. We're engaged,' I said, and I told him all about Kingsley and me, but what I really wanted to know was why he had jumped. Just being with him made me feel shaky, and I knew I wouldn't feel right until I understood. So I kept going back every couple of days. There was never anyone else visiting him. Then one day he was in a semi-private room.

" 'Are you a relation of Mr. Walker's?' the doctor asked as I was going in.

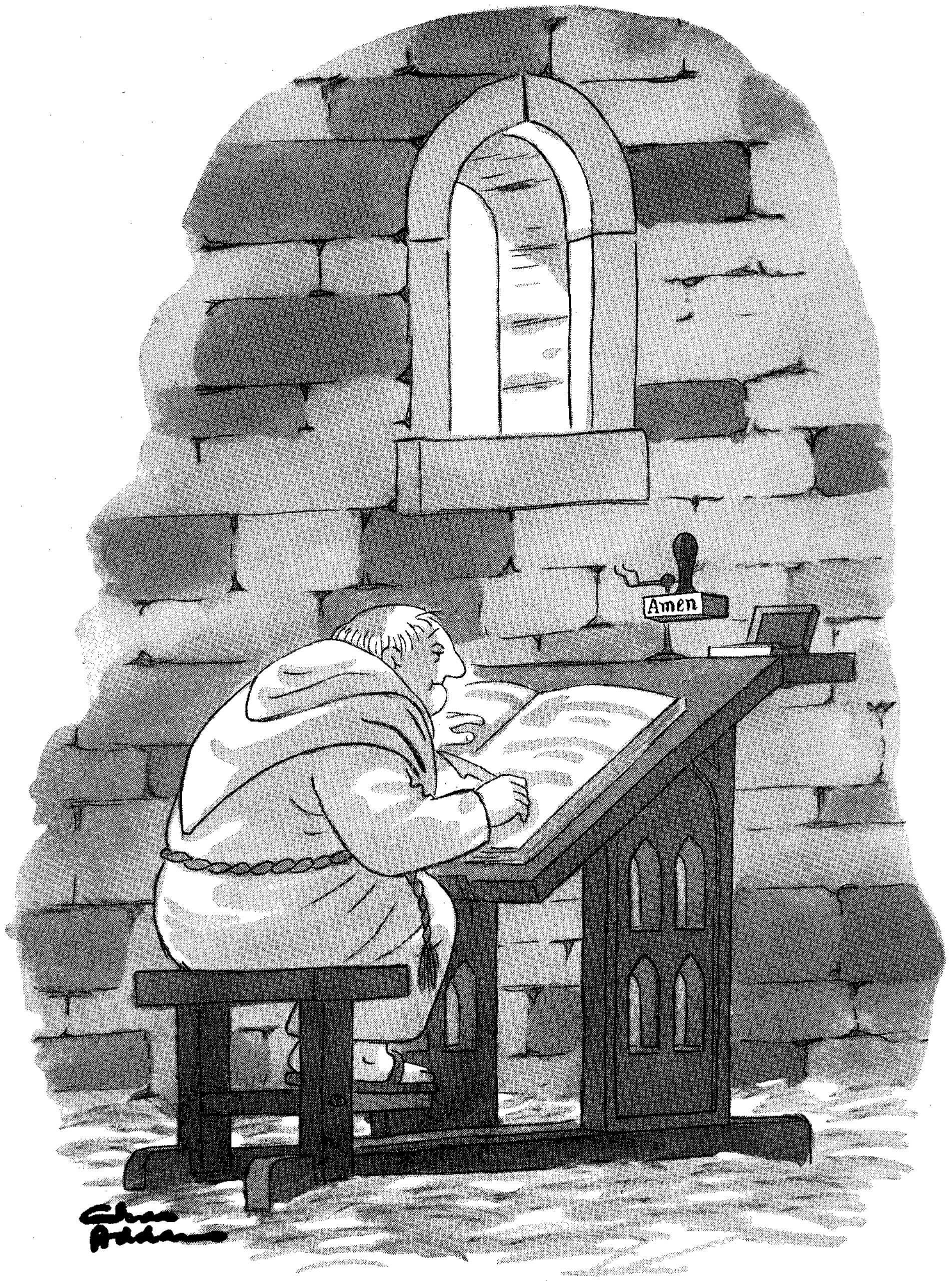
" 'A distant one,' I said. I wanted to hear what he had to say.

" 'I think you had better notify the family. Mr. Walker is a very sick man,' he said.

" 'You mean he's crazy?' I said.

"The doctor looked at me as though I were very stupid. 'What I mean,' he said, 'is that his bones aren't mending properly. We have reason to believe that he has a disease of the bone marrow and won't live more than a few months.'

"I said, 'Oh, yes,' to show that it was perfectly obvious to me that he would never recover.



"I watched Mr. Walker carefully that day. I thought it might be my last chance to find out why he had jumped. To tell you the truth, he seemed to be getting better. In fact, out of the blue, he asked me to marry him. He knew that I was engaged, but Kingsley was sailing to England with his family just then. I'd grown very fond of Mr. Walker, so I agreed. It was the simplest way to make everyone happy. I felt then as if my mind were in order again. That's the end of the story."

"But it isn't. What happened?"

"Mr. Walker did die. From the semi-private they moved him to a private room. At last he was out of his casts, and he held my hand. His hand was thinner and whiter than my own. He left me his mother's jewels, and a year later, when I married Walker and Victoria's father, I named my son for him."

"You married Kingsley?"

"No, George Potter. Kingsley took the slow boat to England."

We'd finished the crackers, but there was still brandy in the thermos. The box at my feet was books. "If there's anything you'd like, take it. Walker and Victoria weren't interested."

There was a collection of poetry at the top, and I chose that.

"Did the story help?" Mrs. Potter asked.

"I don't see how you could have done it."

"I could do anything then."

She sat quietly, with her eyes almost closed, and I looked through the book. There was a poem that reminded me of the one the wide-seeing blue-eyed woman had read at Miss Thorndyke's:

> I know a green grass path that
> leaves the field,
> And, like a running river, winds
> along . . .

I imagined Mrs. Potter young, with her auburn hair and her masklike face stretched back to prettiness. I watched her walk partway down a long, dark hall, but she stopped and went through the first door she came to. From there she followed the path until, squinting, I lost sight of her.

—Katharine Andres

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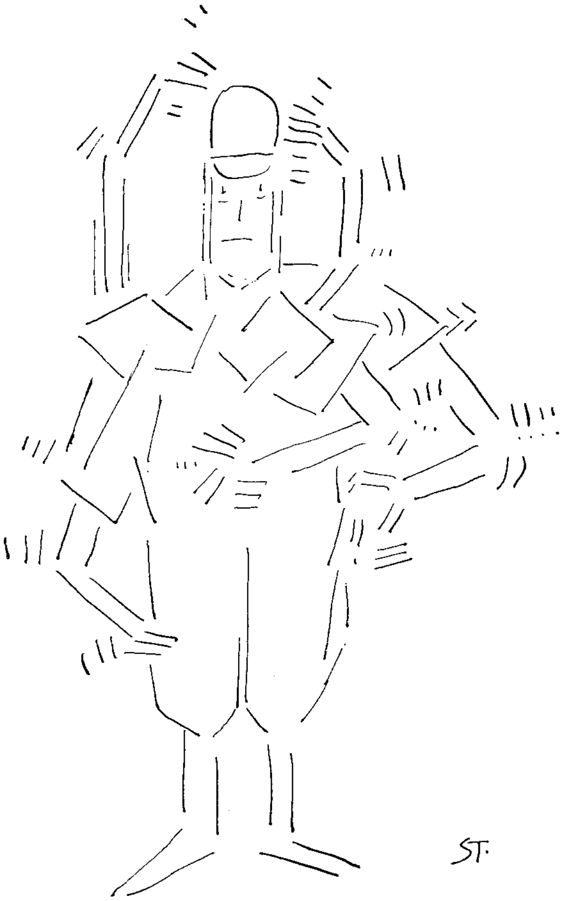
MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Enid* (*Okla.*) *News*]

Erlanger, Ky. (AP)—Police have arrested a robbery suspect who was not quite red-handed but certainly was blue in the face.

THE SPORTING SCENE

WILVER'S WAY

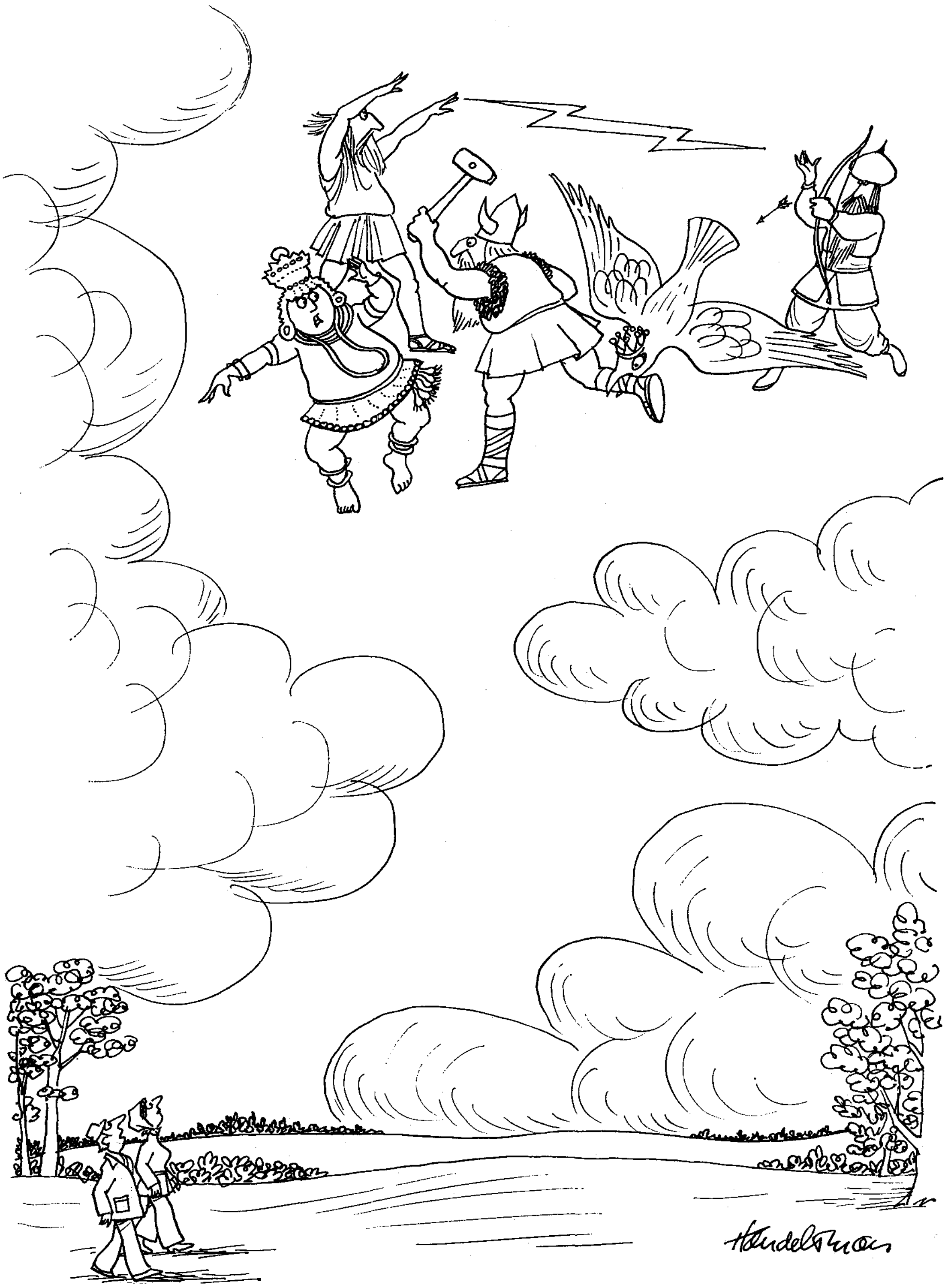


BASEBALL, so various and voluminous are its possibilities, often gives the impression that it will always arrange the thrilling complexity, the obligatory challenge and response, at the summit of every important game or series. Sometimes it does. Reggie Jackson, gigantic with fame and pride and secret self-doubt, silences all his critics with a sudden Olympian gesture—the greatest October batting feat of them all—in the final game of the World Series. An entire summer of lineups and innings, batters and pitchers, hits and outs clicks away in order to bring Carl Yastrzemski up to bat for the Red Sox against the Yankees at Fenway Park, with the tying and winning runs aboard, in the ninth inning of the single playoff game that must do away with one of these two exhausted, anxious, and courageous teams. These cathartic fires of two recent seasons were not quite equalled this year, which concluded with bitterly contested but one-sided league playoffs and a seven-game World Series, between the Pirates and the Orioles, that was notable above all for the refreshing and attractive personalities of the two new pennant-winning teams and for the triumph of Wilver Stargell, who has emerged as the most admired and admirable player of his time. The Series, which ended on a rising note of excitement as the Pirates came back from the brink to win the last three games and the championship, produced some vivid moments and engrossing tactical maneuvers along the way, but it will also be remembered for its abominable weather, its poor defensive play (the two were connected, of course), and a nagging sense of letdown. Before we proceed to these matters, however, I want to suggest that the baseball season just past also presented us with a most unusual pattern of events, which was, in its own somewhat slower fashion, just as rewarding as the stirring Sophoclean moments I have cited. This summer, at the end of a baseball decade, an abrupt upheaval of form threw down all the famous, much publicized championship teams and habitual challengers of the recent past—the Yankees, the Dodgers, the Phillies, the Red Sox, the Royals, and (near the end) the Reds—and produced in their place a pushing, eager crowd of young teams that will struggle to dominate the arena of the nineteen-eighties: the California Angels, the Montreal Expos, the Houston Astros, the Milwaukee Brewers, the Orioles, and the new world-champion Pirates. And then, with classic propriety, the sport balanced all this greening and upspringing with a burst of brilliant performances by some of the oldest and best-known players of our era. It was a wonderful summer for fans, but a hard one, too, and my scorecards and unkempt baseball notebooks became filled with complaints and elegies and exclamation points as I tried to keep up with it all.

Splendors and Good Nights

Manny Mota, as ardent and elegant as ever, bowed out of baseball at the age of forty-one with a .357 season and fifteen pinch hits, establishing himself as the most productive pinch-hitter on record. He will stay on with the Dodgers as a coach and exemplar. The Niekro brothers—Joe, of the Astros, who is thirty-five, and Phil, of the Braves, who is forty—between them sailed about ten thousand knuckleballs through the soft summer air and ended up winning twenty-one games apiece. Phil's feat was the rarer one, for he also lost twenty games—an egalitarianism most recently achieved by Wilbur Wood, in 1973. Pete Rose, who is thirty-eight, moved along to the Phillies as a free agent this year, but he was not able to prevent his new teammates from slipping to a disastrous fourth-place finish, fourteen games behind the Pirates. This was not for lack of trying, however. Rose batted .331, and his two hundred and eight hits marked his tenth two-hundred-hit season, which broke the old record for two-hundred-hit years that he had shared with Ty Cobb. His one hundred and fifty-nine singles also put him past Honus Wagner as the best National League singles hitter ever. If these figures require any emphasis, it could be pointed out that at the beginning of September Rose was batting .310, with one hundred and fifty-seven hits. He batted .421 for the month of September and at one stretch went thirty for fifty at the plate, which is a .600 average, and, within that, twenty-eight for forty-five, which is .622, and twenty-three for thirty-four, which is .676. As Lou Brock said about Rose, "he seems to have an *obligation* to hit."

Brock himself this summer became the fourteenth player to attain the plateau of three thousand lifetime hits. He also stole twenty-one bases, putting his lifetime total at nine hundred and thirty-eight, and obliterating an old, tainted mark established by one Billy Hamilton at the turn of the century, when a base runner who moved from first to third on a single was credited with a stolen base. Brock now stands alone as the premier base-stealer in baseball history. For all that, his finest achievement this year was to sustain a batting average that kept him up among the league leaders all summer and faded a bit only near the end, to .304. Brock, who is forty, had announced last year that this would be his final season; he was coming off a



"The gods are angry, but, it appears, only with each other."

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dismal .221 record in 1978, and everyone expected that he would appear at most Cardinal games only as a benchwarmer and a famous local landmark—everyone but Lou Brock, that is. Carl Yastrzemski, who is also forty now—Yaz *forty?*—struck *his* three-thousandth hit in September, after suffering through an excruciating dry spell at the plate; earlier in the summer, he had bashed his four-hundredth lifetime homer. Hank Aaron, Willie Mays, and Stan Musial had previously achieved this double, but Yaz is the first to turn the trick in the American League. He will return, by the way, for at least one more season at the Fens.

Some old favorites of mine took their leave during the summer, or at the end of it, and some others will probably disappear during the winter. Eddie Kranepool, who is thirty-five, left the Mets and is trying his luck on the free-agent market. He was signed by the Mets at the age of seventeen, just after he graduated from James Monroe High School, in the Bronx, and he has played in every season of the club's history. He led the Mets in lifetime hits, homers, extra-base hits, and runs batted in, but the club did not see fit to give him a trophy or a "day"—a chance for the fans to say goodbye—at the end of his long tour. Jim Lonborg was cut loose by the Phillies in July, and his batterymate Tim McCarver retired at the end of the year—one season shy of his fourth calendar decade in the majors. I think I will miss Catfish Hunter most of all. He had announced that this was to be his final season, and although he badly wanted to depart as a winner, he could not get the batters out at the end, and finished with a 2–9 record. He went home without complaint, for he is a man of imperturbable style and good humor. His last five years were spent with the Yankees, during the team's notorious era of clubhouse gossip, scandal, and moneyed nonsense, but none of it ever seemed to touch or discompose him. One of the great right-handed pitchers of his time, he won more than twenty games for five straight seasons, from 1971 to 1975—his last four years with the Oakland A's and his first year with the Yanks—during which span he won a hundred and eleven games. He pitched a perfect game—no hits, no runs, nobody on base—at the age of twenty-two, against the Minnesota Twins, and people who were there say that his teammates didn't have a difficult chance in the field all day. In his later years, his fastball wasn't much, but, as I have written on more than one occasion, watching him work was a true aesthetic experience, because each pitch was so clearly and intelligently related to the one just before it and to the one next to come: slider up and in, curveball down and away, change-up just off the plate, fastball in on the batter's fists, and so on—a tapestry of deceit and experience and efficiency; a

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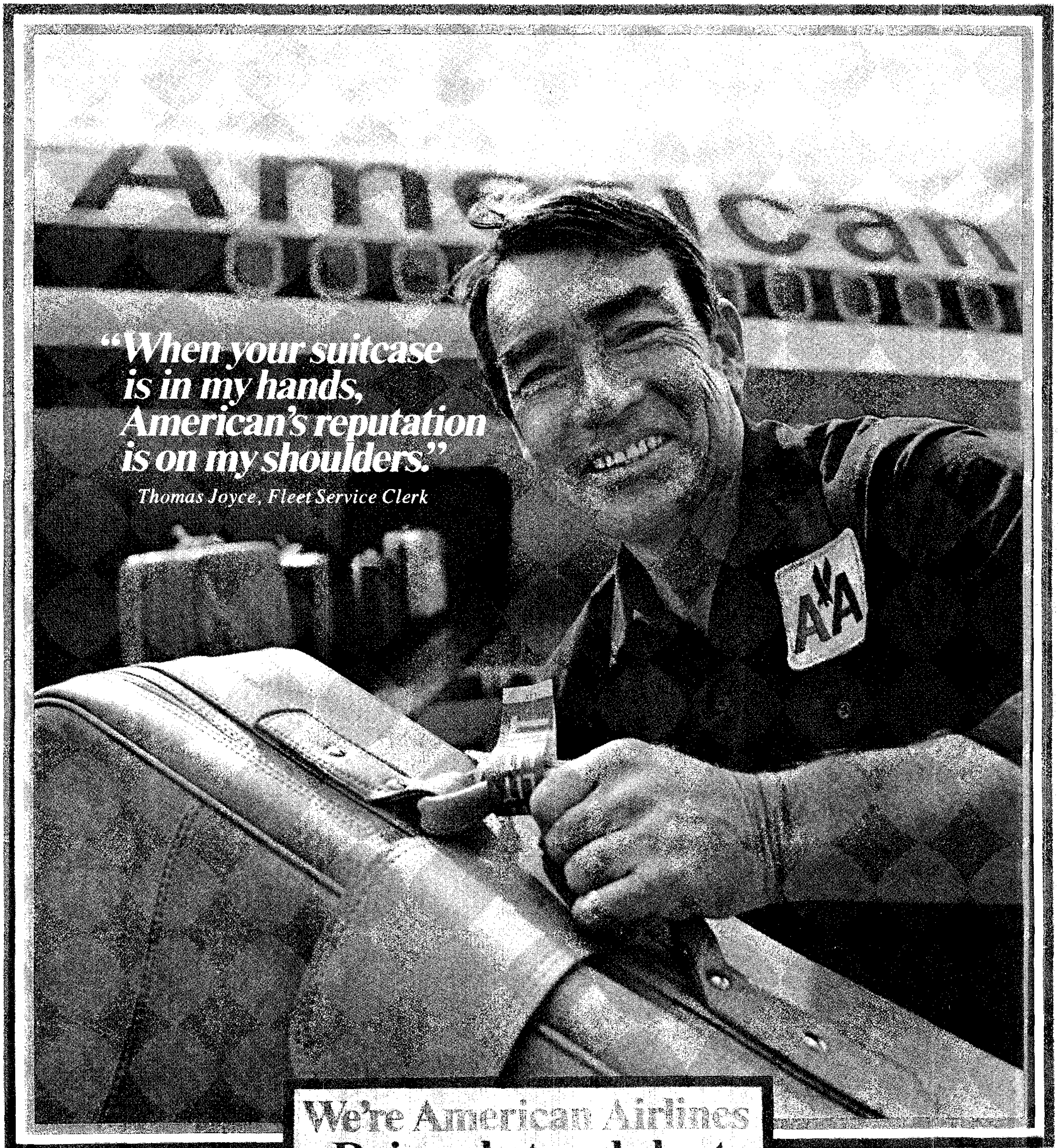
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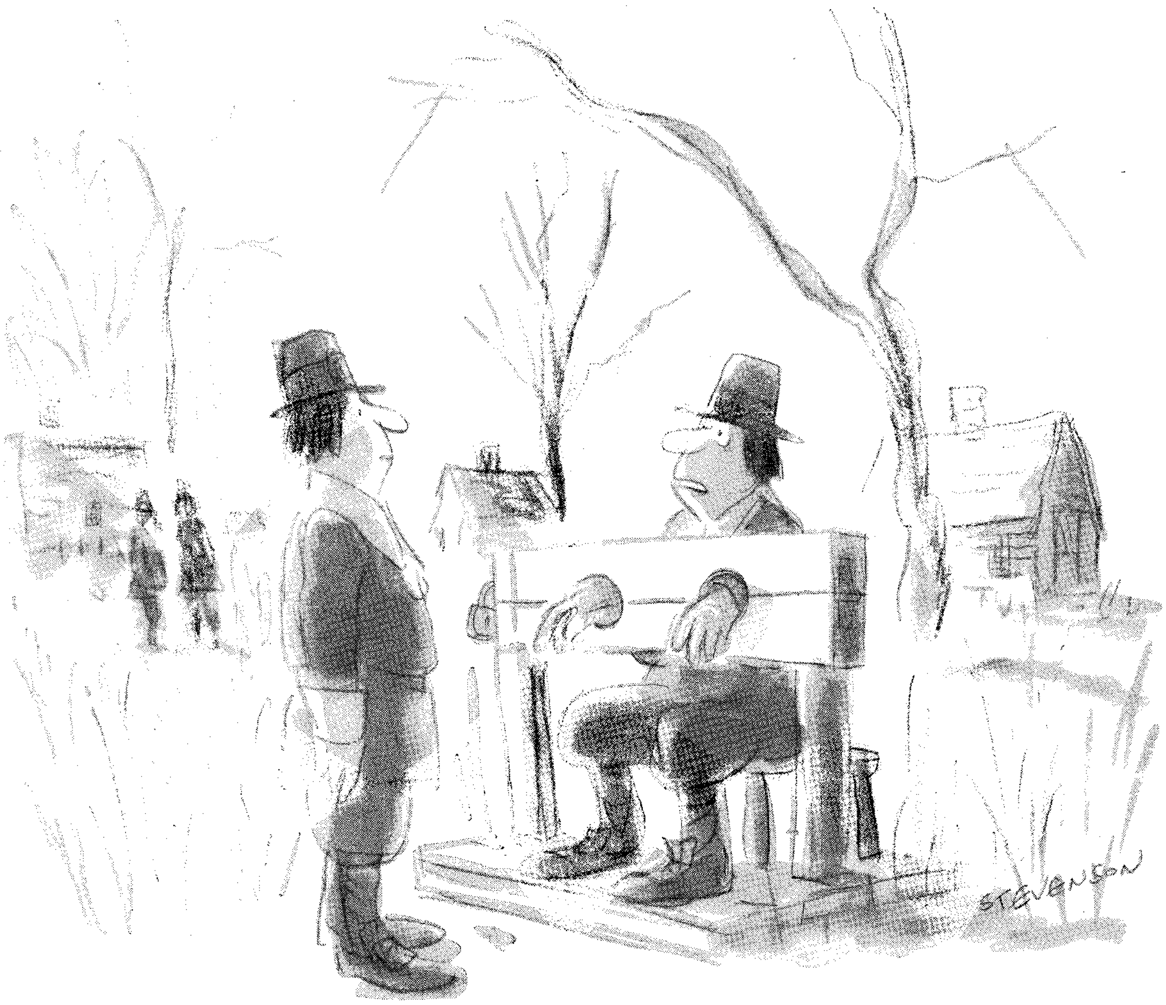
lesson in pitching. And there was an added edge of anxiety and pleasure to it all, because sometimes one of his unfrightening deliveries would catch an inch or two too much of the plate and would depart, noisily and suddenly, toward some distant upper-tier grandstand or faraway parking lot. I remember an epochal blast that Dave Kingman hit against him in a spring-training game at Fort Lauderdale a few years ago—easily the longest homer I have ever seen anywhere—and a World Series game against the Dodgers in 1974, which Hunter won in spite of two deep downtowners, whacked by Bill Buckner and Willie Crawford. Hunter seemed to enjoy these surprises almost as much as the batters did. After that Series game, Hunter winked at the reporters clustered around his locker and murmured, "Well, I had some friends here from North Carolina who'd never seen a homer, so I gave them a couple."



"Nothing serious. I just couldn't bring myself to give thanks for the corn pudding."

• •

DIGITS

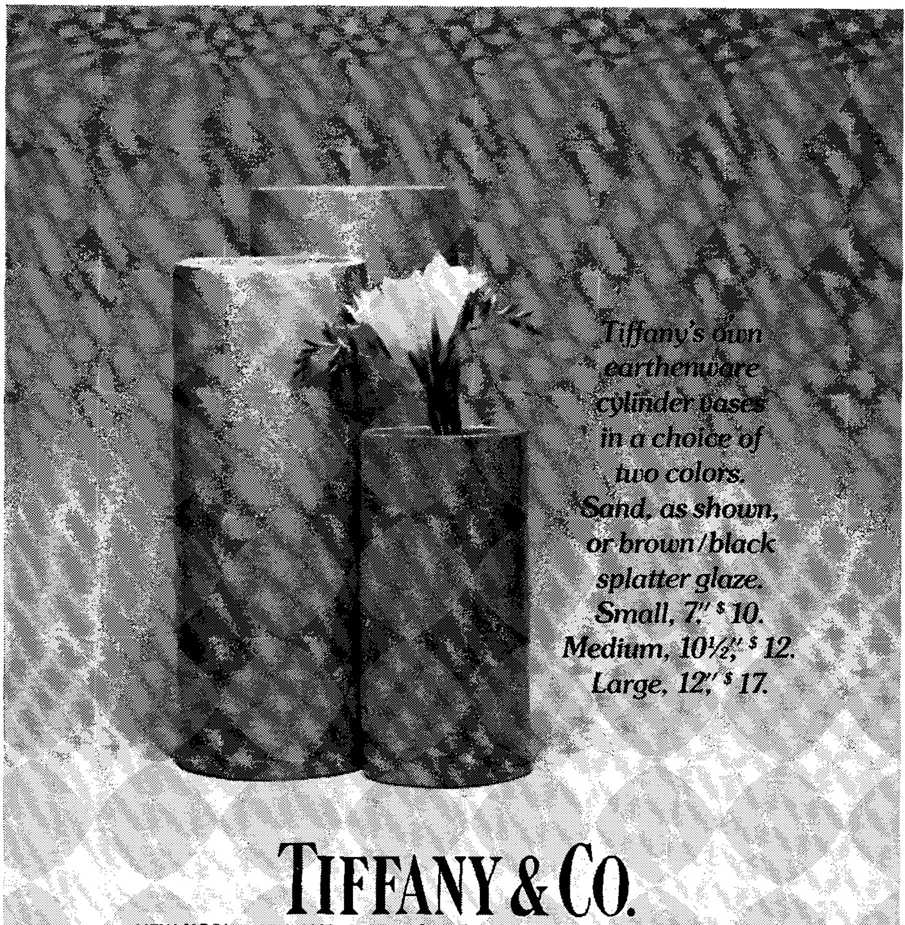
IT was a hitters' year, all in all, for geezers and youngsters alike, with the two leagues combining for a .265 batting average and just under nine runs per game—the highest in eighteen years. (Could there have been an extra drop or two of *élixir de lapin* in the ball this year? Go ask Ralph Nader.) Keith Hernandez, of the Cardinals, batted .344 to lead the National League, while his teammate Garry Templeton, a switch-hitter, pulled off a curious first by rapping a hundred safe blows from each side of the plate. Dave Kingman struck forty-eight homers for the Cubs, and Gorman Thomas wafted forty-five for the Brewers, to lead their leagues, while Don Baylor, of the Angels, and the enormous Dave Winfield, of the Padres, batted in the most runs—one hundred and thirty-nine and one hundred and eighteen, respectively. Fred Lynn and Jim Rice, of the Red Sox, continued their unconscionable bullying of American League pitchers, with Lynn's eventual .333 winning the A.L. batting crown. Rice's .325, thirty-nine homers, and one hundred and thirty runs batted in were only a whisper below the figures that won him the Most Valuable Player award last year. The Pirates' Dave Parker, who is Rice's perennial rival in barroom Comparative Literature seminars, wound up with .310, twenty-five homers, and ninety-four R.B.I.s—a disappointing year for nobody in the world except him. Special mention should also be made of George Foster, who missed forty games because of an injury but still drove in ninety-eight runs for the Reds. Because I happen to enjoy crisp line drives even more than towering shots over the bullpen, my private Batter of the Year award (an old Al Weis bubble-gum card) goes to George Brett, of the Kansas City Royals, whose two hundred and twelve hits this summer included twenty-three homers, forty-two doubles, and twenty triples. The last American League player to rap at least twenty doubles, twenty triples, and twenty home runs in one season was Jeff Heath, who did it in 1941; the last National Leaguer was Willie Mays, in 1957. George Brett can *play*. During a do-or-die game against the Angels in mid-September, he bunted safely and then stole second on the next pitch; the catcher's throw went through to the outfield, and Brett got up and scored from second base—home to home on two pitches.

The pitchers, as I have noted, had a harder time of it this year. Ron Guidry, of the Yankees, slipped from his astounding twenty-five wins and three losses of last year to 18–8, but his earned-run average of 2.78 was again the best in his league. His teammate Tommy John won twenty-one games, and Mike Flanagan, of the Orioles, won twenty-three. In the other circuit, James Rodney Richard, of the Astros, wound up with an E.R.A. of 2.71, three hundred and thirteen strikeouts, and a new four-year contract worth two and a half million dollars. One more twenty-game winner, please: Jerry Koosman, now of the Minnesota Twins and formerly of the New York Mets, for which hapless crew he had gone 8–20 and 3–15 over the previous two seasons. Koosman, who is an amiable man, won his twentieth by shutting out the Brewers on the last day of the season—the only time anyone kept that team off the scoreboard all summer.

Nothing goes unnoticed in baseball, of course, and the fan's cold accountant's eye always descends at last to the figures at the bottom of the column. The unfortunate Oakland A's, who lost one hundred and eight games this year, included a pitcher named Matt Keough, who suffered through eighteen straight losses on the mound (including four carried over from last season) on his way to a 2–17 record. His teammate Rob Picciolo batted .253 in one hundred and fifteen games—not a major disappointment, one might suppose, except for the fact that Picciolo came up to the plate three hundred and forty-eight times and worked the enemy pitchers for three bases on balls. The A's drew barely more than three hundred thousand fans this year, while the Mets played to 788,905 (as against 2.7 million in 1970). Most of the other clubs, given owners with a deeper attachment to the game, did much better, and the leagues together drew forty-three and a half million fans—a pickup of almost three million over last season, and another all-time record at the gate.

UMPS WALK

THE strike called by the fifty-two major-league umpires during spring training dragged on until the middle of May—further dispiriting evidence of the belligerence and suspicion that characterize baseball's labor relations. The issue was money. The umps had been earning between seventeen and a half and thirty-nine and a half thousand dollars per year (from rookies to senior solons), which seemed a penurious recompense for a physically and emotionally demanding line of business that kept a man on the road without cease from April to October. The settlement calls for wage levels from twenty-two to fifty thousand dollars, an increase in per-diem allowances, and, for the first time, a two-week vacation during the season—altogether not much strain on a business in which quarter-million-dollar salaries have become a commonplace and in which the average player now earns over a hun-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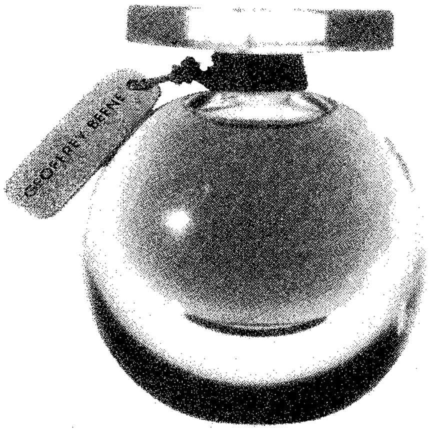
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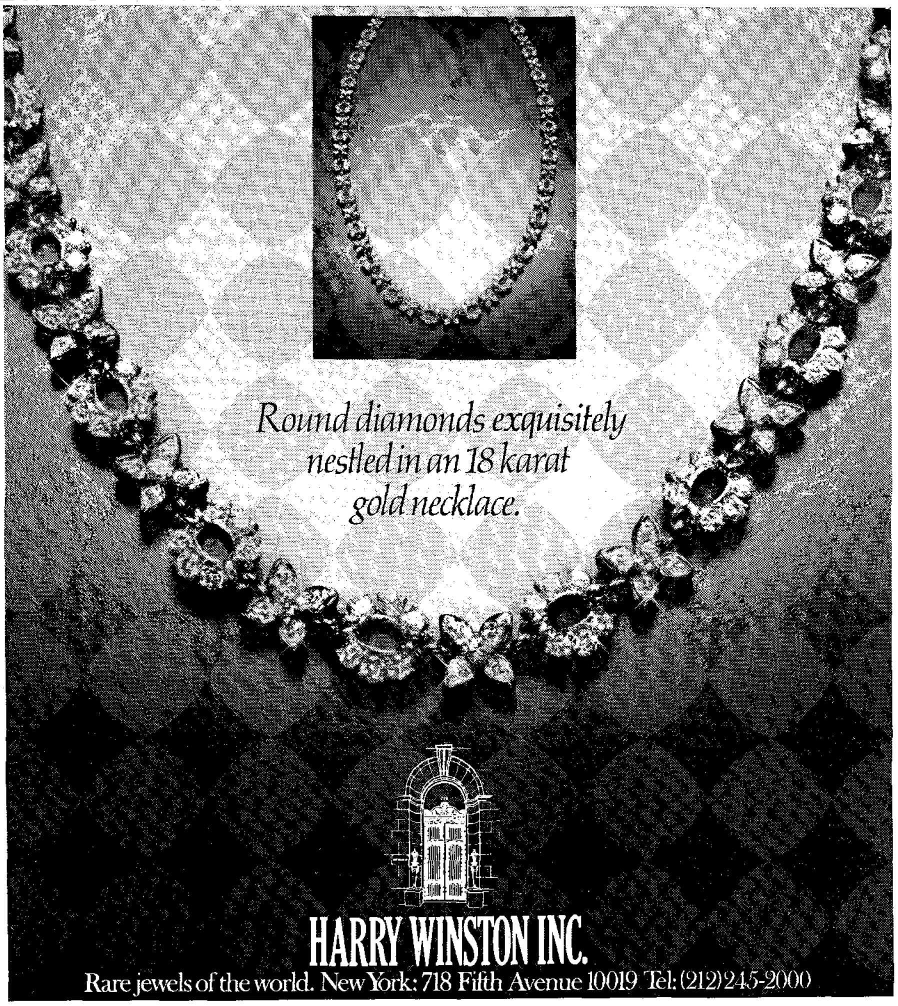

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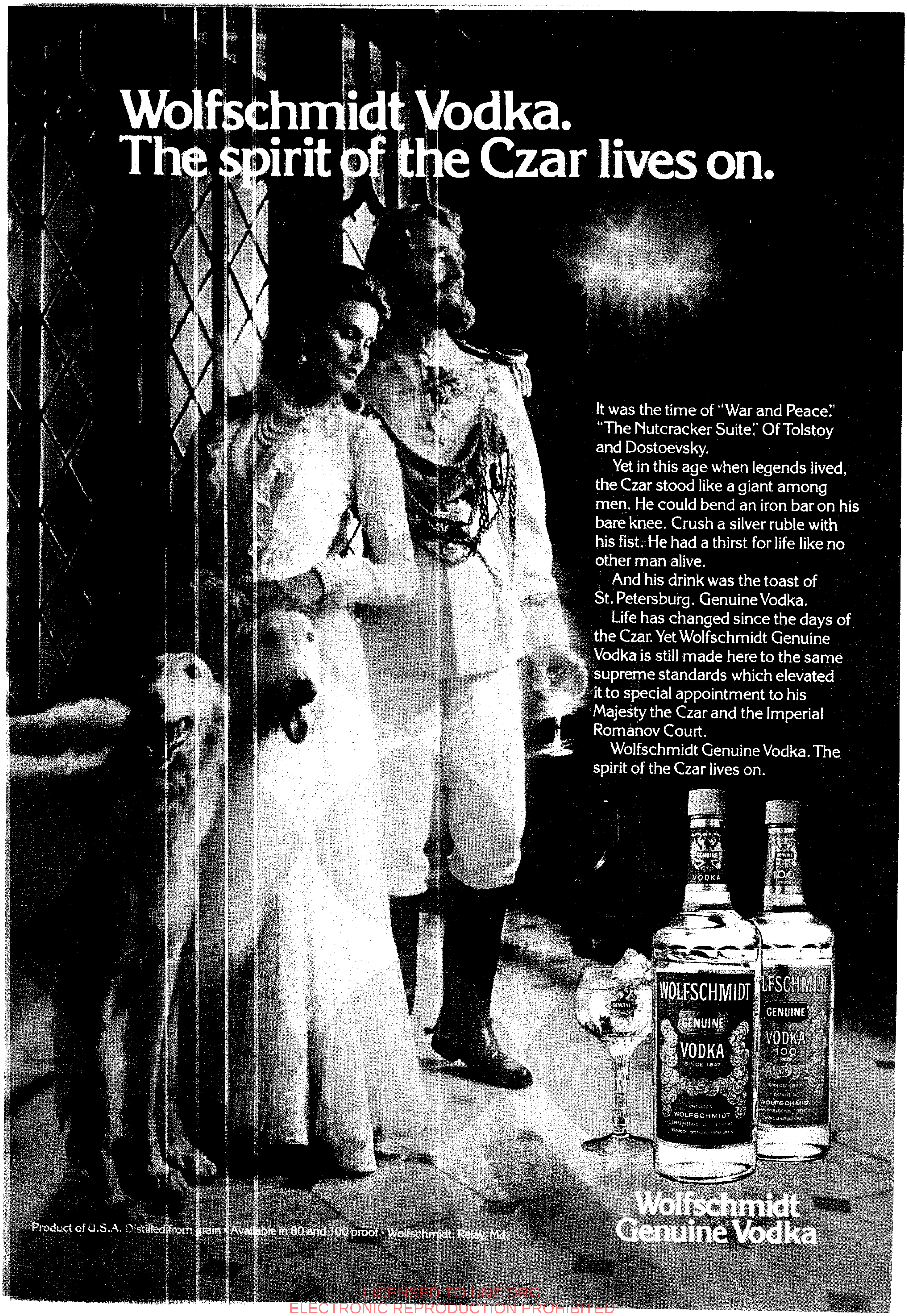
dred thousand dollars per annum. Unnecessary damage was inflicted on the sport. The fill-in arbiters did their best, but they weren't very good. Anyone who watched them at work over a span of games developed a much deeper appreciation of the quickness, fluidity, and precision of the old pros—the technicians of the great machine. Over the decades, baseball has endeavored to surround its umpires with an aura of professionalism and impregnable integrity, even to the extent of forcing them to travel on trains or planes different from those the teams have booked, and to put up at different hotels, but this year it was willing to forget all that because of a trifling squabble over dollars and per-diems. There is an unavoidable suspicion that the unpleasantness was allowed to drag on as long as it did because the leagues and the owners wished to present a posture of determination and unity on the eve of the much larger labor negotiations that will precede the signing (or non-signing) of the new basic agreement between the owners and players, which comes up for renewal at the end of this year. The strike also left some very hard feelings among the umpires themselves. Before the season started, the leagues invited a number of minor-league umpires to fill in during the walkout. Higher pay and a chance to break into the top level of their small profession were tempting, and eight young umpires accepted the offer. These eight—four in each league—were subsequently kept on to fill the enlarged roster of umps required by the new vacation agreement. The rookies were scattered among veteran crews, and they passed a frightful summer, hated and held in Coventry and sometimes hazed by their seniors. It is a miserable situation.

TRAFALGAR

Thursday afternoon, May 17th, and fair stood the breeze for France! Also for Port Moresby, Murmansk, Maracaibo, and other distant ports of call. The breeze in this case was the infamous north-Chicago williwaw that sometimes blows outward and bleacherward at Wrigley Field, causing pitchers to shrivel in horrid anticipation of the voyage to come. The visiting Phillies drove the Cubs' starting pitcher to cover after one out and scored an apparently terminal seven runs in the first inning—only to sustain a countering six-run broadside by the Cubs in the bottom half. Another Philadelphia armada was launched,



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putting the visitors ahead by 17–6 and then, in the middle of the fifth inning, by 21–9. The second part of this horrendous engagement, however, went to the Cubs, who tied the score in the eighth at 22–22; Mike Schmidt, the Philadelphia slugger, then concluded matters in the tenth, with his second home run of the afternoon, and the Phillies won by 23–22. There were eleven homers in all—including three by Dave Kingman—plus a trifling ten doubles, two triples, and twenty-seven singles: fifty hits. Among the casualties was the Philadelphia pitching corps' earned-run average, which went from 2.91 to 3.37 during the day. The combined total of runs did not set a record, for the Phillies were only avenging an earlier loss they had suffered on the same field—the game of August 25, 1922, when the Cubs beat them, 26–23, in the highest-scoring game on the books.

This year's bloodletting seemed to enfeeble the winners. The Phillies, who were leading their division after the game with a solid 24–10 record, thereupon lost seventeen of their next twenty-three, to slip to fourth, and they never recovered. Visiting their clubhouse during a pair of games in their home park in mid-June, I noticed that they were unusually subdued; *they* seemed almost dazed. "Well, we've had a lot of rain and a lot of injuries," Larry Bowa said when I asked him about this, "but I think all our troubles began on that crazy afternoon out at Wrigley Field."

Hard Times

FURTHER troubles the Phillies encountered after the game at Wrigley Field included the sidelining of three of their pitchers on the same day—July 4th, when Dick Ruthven hurt his elbow, Larry Christenson pulled a muscle, and Randy Lerch broke a bone in his right hand when he was mugged outside a restaurant. The Kansas City Royals, too, were laid low in a single night, when a scatter-armed young fireballer named Ed Farmer, of the Texas Rangers, hit Frank White, the Royals' second baseman, with a pitch in the first inning, breaking a bone in his right hand, and then hit outfielder Al Cowens with a pitch in the fifth, shattering his jaw. The Dodgers—who collapsed in the first half of the season, falling seventeen and a half games behind the leaders by the All-Star interval—could blame some of their frightful season on serious injuries to Rick Monday, Terry For-

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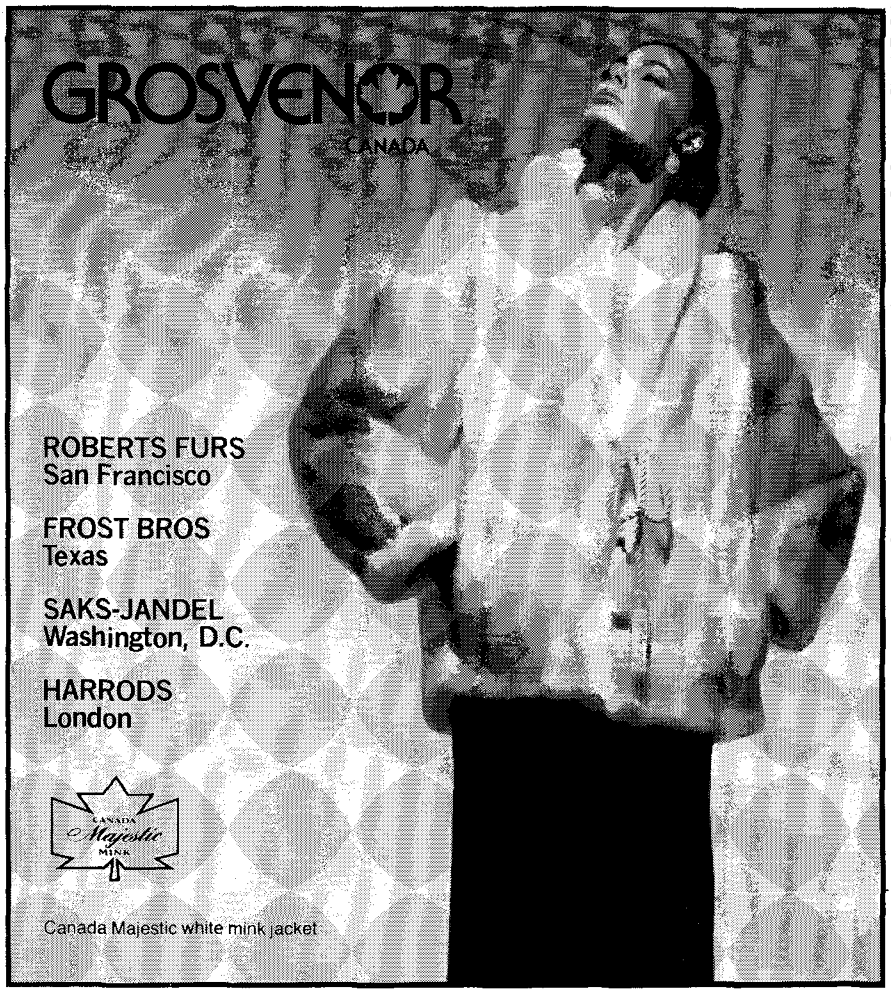

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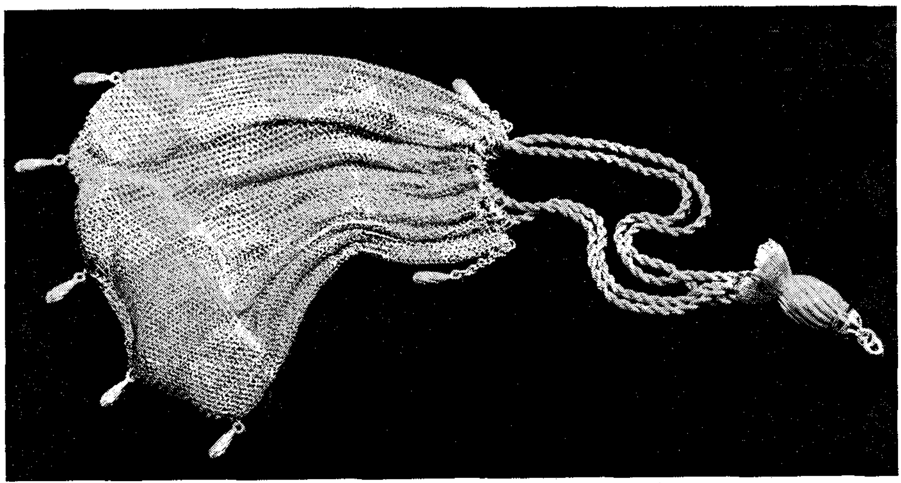

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ster, Doug Rau, and Reggie Smith. The team did better near the end, climbing to third place in its division, but there were mutterings and harsh words in the clubhouse, which suggests that some of the ageless golden youths may not be wearing Dodger Blue next year. The Red Sox got limited service from their bullpen ace, Bill Campbell, and lost their second baseman, Jerry Remy, for much of the season. Worst of all, they had to do without Carlton Fisk behind the plate; he reinjured the ailing elbow of his throwing arm three times, and may be finished as a catcher. The longest and most painful fall, of course, was suffered by the two-time-champion Yankees, who finished fourth in their division, thirteen and a half games behind the Orioles. (The Brewers and the Red Sox came in second and third.) No team ever had a more miserable summer. Goose Gossage tore ligaments in his thumb during a shower-room scuffle and was lost for three months. Al Rosen, the club president, resigned, and manager Bob Lemon was dismissed, and Billy Martin (who was fired last year) was rehired. Ed Figueroa underwent surgery on his pitching arm, and Mickey Rivers, who was sidelined repeatedly by injuries, was traded to the Rangers. Yankee haters abound in the land, and many of them may have drawn some perverse comfort from these misadventures, but all that was silenced or swept away on August 2nd, when the Yankees' captain, Thurman Munson, was killed in a crash of his private plane near Akron, Ohio.

I was on vacation in New England that week, and we got the news at dinnertime, when a visiting friend received a telephone call from his fifteen-year-old son in New York, who had heard about Munson's death on the radio. At breakfast the next morning, the friend shook his head and said, "I can't get over it. I don't understand why it upsets me so much." I felt the same way. I had never really known Thurman Munson. Like other occasional visitors to the Yankee clubhouse, I had kept my distance, because he had made it clear that he distrusted strangers and writers. He seemed to be a rough customer—silent and scowling, possibly dangerous. I gave him a wide berth, although a few reporters had told me that he could be wonderful to listen to if you got him talking about hitting. Most of his teammates, it seems, had had the same difficulty with him at first; he could be tough and harsh, they said, but once they broke through they found that he was a shy

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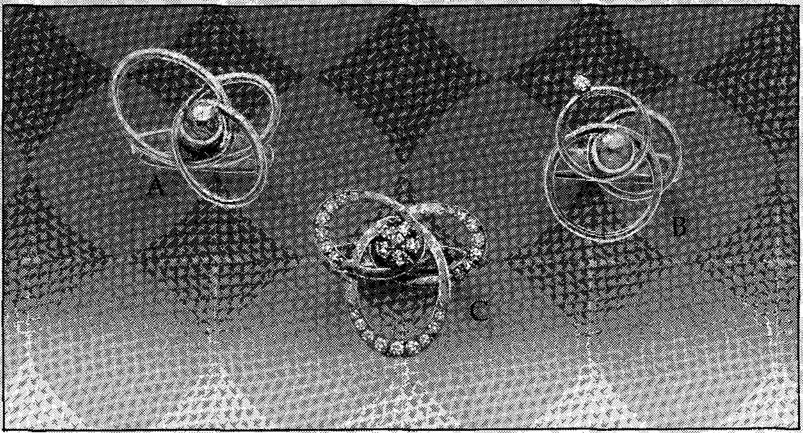

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and sensitive man and a loyal friend. The grief of Munson's teammates was open and moving. Graig Nettles said that he had counted on talking to Thurman Munson for the rest of his life. None of this applied to me; I knew only that I would miss watching Munson on the field, where he had always been one of the most vivid and aggressive players of his time. Yet his death kept coming back as a shock and a loss. I was startled, because I was certain that my admiration for the many hundreds of brilliant or gifted players I have watched was based almost entirely on how they played the game; I had always tried to concentrate more on what they did on the field than on what they said or who they seemed to be away from the diamond. It was all right, or almost all right, to be a middle-aged fan as long as I had this sorted out. But now I am beginning to suspect that athletes may play a larger part in our lives than we are willing to admit. Without our quite being aware of it, they may have begun to seem like members of our family, or like trusted friends. My own circle of intimates seems smaller than it used to be, and there have been moments when I have realized that I seem to know more about twenty or thirty baseball players than I do about some friends I have had for many years. I can only conclude that these adopted, seasonal relatives have filled a real need for me, and perhaps for other fans as well. The lives of most baseball players may be trifling, but there is always fresh news of them; something is *happening* to them every day, which is more than we can say with certainty about ourselves. This is not just a wish for gossip or vicarious adventure. Belonging anywhere now is terribly difficult, I think, and the old childhood dream of *really* belonging will not go away. Nothing comes closer to a band of brothers than a team, and the knowledge that athletes' attachments to one another are transitory, sentimental, possibly homosexual, and surely motivated above all by hopes of the team's success on the field does not quite drive out the dream. We want to know all about ballplayers, because then somehow they will know about *us*, and then we will belong, too. Ballplayers are more vivid than we are, and, thinking about them, we wonder what it feels like to hit an enormous homer, to throw out a base runner, to weep openly for a brother, to belong, to die.

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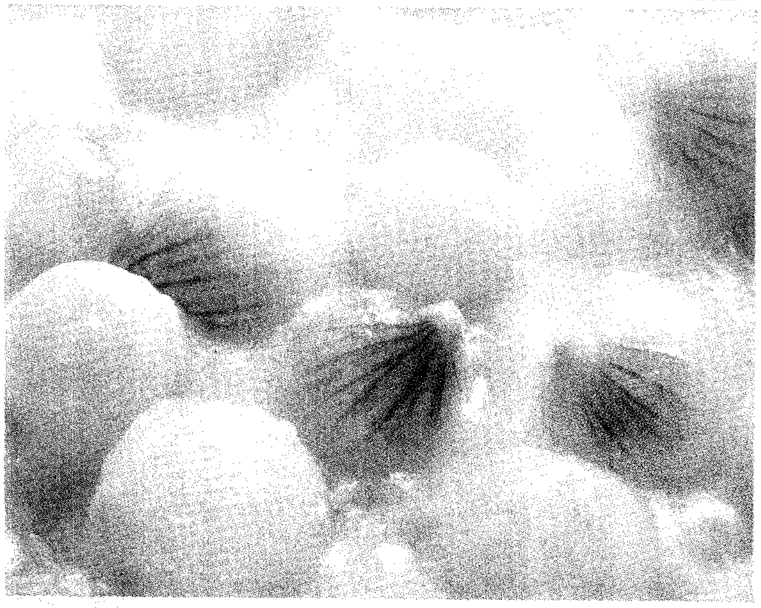
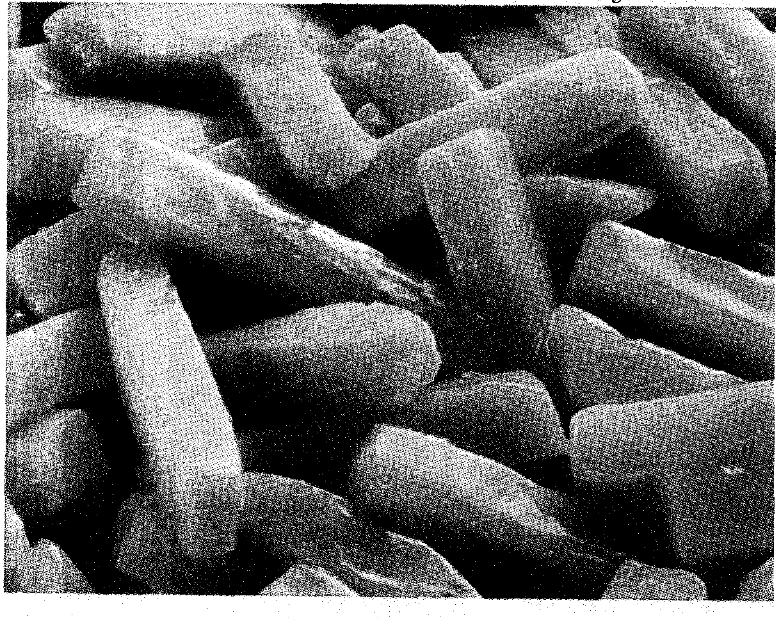
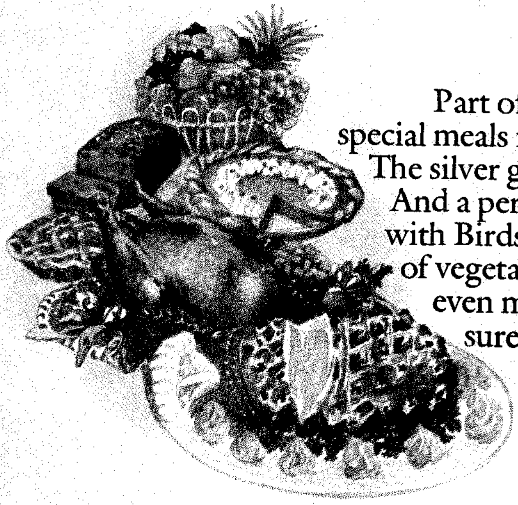




This year when they come home for the holidays, they'll even remember the vegetables.



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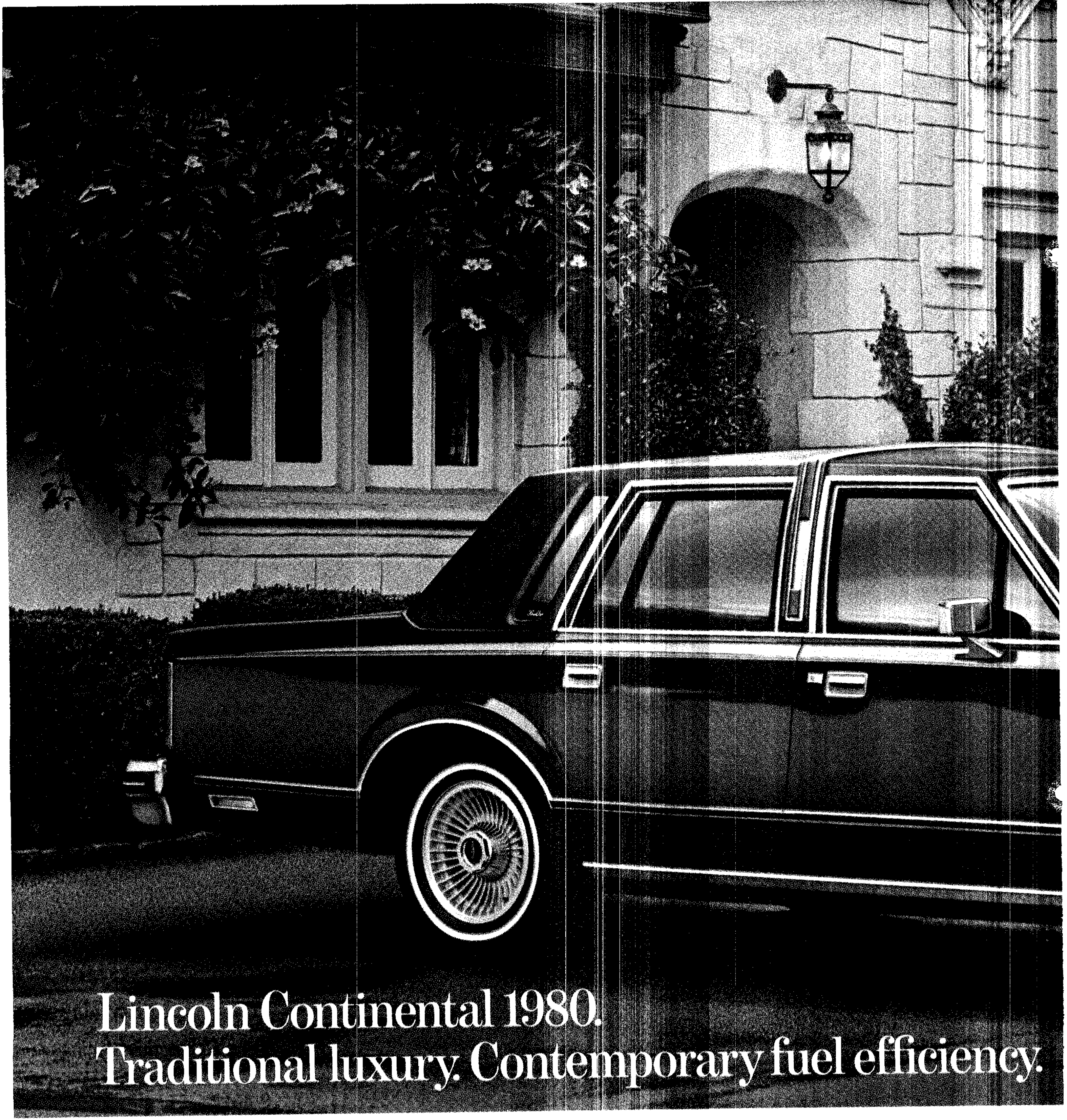
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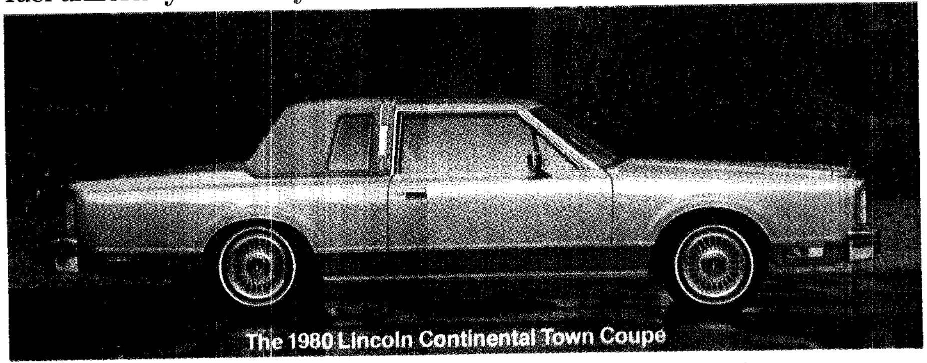
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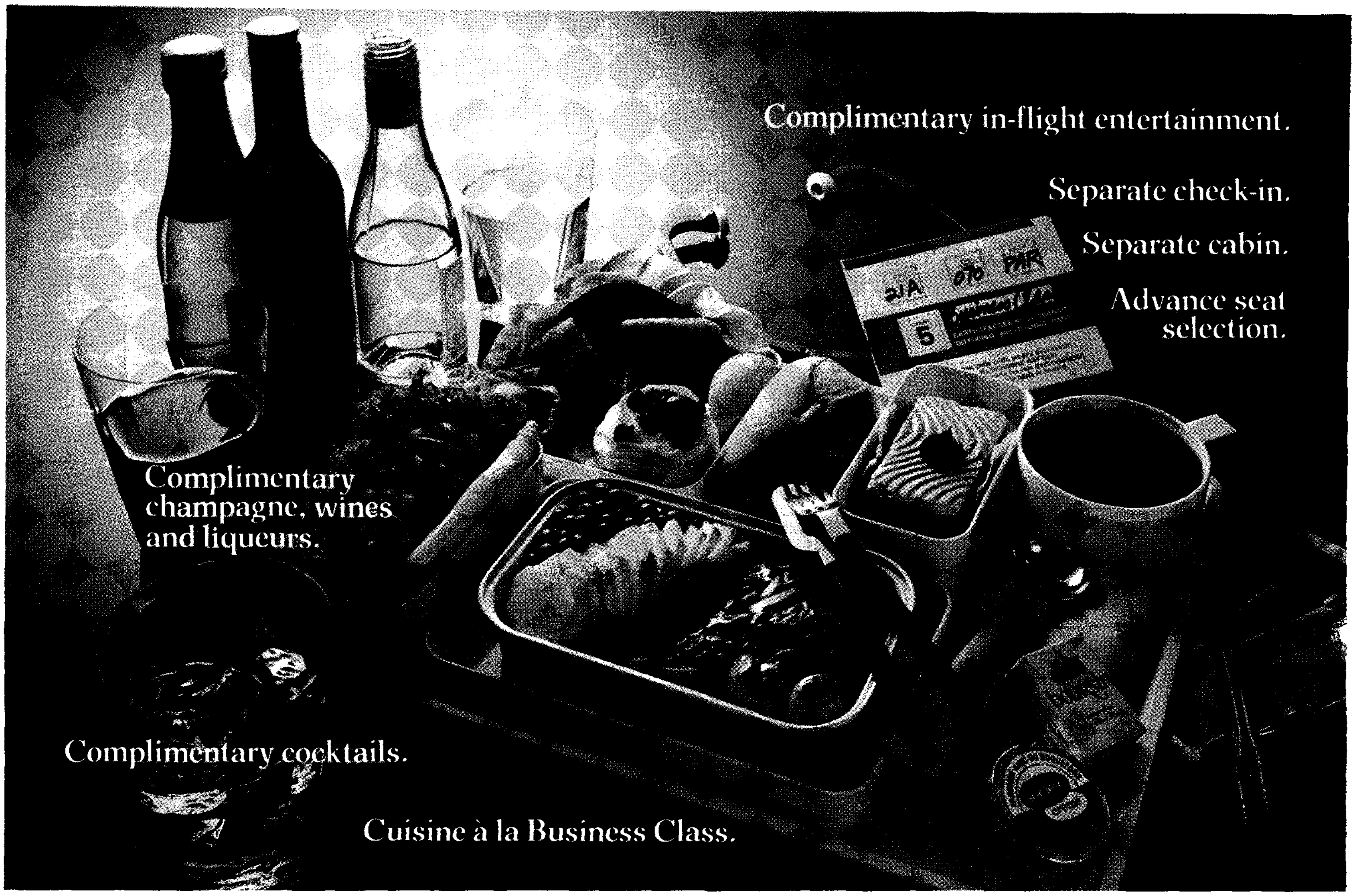
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the physical and emotional focus of every baseball game; he faces outward, surveying and guiding it all, and everyone else on the team looks in at him. The rock-hard catcher is the jewel of the movement, and Munson was the center bearing of every Yankee team of his era. Rick Dempsey, who played behind him on the Yankees and then moved over to become the Orioles' regular catcher, said at the end of the summer, "After Thurman had gone, it was like baseball was finished in New York. Playing against the Yankees had lost its lustre. Thurman was a battler. What every fan thinks is thrilling about the game, Thurman was part of, some way—a ninth-inning hit to win the ballgame, a slide in to beat somebody up. Knock them over, knock the ball loose, block the plate, throw somebody out! Thurman was always in the middle of it."

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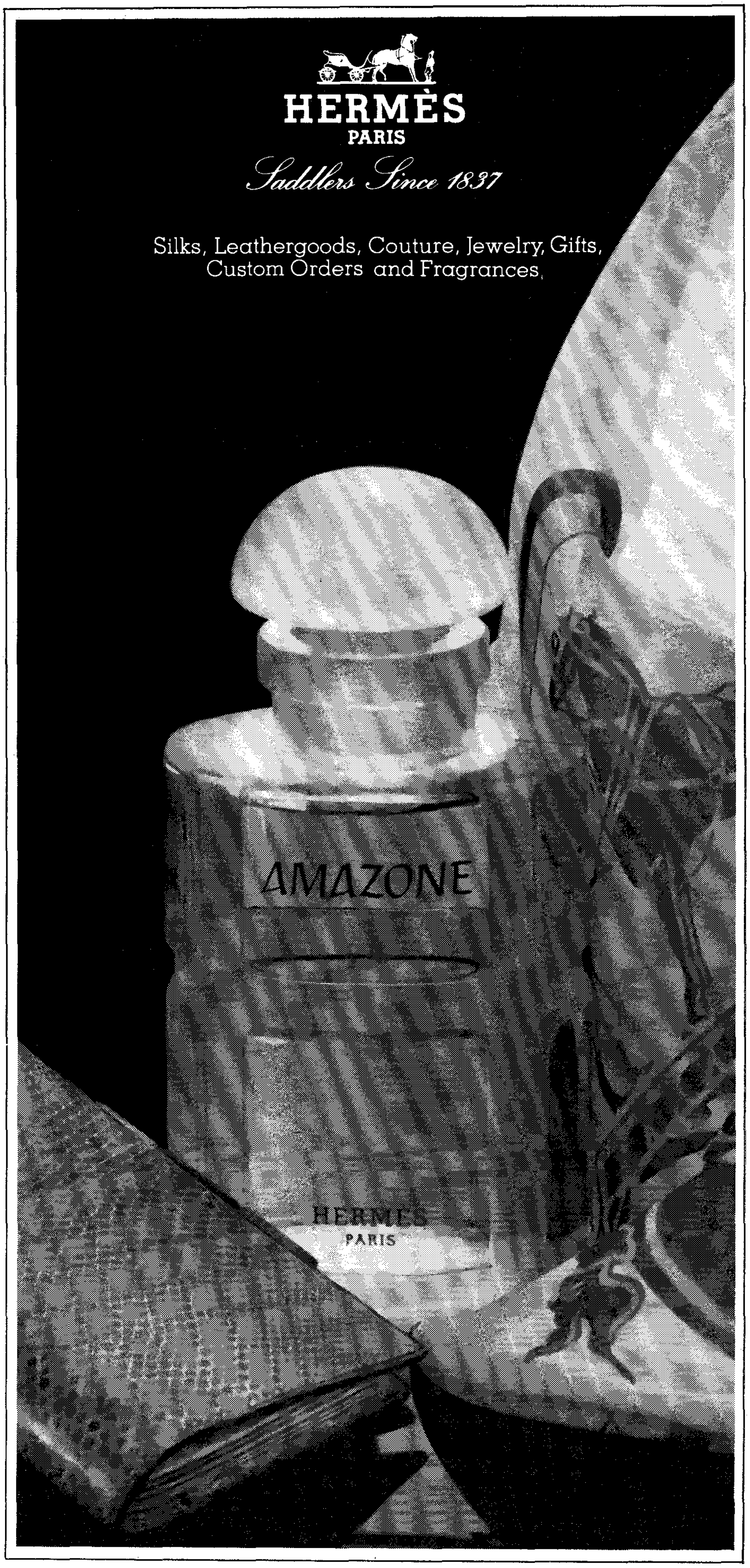
Lou Brock was talking baseball in the coffee shop of the Cardinals' team hotel in New York, toward the end of a September afternoon. From our table we could watch sheets of rain sweeping across Seventh Avenue; that night's game against the Mets had already been called. No matter. This was the last road trip of Lou Brock's nineteenth year in the majors, and there was absolutely nothing left for him to prove as a player. Brock talks in the same cheerful, alert style he has always displayed on the field. He is narrow and sinewy, without a sag or a seam on him. At a glance, you might take him for an up-and-coming young infielder, probably a pure singles hitter, and you would be wrong three times. He is a forty-year-old outfielder, and he used to swing from his heels and strike out a lot. But he is also one of the three players (along with Joe Adcock and Hank Aaron) ever to hit a ball into the center-field bleachers at the old Polo Grounds. In the middle of his career, he began to cut down his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swing, so that he could get to first base more often. Then he would steal second. In 1974, when he was thirty-five, he stole a hundred and eighteen bases.

"That record meant the most, because it was the only one where I challenged," Brock said. "All the other records I just caught up with, because of time. They were milestones. Learning how to steal bases is like anything else you set yourself to do. There's a lot to it that's technical, but first of all you have to go to the faraway wonders and explore them. You have to go into the unknown. A three- or four-step lead off first was my comfort zone, and we all like to stay on solid ground. But what would happen, I used to wonder, if I took a *ten*-step lead off first? What could a pitcher do to stop me? Sure, he could make me look foolish sometimes, if he got me, but what was going to happen to *him* when I took that extra step or two? Now I was outside of his solid ground, and suddenly he was so uncomfortable that he had become an entirely different kind of pitcher. He had never given such a thing much thought, and probably he couldn't deal with it. It's the same with catchers. With some of them, like Bob Boone, I always tried to move so as to keep the first baseman between me and him if I was leading away. He wouldn't know quite *where* I was, and that would give me a little edge. Or I'd yell 'Hey!' or 'There he goes!' just as the pitch was released, and he'd come up ready to throw—only I hadn't gone yet! That's wordology. Every time there's an unexpected sound on the field—a yell, a noise, anything—people snap around. They're used to playing the game from sight. They have to see before they can react. They're not used to sound, so you use that."

I murmured that this sounded almost like school-yard baseball, and Brock said, "Yes, that's *just* what a kid might do! After all, it's a kid's game. That's what I mean! Are you afraid to act like a kid out there? That's one of the wonders to me. It sounds childish, but you make it professional. Have you ever noticed the kind of games that go on between a catcher and a good base-stealer when the base-stealer comes up to bat? The catcher will stand up tall and try to stare down at you—most catchers are big and most base-stealers are small. Johnny Bench always tried that with me. But I wouldn't look at him until he'd gone down into his crouch, and then I'd turn and stare down at *him.* Then I'd tap the head of my bat in the dirt just in front of his shoes, and maybe a little particle of dust would go on them." He laughed delightedly. "You always want that edge, the little one-up. It can create a kind of madness in them."

I asked Brock about his three-thousandth hit, which had come off Dennis Lamp, of the Chicago Cubs, before a full-house home crowd at Busch Memorial Stadium, in St. Louis, on August 13th. Brock had singled in the first inning, for Hit No. 2,999.

"I knew I was within touching distance then," Brock said, "but you can't grab for a record, so you never know when it's going to come. You have to *touch* it at the end." He touched my wrist lightly with his forefinger. "In the fourth, the first two pitches to me were sliders, for strikes, and then there was a change-up, away. Then, lo and behold, he threw a pitch up under my chin that put me down in the dirt. It jolted me awake, I'll tell you. It drove away any dreams of a home run, or anything like that, so it was the best thing that could have happened to me. When you get knocked down like that, what you want to do is hit the next pitch through the pitcher's box on a line. All my life I've wanted to do that, and I think this was the first time I ever did it. It was the hardest ball I hit all year. I thought it was a line drive into the outfield, only the pitcher got in the way of it. Maybe you heard about it."

I had heard about it. Brock's three-thousandth hit was a bullet that struck Dennis Lamp on the leg and then caromed off his pitching hand with such force that the ball rolled into foul territory near third base. Brock wound up on first, where he was mobbed by his teammates. Lamp's bruised hand forced him to leave the game.

"I was probably as big a fan of the event as anyone else there," Brock said, smiling. "After all, I'd never seen anybody get three thousand hits, either."

SEPTEMBER SONG

I AM a Red Sox fan, with all the psychic scars to prove my membership in that ancient company, and this summer I continued to participate in the obligatory Yankee-Red Sox wars, although there was evidence almost from the outset that the wars would decide nothing this season. Over the last two days of June and the first two days of July, I watched Lancaster and York split four thunderous games

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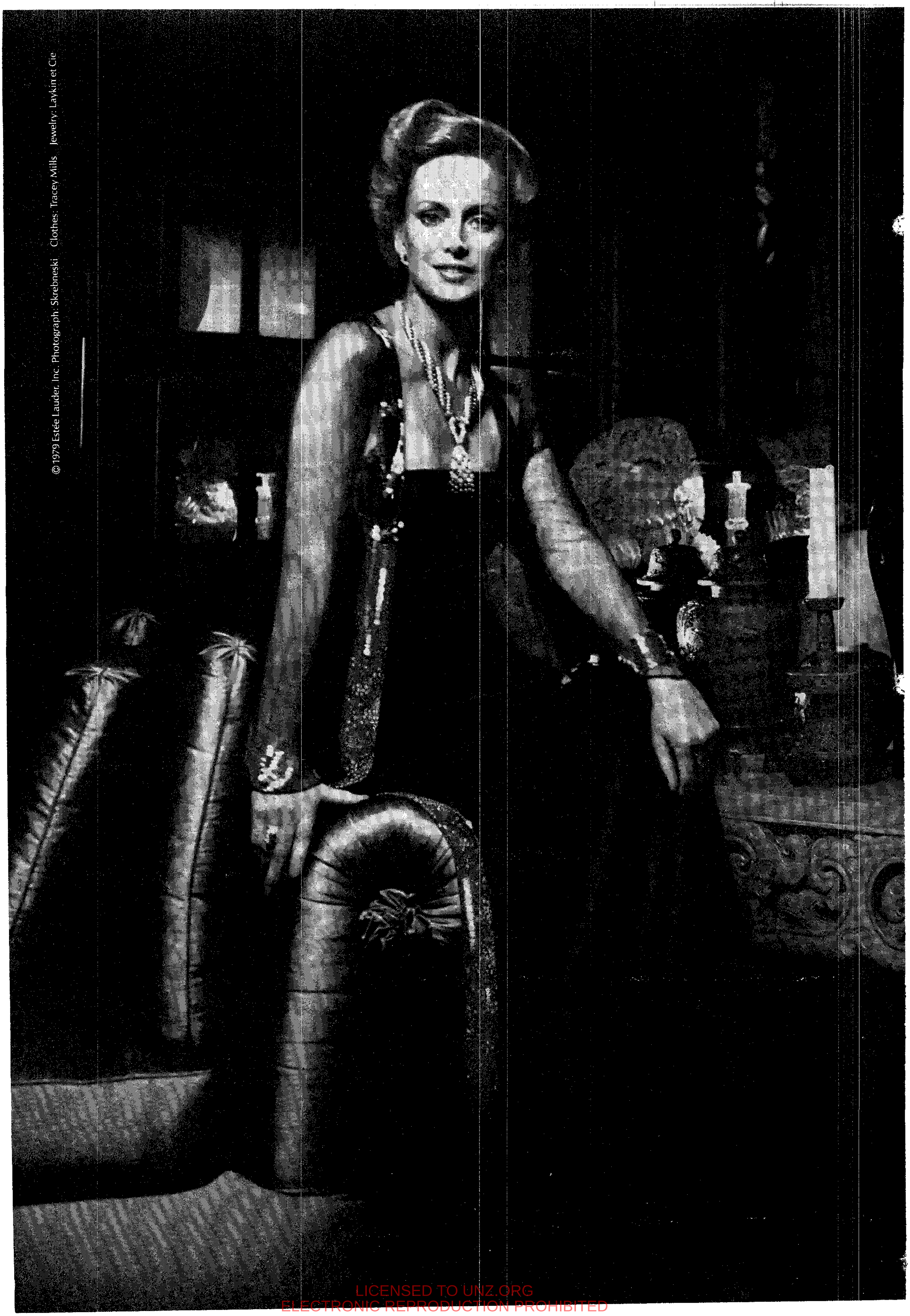

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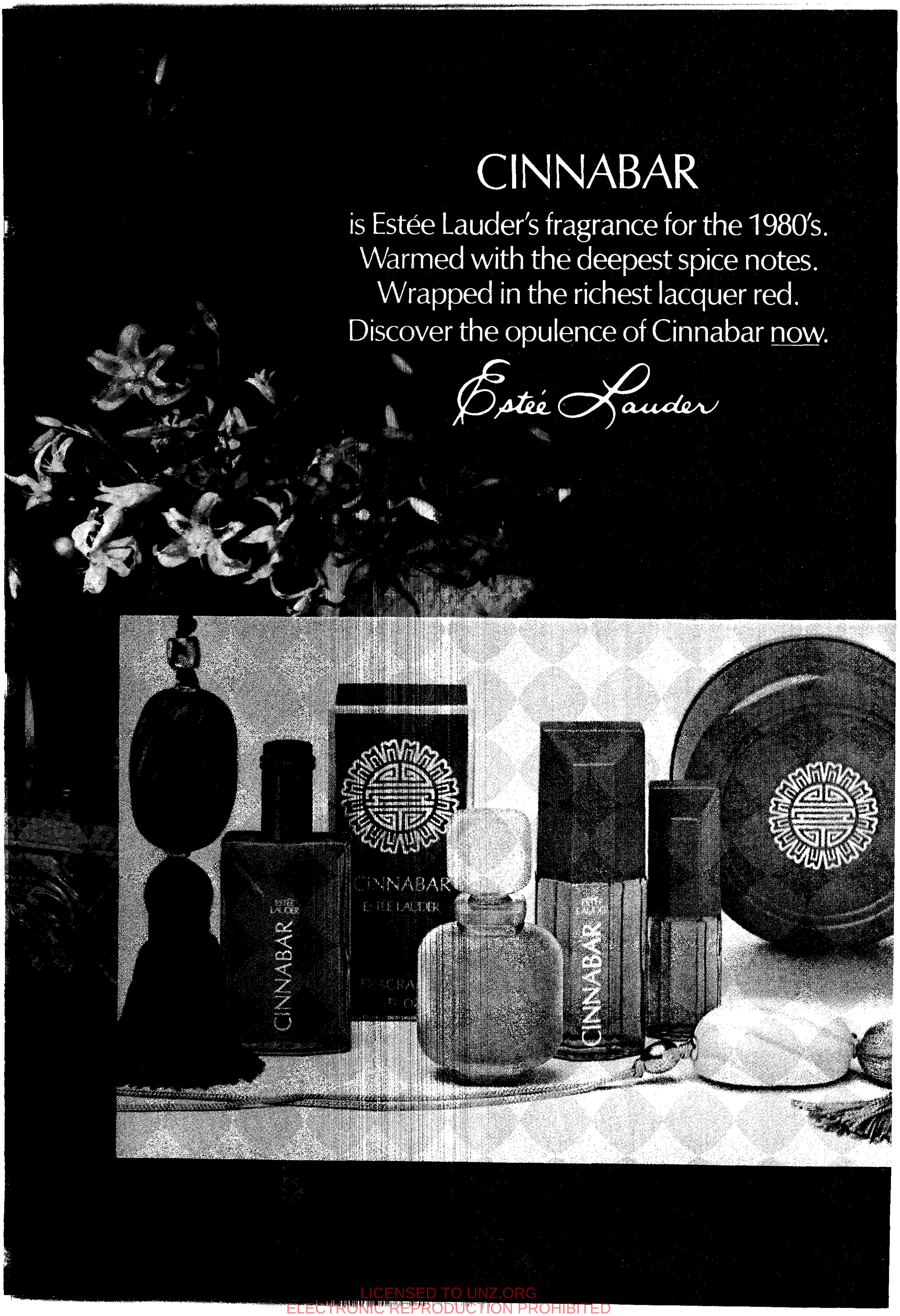

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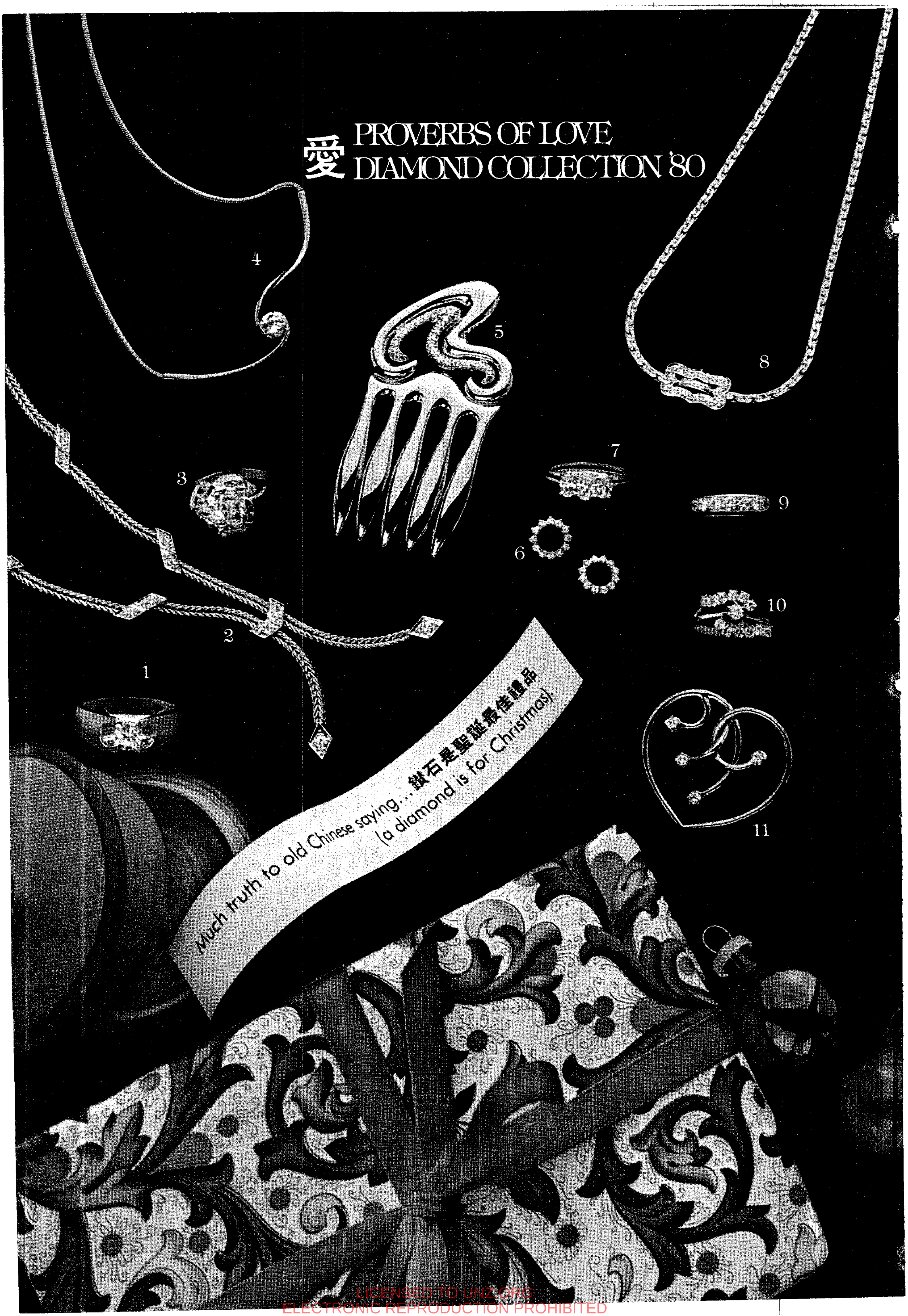
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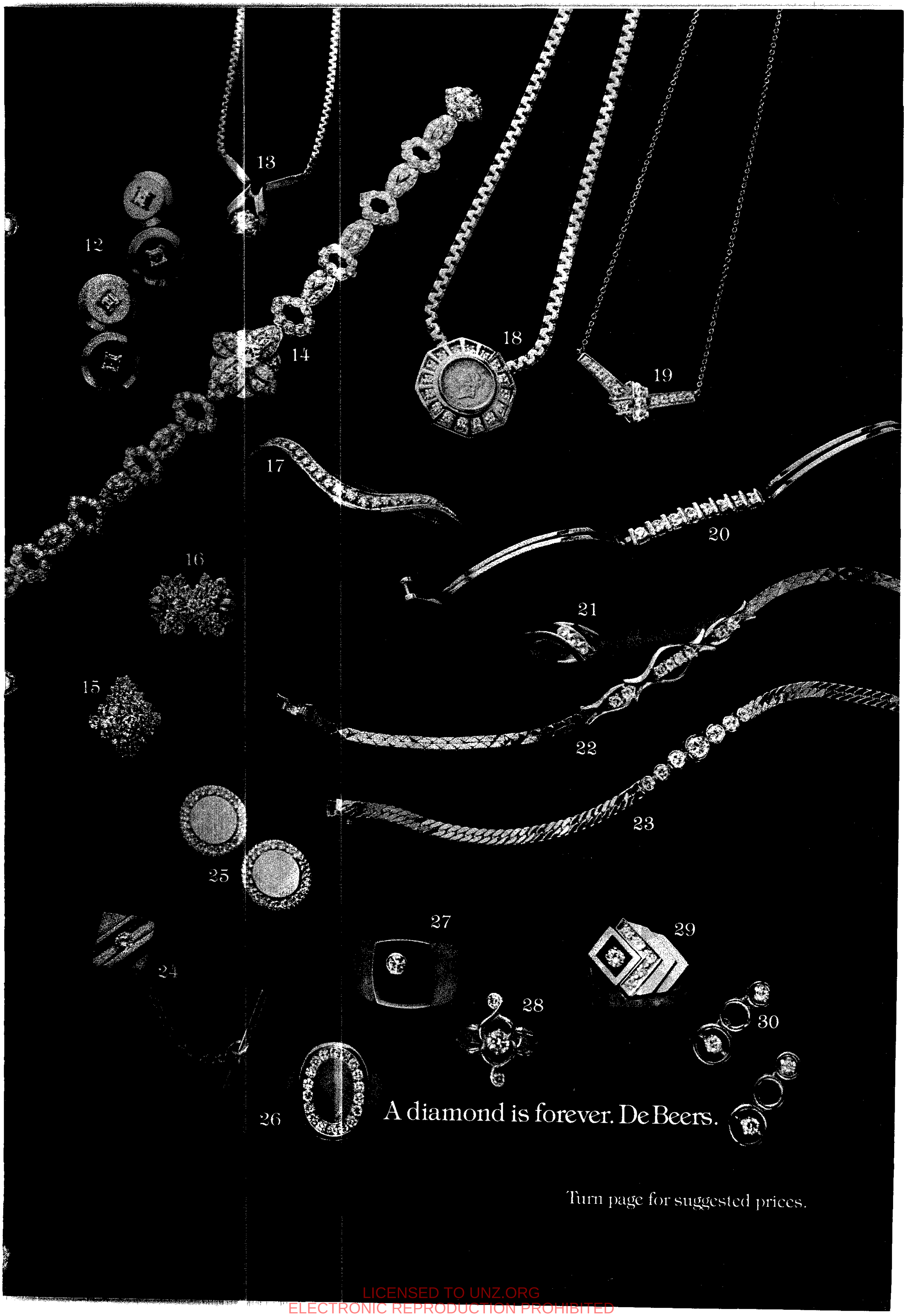
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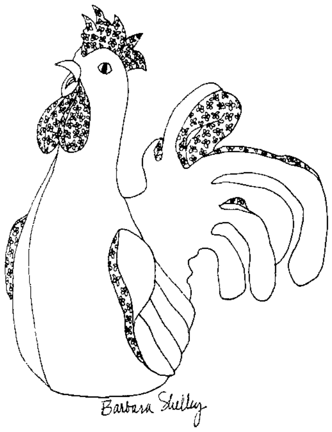
at Yankee Stadium before immense audiences—a perfect standoff, one might suppose, except for the fact that the second-place Sox and the fourth-place Yankees each lost a game and a half to the league-leading Orioles in the process, to slip five and a half and eleven games behind, respectively. Even before the first inning of the first game had been played, I saw on the scoreboard that the Orioles had already won their game for the day, which meant that the best the local winner could do was to hold his place in the standings, and I had a sudden vision of Earl Weaver, the Oriole skipper, enjoying the news from New York by radio or television, with his feet up and a couple of beers at hand. Nobody could quite believe what was happening. After one of the games, a New York reporter asked Reggie Jackson if he took the Orioles seriously. "I take them as seriously as *death*," he said gloomily.

When I saw the two teams again, on Labor Day and the following evening, the news was plain enough. The Red Sox, who had lost ten of their last thirteen games, had slipped to third place, nine and half games behind Baltimore, and the shattered Yankees were fourteen and a half out. It was odd to watch these two famous opponents play a truly meaningless series ("This is just like playing *Toronto*," Ron Davis, the Yankees' rookie reliever, said), and odder still to discover the newcomers and erstwhiles who now filled out the Yankees' lineup as a result of their midsummer disasters—Oscar Gamble and Bobby Murcer (both back in pinstripes after late trades), George Scott, and a baby-faced catcher named Brad Gulden. The Yankees won both games, again before the customary screaming multitudes, but after an inning or two of the opener I became aware of an unusual inner lightheartedness as I watched the two old rivals have at each other. The awful weight of success had been lifted from us all, and for once we were free simply to enjoy the baseball.

I went up to Boston the next weekend, and saw the Red Sox lose three straight games to the soon-to-be-champion Orioles, to fall fourteen and a half behind. The Orioles, who always play with élan in September, had the best record and the best pitching in baseball, and their per-game margin over the rest of the teams in their league was an awesome 1.1 runs. The Boston pitching, by contrast, was nearly a shambles, and the team, which hadn't won two games in succession since August 16th, was approaching the kind of September catatonia that had done it in just a year earlier. Watching the team's repeated failures when running the bases or trying to move up base runners, I was reminded of the words of Bill Lee, the intensely opinionated left-hander who had toiled on the mound for the Bosox for many summers before departing the team last winter, and who was currently enjoying a splendid year with the Expos. Talking with me in Montreal a few weeks earlier, he had said, "There's nothing in the world like the fatalism of the Red Sox fans, which has been bred into them for generations by that little green ballpark, and by the Wall, and by a team that keeps trying to win by hitting everything out of sight and just outbombarding everyone else in the league. But late in the year, every year, when the regulars get tired and the onshore September breeze begins to blow in Boston, suddenly the long ball doesn't work anymore. All year long, the hitters make the headlines, and then when they can't hit anymore they turn around and start blaming the pitchers, and the writers start blaming everybody. All this makes the Boston fans a little crazy. I'm sorry for them."



On Sunday—a dazzling New England early-fall afternoon—the Orioles batted around in the fifth and again in the sixth, scoring eleven runs in the process, and a slow, uncharacteristic reality began to infuse my own special craziness as I came to understand, at long last, that this famous local band of hitters and heroes—Fred and Jim and Yaz, Pudge and Butch and Dewey and the rest, most of them warriors of the marvellous 1975 World Series—had come to the end of the line. Probably they would be broken up—I suddenly hoped they would be—but in any case the team would be best left out of my expectations until someone in charge in Boston began to think about speed and defense and pitching, which are the quieter and more sustaining philosophies of

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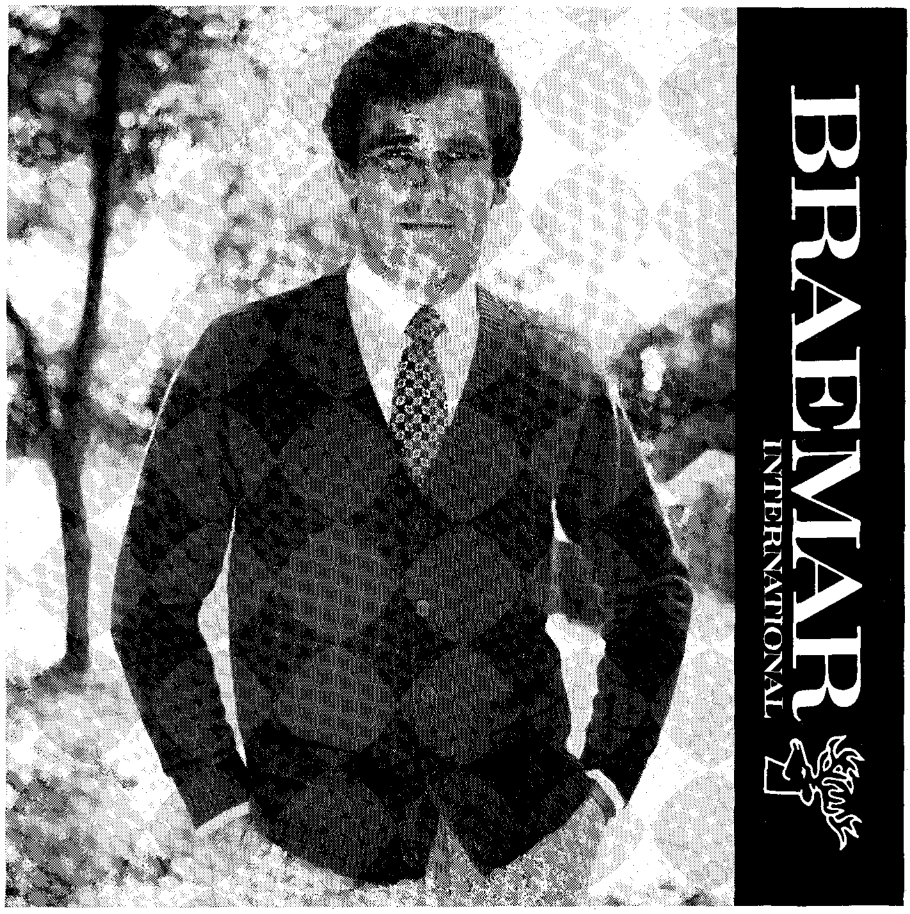
the game. In the bottom of the eighth inning, with his team down by 14–4, Carl Yastrzemski led off with a searing line-drive single up the middle, for his two-thousand-nine-hundred-and-ninety-ninth lifetime hit—a perfect symbol of something or other—and I rose and said goodbye again to Fenway Park.

Waiting for Yastrzemski's three-thousandth hit—the "Yaz Watch," as the Boston papers had named it—became a cruelly slow business, for Carl, apparently worn down by the exigencies of the occasion, had fallen into a stiff parody of his normal swing, and also seemed intent on marking the occasion with a homer. The achievement had made him into less of a hitter, instead of the other way around, and as I watched his taut, exhausted expression at the plate while he repeatedly popped up or bounced into easy infield outs (I was seeing this by television, from New York), it came to me once again that almost nothing in Yastrzemski's long and triumphant career has been easy for him, or even much fun. When the hit did come (a modest eighth-inning roller past second base, against the Yankees, after twelve successive fruitless trips to the plate), the milestone was celebrated, in crushing anticlimax, with a full quarter hour of on-the-spot ceremonials, speeches, and photographs. The game was stopped in its tracks—an offensive and inexcusable recent custom in baseball—while functionaries attempted to deepen our appreciation of the man and the moment. All this wiped away something that had come along earlier in the game: the sudden, heartfelt burst of applause given to Catfish Hunter in the fifth inning, when he was again knocked out of the box. As he left the field, and the splendid Boston fans began to understand that they would probably never see this redoubtable enemy pitcher in action again, everyone in Fenway Park rose to his feet, and the applause swelled and deepened until Hunter came back to the dugout step and raised his cap in farewell. Something had really happened—an event instead of an Event.

THE NEW WAVE

SURPRISING things kept taking place in the other league, where the Montreal Expos and the Houston Astros, both relentless losers in the past, stubbornly clung to the top of their divisions for most of the summer; both fell in the very last week, but their new hordes of fans must have recovered from their disappointment by



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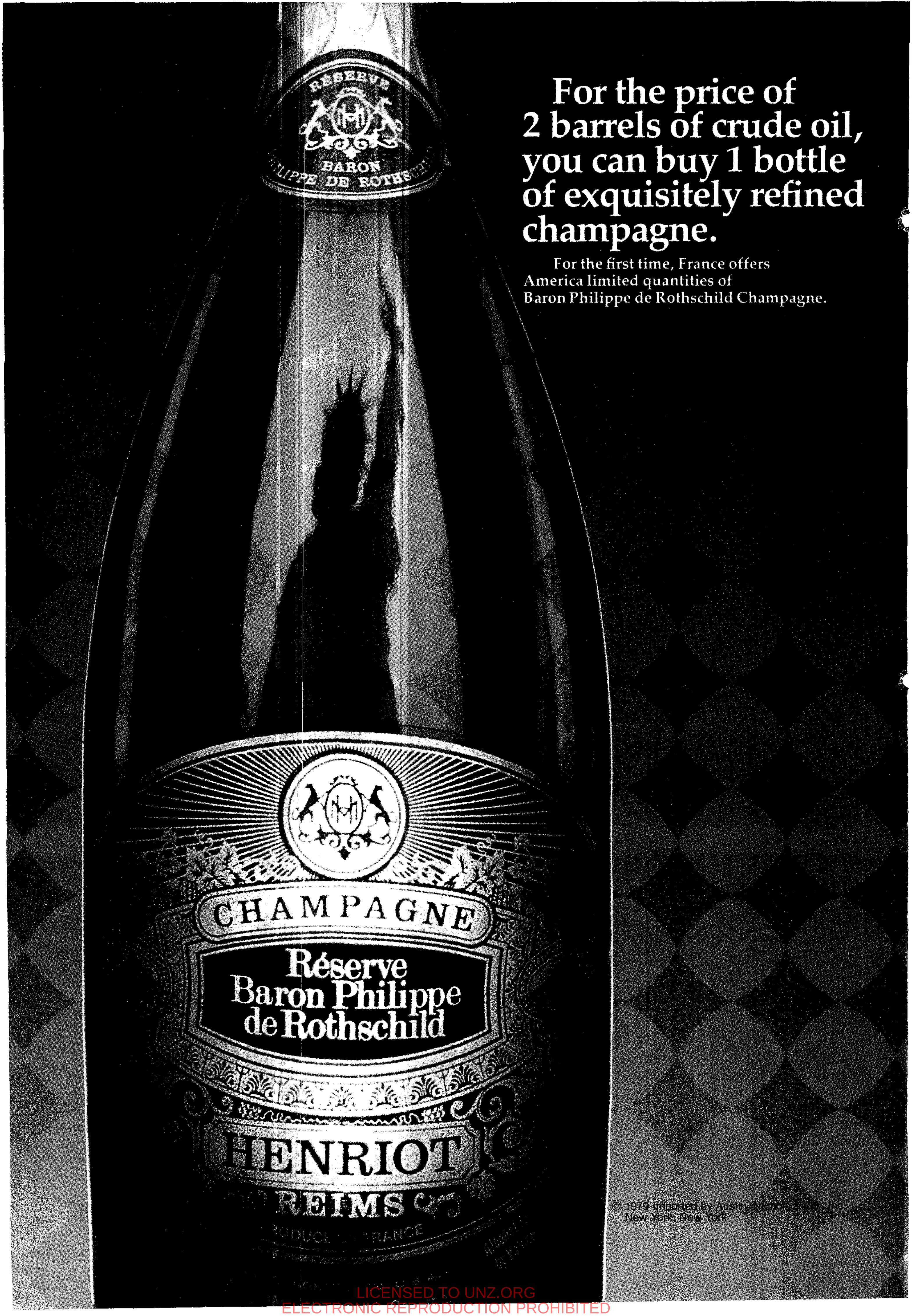

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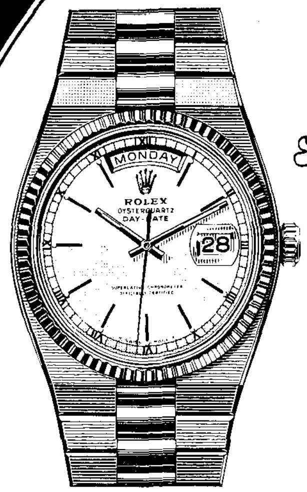
now and can think back upon their heroes' ardent efforts with pleasure and gratitude. Most of the Astro players are exceptionally tall and thin; when seen at play, in their astounding orange-and-red-and-yellow-swatched uniforms (on which numerals appear at groin level), they sometimes suggest a troupe of gazelles in a Balkan ballet. Often there was a Sylphide-like quality to their games as well, which can be understood after a glance at their statistics. Although they finished only a game and a half out of first place, and a full ten games ahead of the third-place Dodgers, the Astros scored fewer runs than anyone else in the National League—five hundred and eighty-three, which is only one run more than their pitchers gave up, over all, to their opponents. The Astros hit forty-nine homers for the year—one more than Dave Kingman's personal total—and whacked more triples (fifty-two) than homers. Jeff Leonard, who batted cleanup for the Astros most of the time, did not hit one homer. None of this, it should be understood, is easy to do. Speed and pitching made up for a lot. Five of the Astro regulars stole more than twenty bases apiece, and three Houston pitchers—James Rodney Richard, Joe Niekro, and Ken Forsch—finished in the top ten in the league, and threw forty complete games among them. *Close* games, we may assume.

Montreal, whose pitching was even better than the Astros'—the best in the league, in fact—moved out to a six-game lead in its division early in July, after winning twenty-six of its first thirty-two home games. Rapturous crowds at the Stade Olympique delivered a standing ovation for every Expo maneuver, including sacrifice bunts and discerning bases on balls. Winning at home is the traditional sign of a young team, and most of the screaming of *les Expos* (as the Montreal rooters call themselves) centered upon the vivid play of the three dashing outfielders, Warren Cromartie, Andre Dawson, and Ellis Valentine; the estimable catcher, Gary Carter; the immense, bearded third baseman, Larry Parrish; and an infielder named Rodney Scott, who were all twenty-five years old this summer. I visited the Stade at the very end of July—almost too late for the party, I realized, for on the day of my arrival the sports section of Montreal's *La Presse* bore sombre headlines: "PIED DE NEZ DES PIRATES—*Double Défaite des Expos Devant une Foule Record.*" The onrushing Pirates (the



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team had been stirred by the recent acquisition of Bill Madlock, a two-time National League batting champion, who came over from the Giants in a stunning trade) had swept a doubleheader the previous night, before 59,260 *Exponents effrayés*, to cut the Expos' lead to a bare half game. This margin vanished, too, after three or four minutes of the next game, when Dave Parker swatted a two-run homer toward the "*Buvez 7Up*" sign in right field in the top of the first inning, to put the visitors ahead for the night. There were brave ovations even after the Expos had dropped behind by 5–0, but the audience was plainly miserable about the loss of first place, which its team had occupied since the middle of June. (Bill Lee had told me that the pressures of the pennant race had begun to show during the previous week, when the first fistfights of the year broke out in the stands.) During the game, a glowering *amateur* just in front of me (I was sitting in the lower-deck *corbeille*, behind third base) kept up a hoarse nine-inning stream of muttered and sometimes shouted criticism and commentary, which I listened to yearningly, as if at a performance by the Comédie-Française; the burden of the message was clear enough, but I missed all the nuances.

Happiness and first place were restored on the following afternoon, a Sunday, when Andre Dawson hit a providential checked-swing, wrong-field triple to drive in three runs, in a game that Montreal won by 5–3. The hero of the day, however, was Rusty Staub, the Expo first baseman. Staub, who as *le grand Orange* was the most popular member of the team a decade before, during its tottering first seasons as an expansion club, had been purchased from the Detroit Tigers a few days earlier, and his return to the lineup was acclaimed in the papers in terms ("*un merveilleux talent allié au charisme*") previously reserved for Maurice Richard. Staub, a serious chef off the field, had evidently not been getting much exercise as a designated hitter for the Tigers, and his movements afield caused one press-box observer to murmur, "It's like having Julia Child playing first." Mrs. Child, however, can't hit. Rusty rapped out two singles during the afternoon—each accompanied by another standing o. and a curious, rolling volley of sound that I could not quite identify. Then I noticed that the bottoms of the plastic seats in the grandstand of the Stade Olympique—an immense and truly ugly concrete egg, built for

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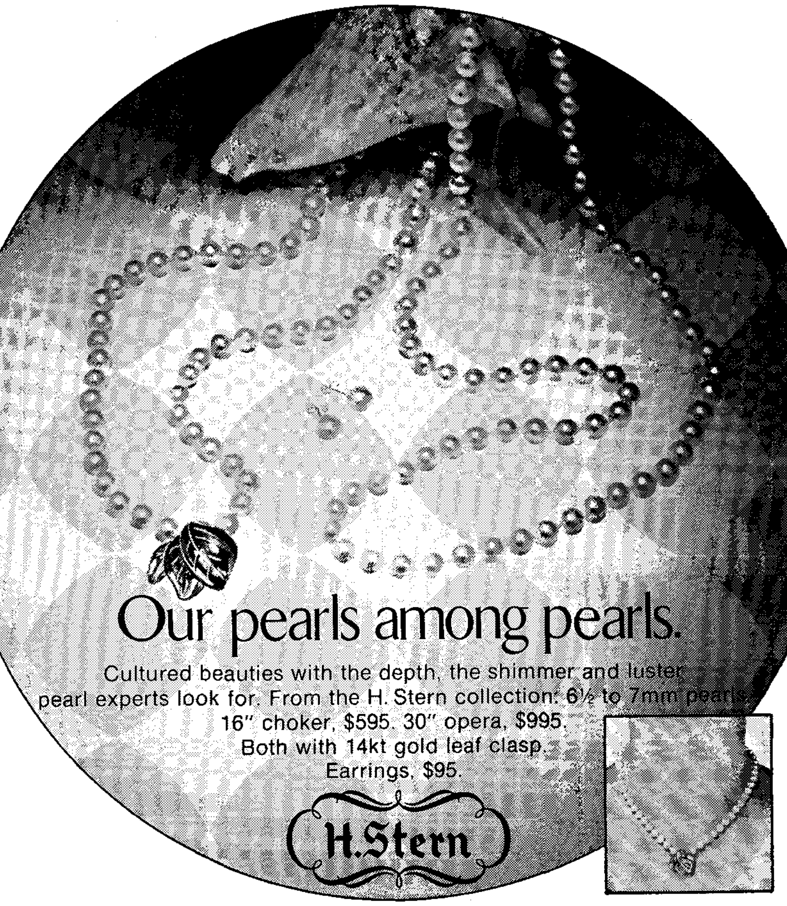

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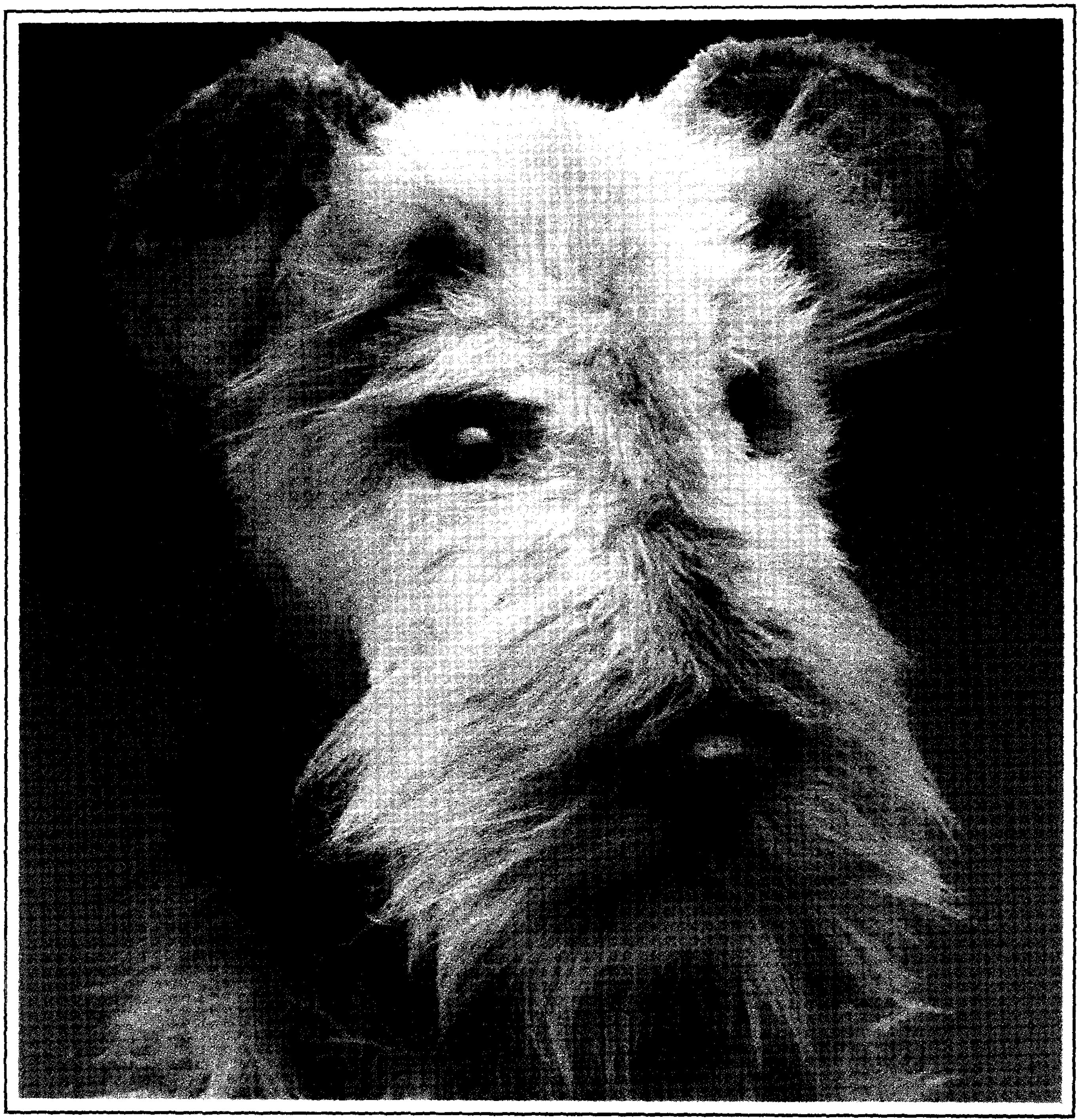

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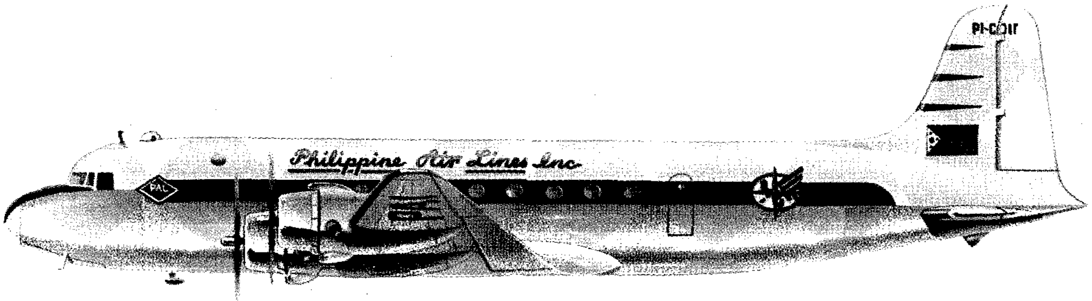

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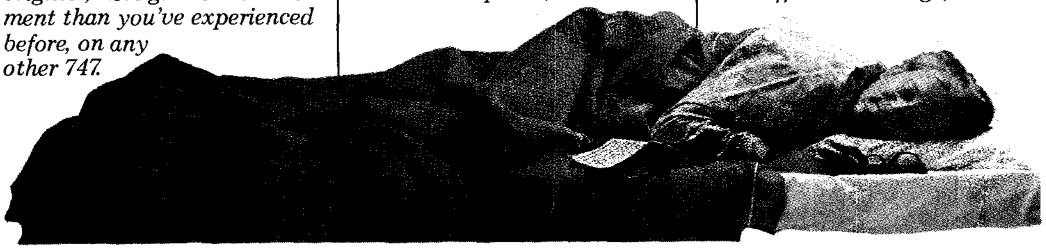

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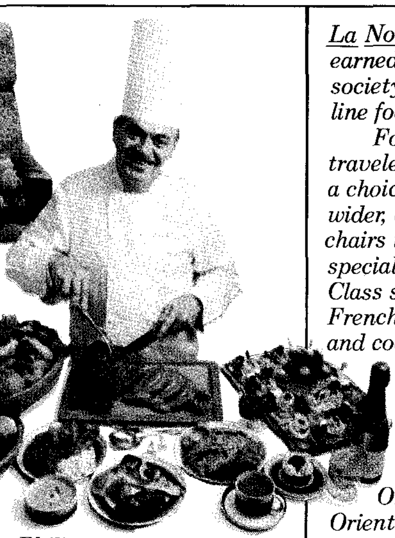

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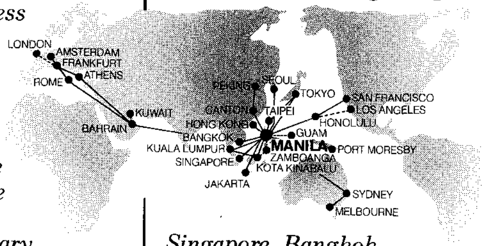
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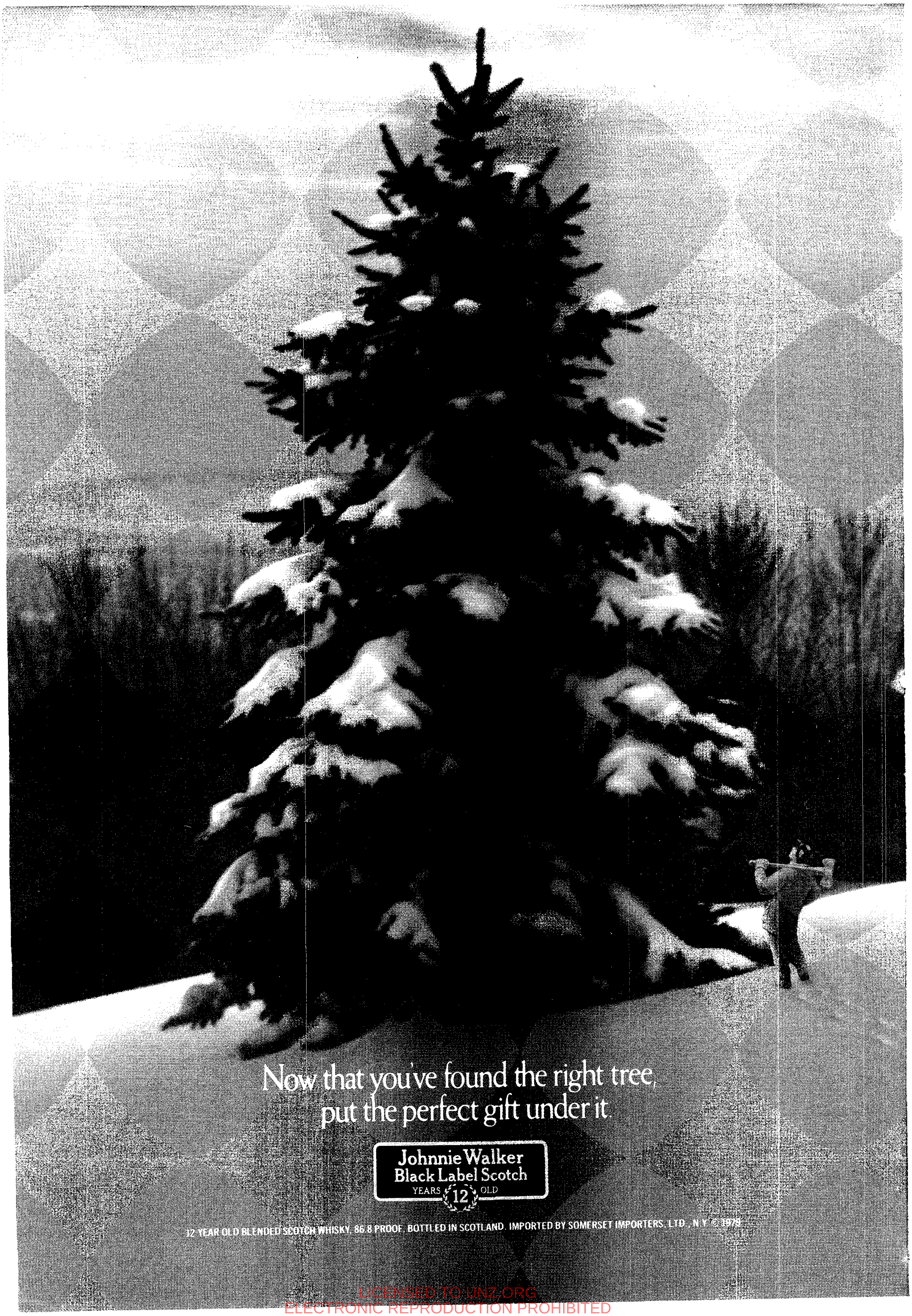
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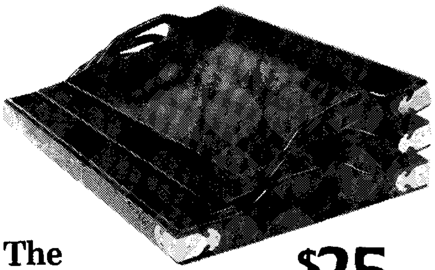
the Olympic Games of 1976—were hinged and spring-operated, like theatre seats; when forty thousand Expo fans jump to their feet in ecstasy, one instantly hears Montcalm and Nelson Eddy and the Northwest Mounted Police galloping out of the forests to help save the day.

The Pirates won back first place early in August, and began to win important games in the sudden-accident style that often characterizes pennant-bound clubs—a pinch-hit grand-slam homer by John Milner, a tenth-inning three-run homer by Phil Garner, and so on. The Expos slipped slowly backward, exactly as I had expected they would, and trailed by three games at the end of the month. Then, without my expecting it at all, Montreal won ten straight games, and then seventeen out of eighteen games, and squeezed back into first by a sliver of a percentage point on September 11th. In the ensuing ten days, the two clubs exchanged the lead four times. The history of this year's Pirates is now secure in the records and in our memories, but attention should still be given to the courage and tenacity of the young Montrealers and the skill of their manager, Dick Williams, which together very nearly unmade the whole story before it began. I hurried off to Pittsburgh on the last Monday of the season, when the two clubs were playing their final series, and saw the Pirates leapfrog back into first place with a 5–2 win in the first game of a doubleheader. The Expos, who looked worn and jumpy (and who were not, in truth, a good defensive team), made three errors. Then they made three more errors (all of them by Dave Cash, the second baseman) in the nightcap, as the Pirates glided away to a 6–2 lead after five innings—the end of it all, of course, except that the Expos now came back with five late runs of their own, to win it, 7–6, and hop back into first again. The key blow was a pinch-hit two-run double off Kent Tekulve struck by a young catcher named John Tamargo. The Expos played poorly in the field again the next day, making two more infield miscues and now beginning to forget about the cutoff man on throws from the outfield; Larry Parrish hit a homer, but Willie Stargell hit two homers, and the Pirates won by 10–4 and went back into first once again—for good this time, it turned out, although none of us knew that for sure until Sunday, the last day of the season, when the Expos were shut out in Montreal by Steve Carlton and the Phillies, before



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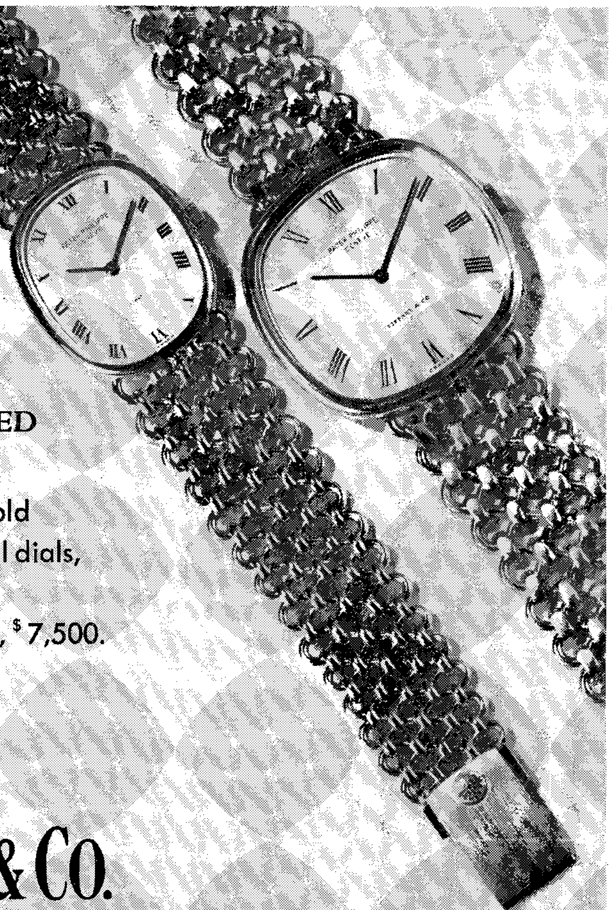
"O!" (*hands in a circle over the head*)—"R!" (*left arm forms semicircle, with fingers at rib level; left leg extends*)—"I!" (*feet together; hands together over head*)—"O!" (*as above*)—"L!" (*right arm is raised, left arm extends*)—"E!" (*left leg extends; right and left arms extend to left, parallel to each other*)—"S!" (*body turns left; left arm is pointed away from forehead in Egyptian-frieze style, and right arm points astern*), followed by banner-wavings and tumultuous cries.

Hundreds of thousands of Baltimore and other Maryland citizens know this ceremonial by heart, and they roared out the message on every imaginable occasion this summer at Memorial Stadium. Their shaman was Wild Bill Hagy, a large, bearded, gap-toothed cabdriver from the Dundalk area of Baltimore, who instituted the letter-cheer two years ago in Section 34 of the upper deck; this year, it swept the park and the city, and Hagy, in his well-stuffed orange T-shirt and straw cowboy hat, became a Baltimore institution, like white stone stoops. (Near the end of the last home game of the regular season, manager Earl Weaver and the rest of the Orioles came out on the grass in front of the dugout and went through the spelling dance together, in honor of the fans.) The Orioles succeeded this year not only in their league but at the gate, which has been a much more difficult challenge for them over the years. They drew 1,680,561 fans—almost three-quarters of a million above their average attendance in the past two decades, during which time they were winning more games than any other team in baseball. The youthful, hopeful, extremely informal Baltimore multitudes who screeched and sang during the local playoff games and then through the World Series were a delightful addition to the autumn scene, for they perfectly matched the young, informal, optimistic Orioles. The new fans came just in time. The Orioles were sold this summer to the Washington attorney Edward Bennett Williams, and there was talk that the team would be moved to the capital within a couple of seasons. Not now, though. Who wants to body-spell "W-A-S-H-I-N-G-T-O-N"?

The American League playoffs started briskly in Baltimore, with the Angels' Dan Ford smashing a first-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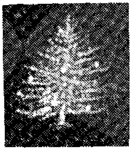
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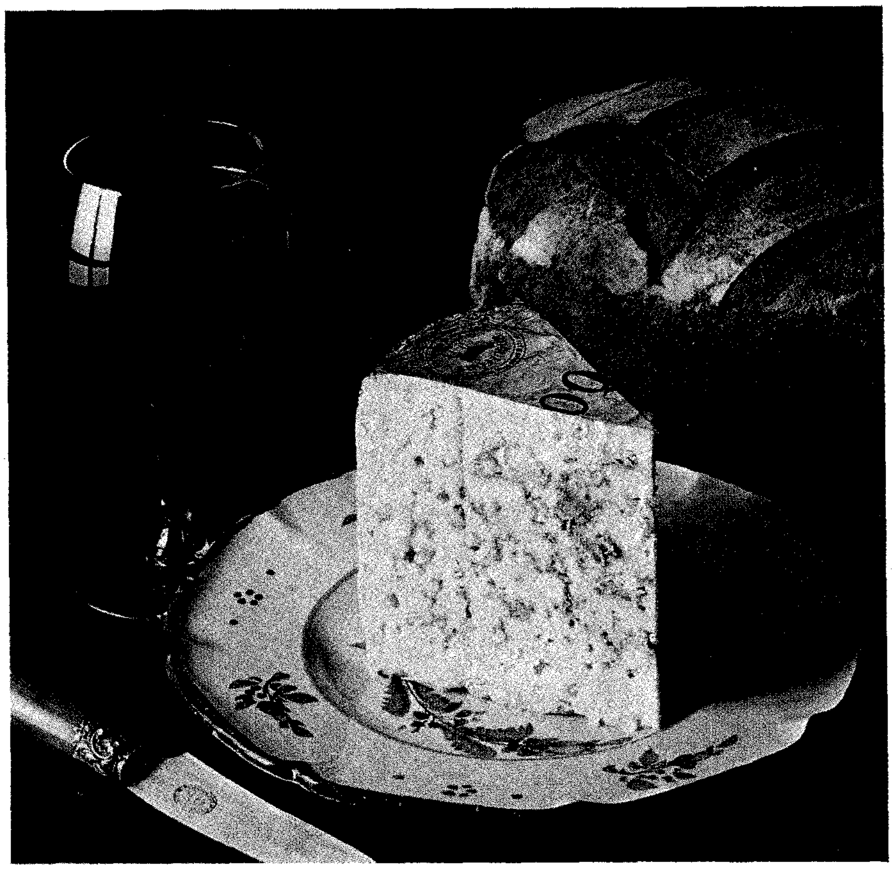
inning home run off Jim Palmer, and with Nolan Ryan fanning seven Orioles in the first three innings. The home side achieved a pair of unearned runs in the third, however, and held on, at 3–3, until Ryan departed the premises in the eighth, suffering from a tightened calf muscle. This was a pure gift for the Hagy hordes, because Ryan, whose fastball is a liquid streak of white, habitually throws harder in the later innings than in the early ones—often going from timed speeds of about ninety-two or ninety-three miles per hour up to the nearly invisible environs of ninety-six and ninety-eight. His successor, John Montague, sustained the tension until the bottom of the tenth inning, when, with two Orioles on base, he threw two admirable forkballs to a left-handed pinch-hitter, John Lowenstein, and unwisely followed them with a third, which Lowenstein banked into the left-field stands, for the game.

The next evening, the Orioles pitched their ace, Mike Flanagan (who later received the Cy Young Award as the best pitcher in his league this year), and handed him a helpful 9–1 lead after three innings—a laugher, in short. But the Angels, who averaged more than five runs per game this season, scored another in the sixth, another in the seventh, three more in the eighth, and two more in the ninth, and now suddenly had the bases loaded. Like everyone else in the park, I kept running down my scorecard and counting the dots in the crowded Angel boxes. Could it be? Six, seven . . . yes, *eight* runs. The donor of the last two California counters was Don Stanhouse, the best reliever on the deep Oriole staff, and Earl Weaver, the veteran Baltimore logical positivist, now elected to stay with him a bit longer. Stanhouse thrives on crises, and often seems to invent them in order to inspire himself: a firebug fireman. Deluged with disbelieving screams, he cranked and threw only a fairish pitch, a slider, to the extremely dangerous Brian Downing, the California catcher, who slapped the ball directly at Doug DeCinces, the Baltimore third baseman. DeCinces seized it on the base path and stood there like a traffic cop to tag the oncoming Dan Ford for the last out. "It wasn't pretty by no means," Stanhouse said of his performance after the game. Still, I admired Earl Weaver for his patience, if only because he would have been unmercifully criticized if the Angels had gone on to tie or win the game against Stanhouse. Weaver doesn't care what anybody will think later,



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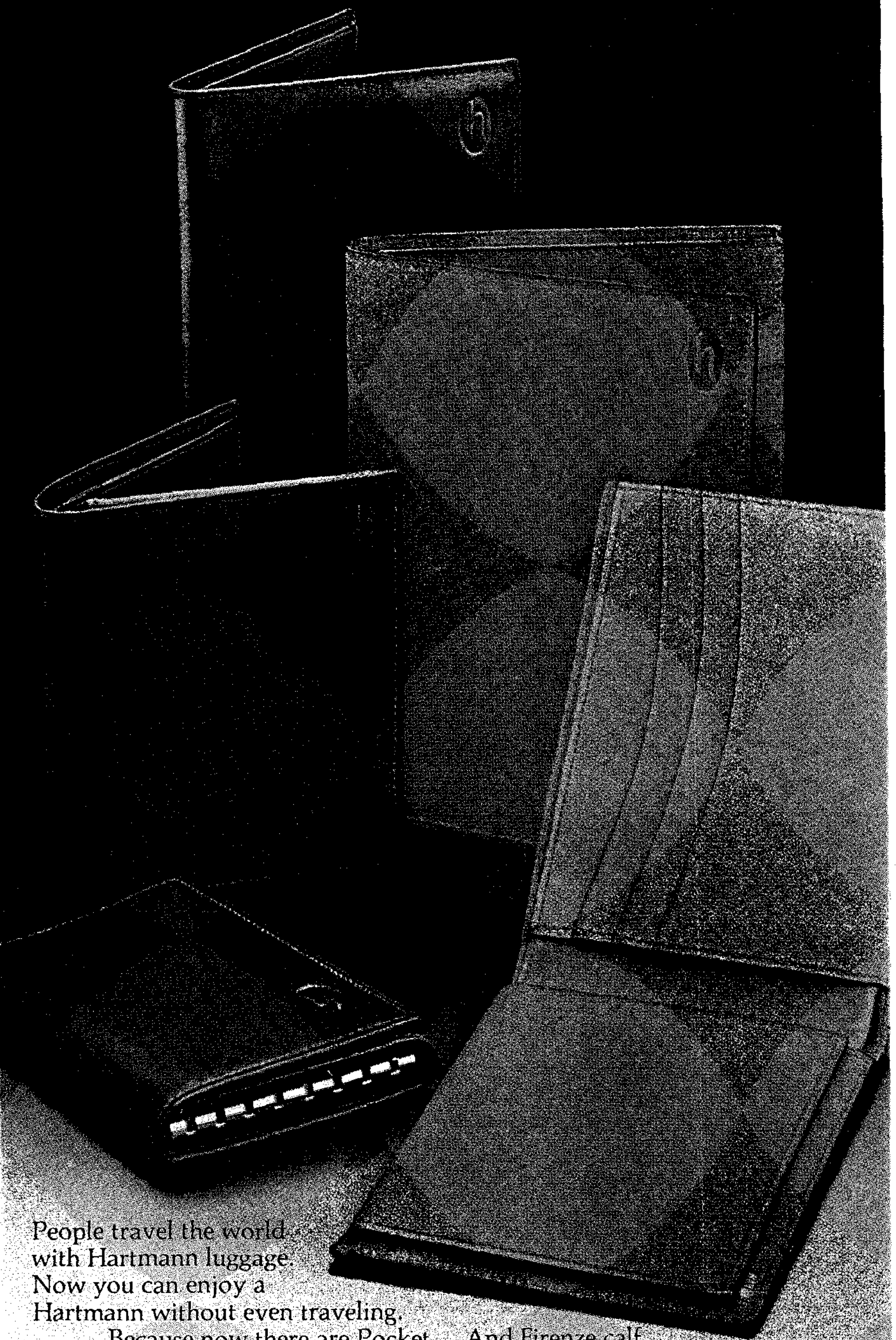
which makes him a pearl among managers and men.

No team has ever come back from a two-game initial deficit in the playoffs, and the Angels came to the brink of expiring in three when they trailed by 3–2 in the ninth inning of the next game, which was played on their own rock-hard turf, in Anaheim. I was watching on television, and I was startled but pleased when the Angels suddenly rallied and won it in the ninth on two hits and a walk (Rod Carew cracked a double to start it all) and a frightful error by Oriole fielder Al Bumbry, who dropped an easy, series-ending fly ball in short center. Even before this gift, it was a thrilling game for the local rooters, with some sprinting, sliding catches in the outfield, an enemy base runner cut down at the plate, and a home run by their slugger and favorite, Don Baylor. More than two and a half million Angels fans turned out this summer, benumbing the local freeways, and friends who were at the Anaheim playoff games told me that the Californians' decibel level outdid even the Baltimore roarers'. The team's owner, Gene Autry, has remained wonderfully patient in the face of almost unremitting disappointment and ill fortune over the past decade in his attempts to build a winning team. Last year, for instance, the Angels lost a rising young star, Lyman Bostock, who was murdered in a shooting incident, and even in these playoffs the team was without the services of the redoubtable Joe Rudi, Jim Barr, and Willie Mays Aikens. Game Three was the reward that every Angels fan deserved. The summer ended for them the next afternoon, when Scott McGregor shut them out, 8–0, in a game illuminated by a diving, airborne catch over third base by Doug DeCinces that ended the only California rally of the day.

The Cincinnati Reds showed grit in the first two games of their playoffs against the Pirates, forcing each of them into extra innings before succumbing by 5–2 in eleven and 3–2 in ten. (The Reds, by the way, won their division this year with a new manager, John McNamara, and a new third baseman, Ray Knight; their immediate predecessors were Sparky Anderson and Pete Rose. Unawed by his burdens, Knight batted .318. The club also got some useful work from Tom Seaver, who won eleven straight games in midsummer.) The opener was an austere, tautly played game, with thoughtful, excellent pitching by Seaver and John Candelaria, and two be-



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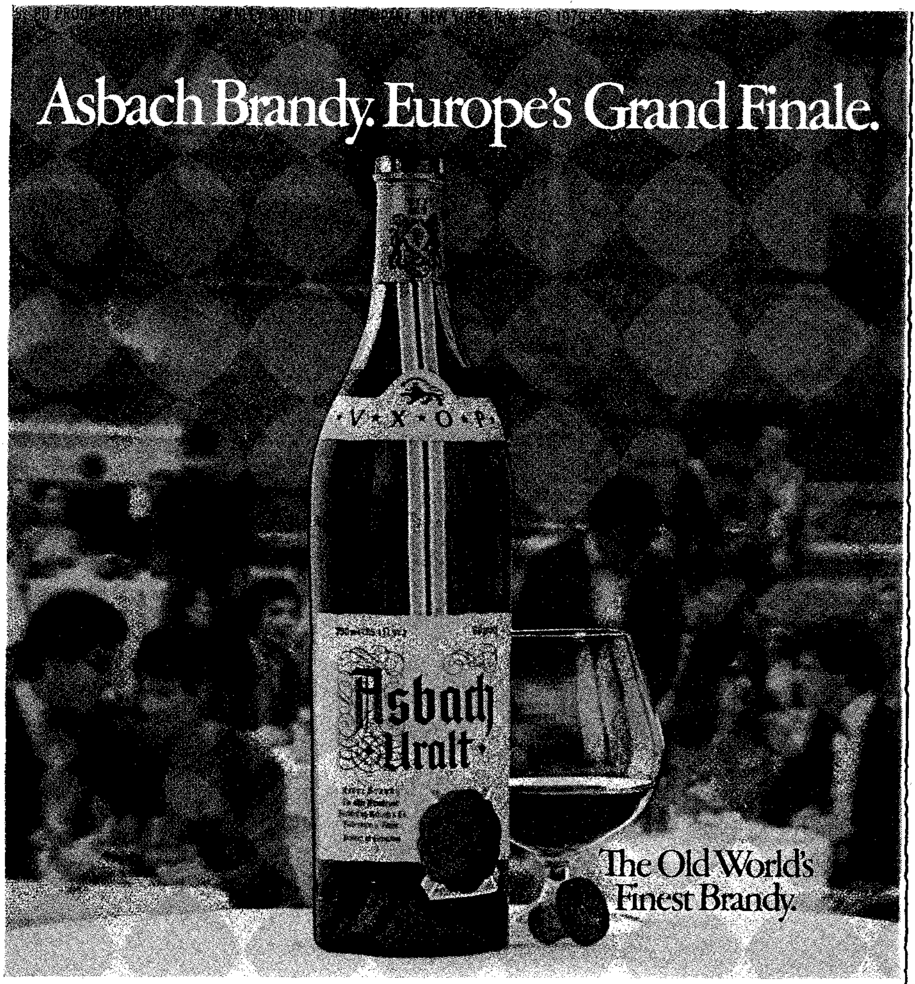
hemoth home runs, by George Foster and Willie Stargell; the latter's, a three-run shot against Tom Hume, won the game. Game Two was much less rewarding, thanks to some abysmal baserunning on both sides. I was watching these encounters on television, and neither game aroused me as much as it should have, given the close scores. Perhaps the trouble had to do with the prim, doubt-stricken Cincinnati fans, who maintained a disapproving silence whenever their team fell behind. At one moment, while the NBC cameras panned across the silent, staring thousands, Joe Garagiola murmured, "This is not a painting."

The third game, an afternoon affair at Pittsburgh, which I attended, was delayed by a heavy rainstorm (a gruesome meteorological omen, had I only known it) but then began in lively fashion, when the Pirates got a run in the first inning on pure zeal. The lead-off man, Omar Moreno, walked, and stole second on the very next delivery by the Cincinnati pitcher, Mike LaCoss. Tim Foli then hit a high bounder to Dave Concepcion, on which Moreno unexpectedly proceeded to third, slithering under the startled shortstop's peg. Then he scored on a fly. In the third, Phil Garner, the dandy Pittsburgh second baseman, saved a run by diving on his belly to knock down Concepcion's single behind the bag, and in the bottom of that inning Stargell and Bill Madlock each hit home runs. The Reds, by contrast, looked corpselike at the end, as Bert Blyleven went the distance for the Pirates, who won by 7–1, to take the pennant. All year at Three Rivers Stadium, the field loudspeakers blasted out the Pirates' theme song during the seventh-inning stretch—a thumping, catchy disco-rock number, "We Are Family," by the Sister Sledge group. This time, with the late-summer shadows deepening and the championship at last in hand, the wives of the Pirate players suddenly moved forward from their seats, just behind the screen, and clambered up onto a low, curving shelf that rims the field behind home plate. At first, there were only a few of them, but more and more of the young women ran down the aisles and were pulled up onto the sudden stage, and then they were all dancing together there arm in arm, jiving and boogieing and high-kicking in rhythm, in their slacks and black-and-gold scarves and long, ballplayer-wife's fur coats, all waving and laughing and hugging and shaking their banners in time to the loud music. It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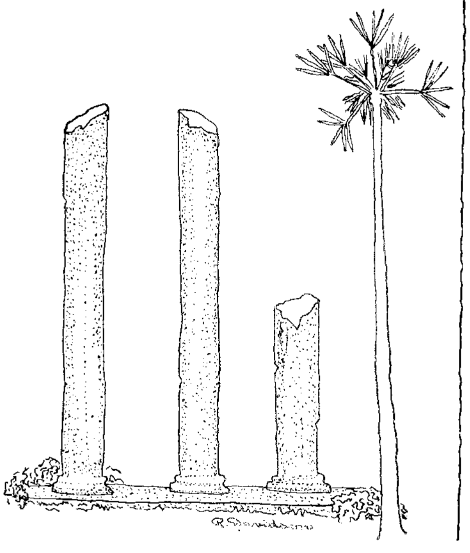
was terrific. Since then, I have heard cynical comments about this party, and wry suggestions from writers and fans that the much repeated and much reported Pittsburgh theme song and the players' evident closeness and joy in one another were nothing more than a publicity device, and reminders that *all* winning teams are families, for as long as they win. I don't agree. It is true that the smallest flutter of a spontaneous incident—in sports, or anywhere else in public life in this country—is now seized upon and transformed at once into a mass-produced imitation or a slogan or an advertising gimmick. Bill Hagy was appearing on a television commercial in Baltimore during the playoffs and showed up repeatedly on local TV interviews and game shows. I have no doubt that by next summer two or three major-league teams will come up with organized fans' cheering sections and letter-cheers, in imitation of the Orioles, or even a wives' cheering-and-dancing group, in imitation of the Pirates. It is dispiriting, but we can't let ourselves miss the moment of humor and exultation when it does come along, or deny its pleasure. I thought about the Pirates' family when I visited the Cincinnati clubhouse after the last playoff game and saw the Reds preparing to depart for the winter. Joe Morgan was taking off his uniform, perhaps for the last time. The word was that he would venture into the free-agent market this year, but he is thirty-six now, and he had had a disappointing season, batting .250 and looking much slower afield; he had gone hitless in the playoffs. Just three years ago, Morgan and his teammates destroyed the Yankees in the World Series, for their second World Championship in a row, and Joe Morgan was named the Most Valuable Player in the Na-



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tional League for the second straight year. That team was a family, too—the Big Red Machine—and now there was almost nothing left of it. But surely nobody understands all this better than the ballplayers themselves—the players and their wives—for that is the nature of their business; injured, traded, slumping, benched, or simply playing for the wrong team, they are forever, or nearly forever, falling short of their best expectations, while their youth and their skills inexorably fade. Most big-league players never get to play in a World Series at all. When it does happen, then—the unexpected great year, when a whole team comes together, against all the odds, and wins—it should be celebrated, for the good times almost surely will not last. Why not dance?

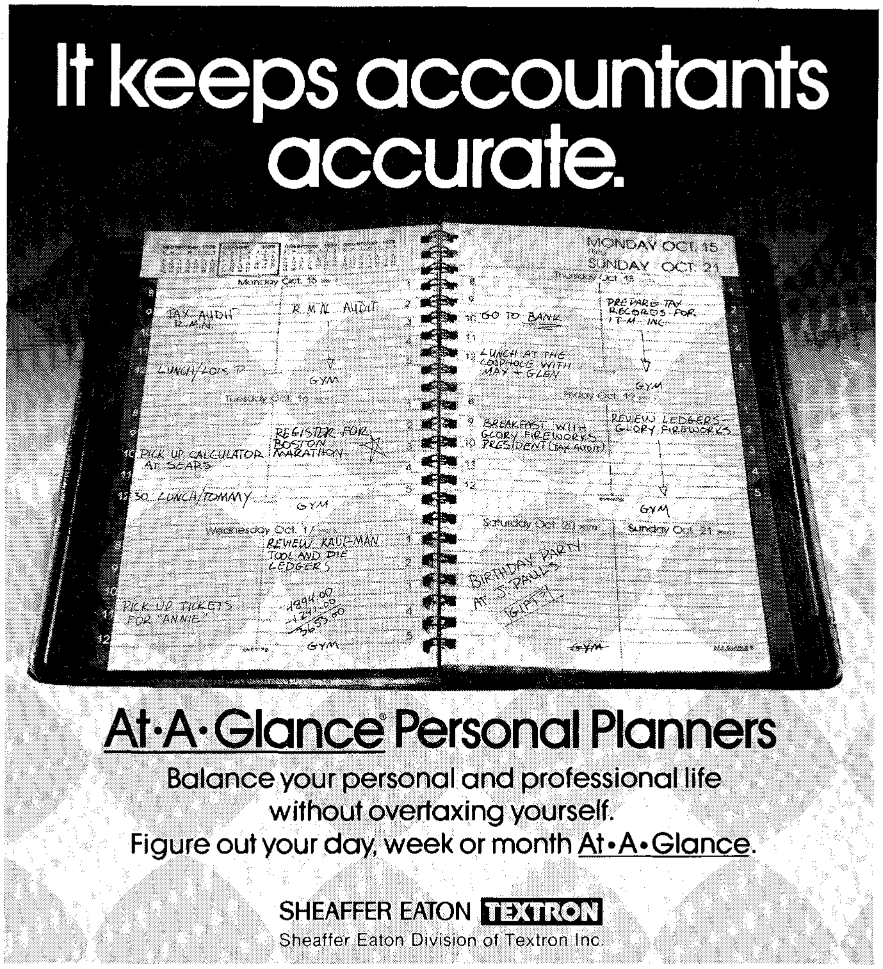
Sharing the Beat

DURING the league championships and the World Series this year, women reporters were admitted to the players' clubhouses on exactly the same basis as their male counterparts. No one complained, no one seemed to notice. Change is possible, it seems, even in baseball.

Class

WHATEVER its drawbacks in weather and fielding, this World Series restored some credibility to the wall sampler which proclaims that sports build character. I have no idea how much of this came through on television, but those of us who were on the scene and in the clubhouses remarked again and again on the poise and generosity and intelligence of the players on both teams. This was a refreshing and surprising change from the demeanor of several more famous clubs and better-paid athletes in recent Octobers. The tone of the occasion—the absence of moneyed cool or aggrieved silence—was struck by Phil Garner, who said one day, "Yes, of course there's pressure. I feel anxiety about these games—why deny it? If you don't feel anything, a thump of the heart, about playing in the World Series, then I don't want you on my team. I'm excited. I get to the ballpark very early every day. I can hardly wait for the games to begin."

Both teams seemed to have this eagerness of spirit, and both of them, I believe, had absorbed it in great part from their managers. Earl Weaver and Chuck Tanner, the Pirates' skipper, are exceptionally good company, because at every moment of the season they appear to be caught up in the in-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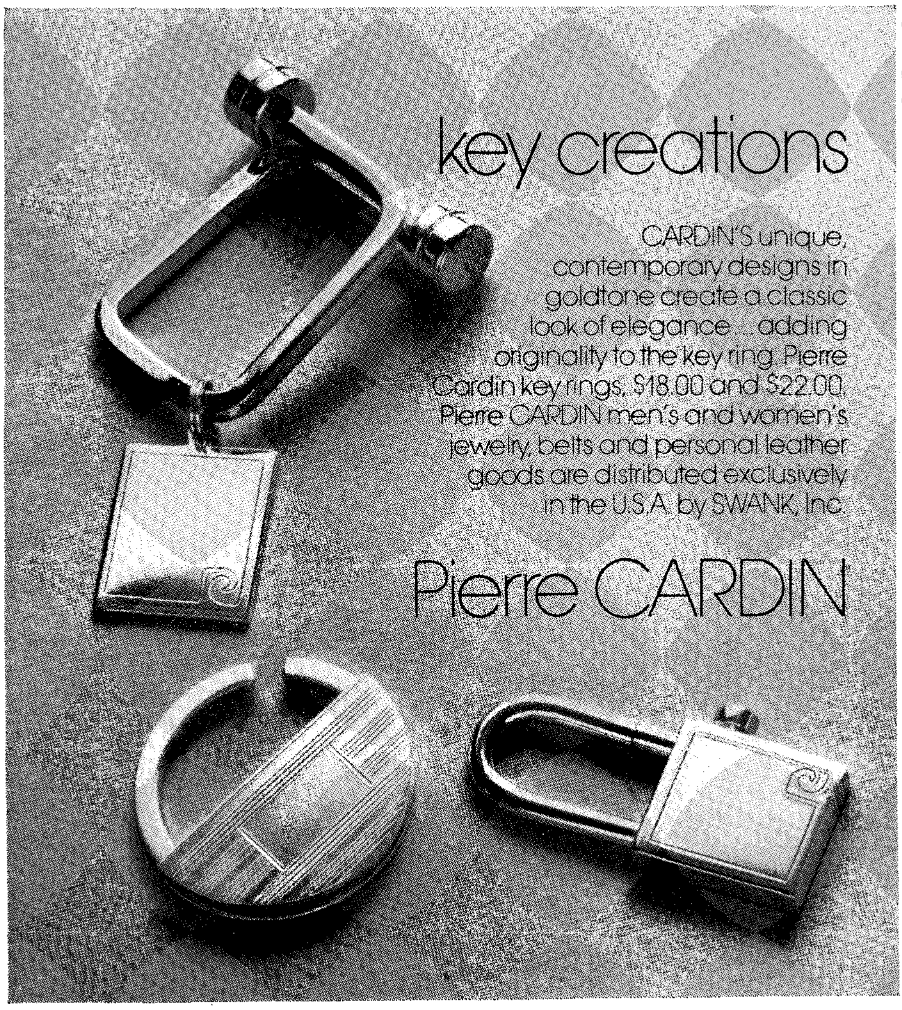

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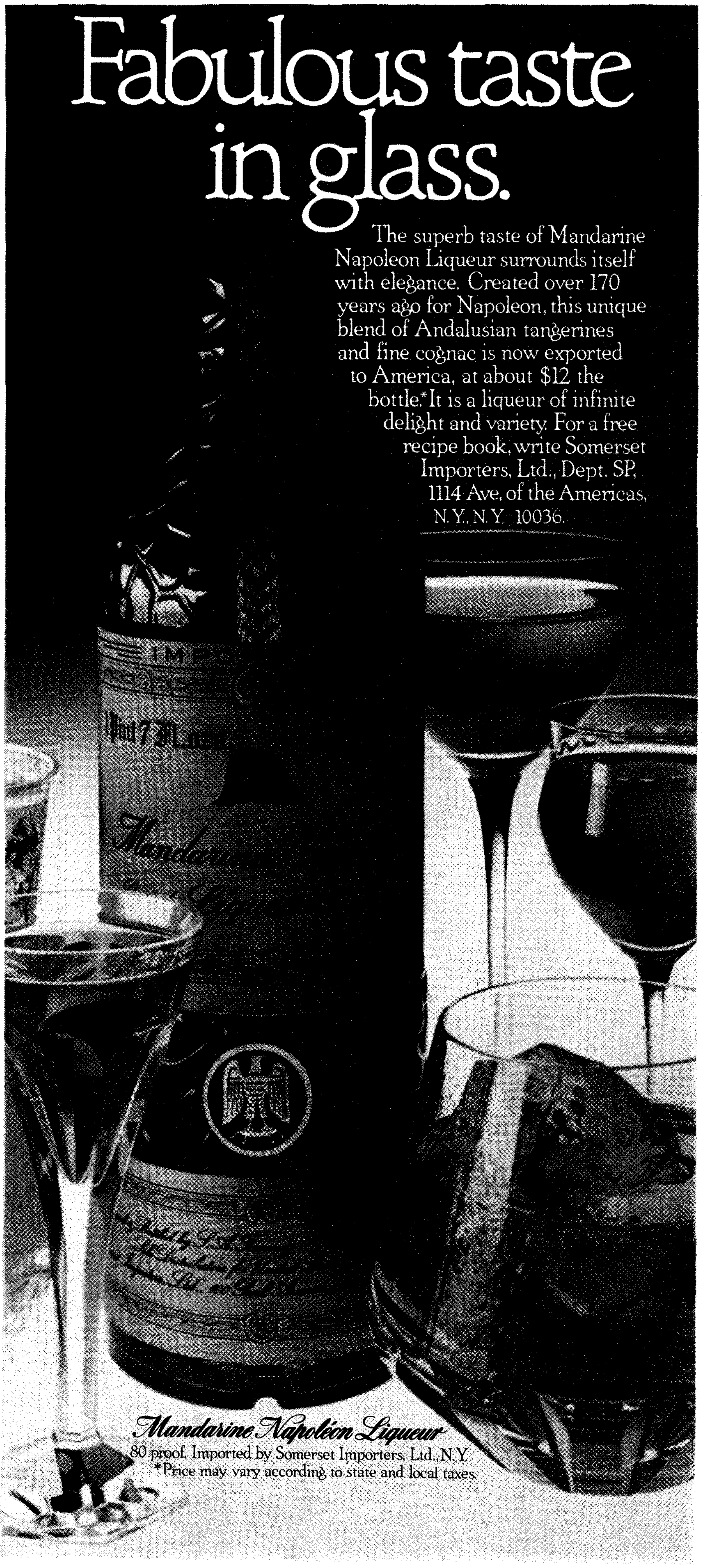
tellectual and emotional challenges and pleasures of their calling. Ask either one of them a question, and you get back instant strategy and history, example and perception, psychology and comedy and (in Tanner's case) homily, all in a rush. It is a treat and an education. Both of the pennant-winning teams were known in their leagues for the looseness and high spirits of their clubhouses. The Orioles' digs often suggested a high-school or college locker room, full of euphoria and flying towels. The Pirates' quarters, by contrast, were an overcrowded city block in some ethnically confused but exuberant neighborhood—people eating, people drinking, people playing cards, people playing backgammon, people urging the game-players to come and do something else, knots of people shouting at one another in apparent rage and then collapsing in laughter, somebody sleeping and somebody else preparing to wake up the sleeper in a singularly frightful or comical fashion, several people deep in mysterious conversation with visiting strangers, people playing quietly with their young children or with their neighbors' children, people getting dressed and talking at length about one another's clothes and jewelry and hats, people bursting into song, and, over and through it all, the pounding, ear-wrenching noise of music—rock and disco and salsa—blasting out from enormous stereos and tape decks, and filling every corner of the room and the mind. All this was delightful, but in the end I was more impressed and convinced by the way the players and the coaches on both teams talked about themselves and each other, showing a pervasive tone of modesty and common sense that is often notably missing on clubs where money or public relations or consuming ambition tinges the entire operation.

Ray Miller, the Orioles' pitching coach, discussing the teams' apparently endless supply of extraordinary young pitchers: "We try to simplify a simple game. You listen to some coaches and managers and they make baseball sound like chess or something. The idea of pitching is to keep ahead of the batter, to make him hit your pitch. Never give him the chance to look for a good pitch. Don't walk him. Don't fall behind. We emphasize teaching the change-up to every pitcher, starting at the rookie level. Get in the habit of using your defense to get outs. Most of all, we try to take care of our young arms. We watch for the right spots for them, and we watch their



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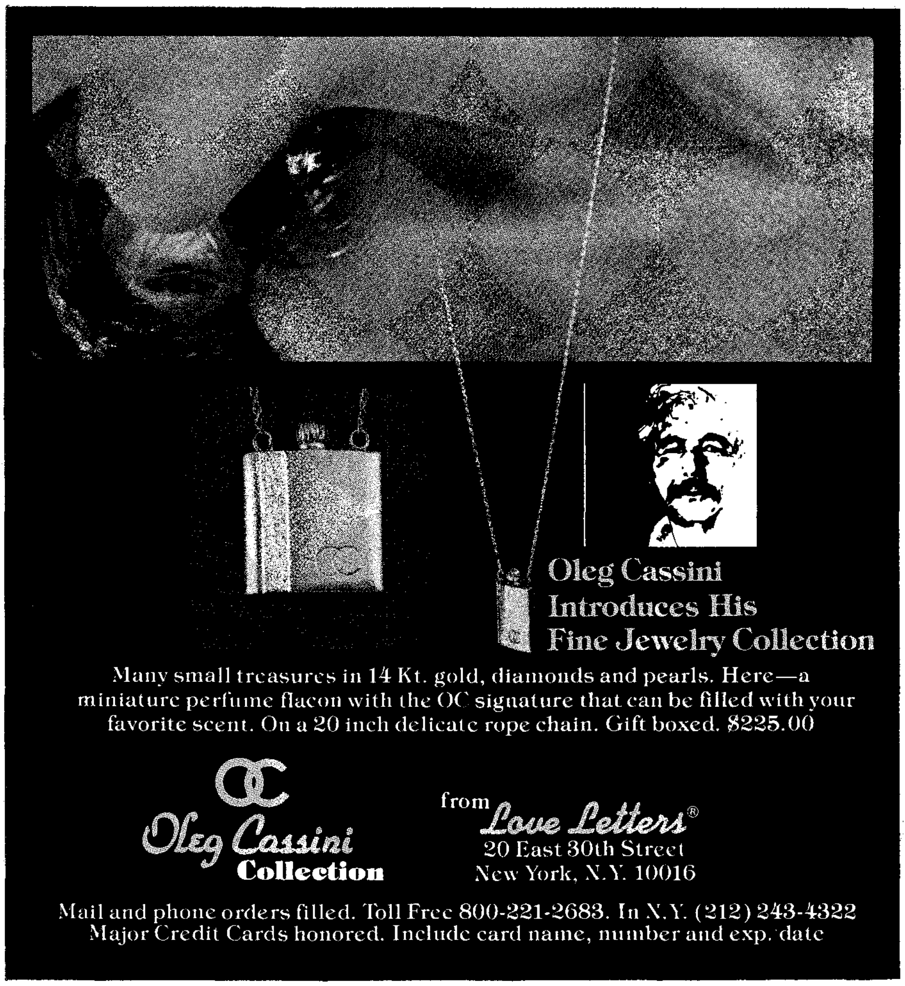

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mistakes. We never just throw them in the fire. If you look back two or three years, you'd see that pitchers like Dennis Martinez and Mike Flanagan were kept back and brought out of the bullpen only in long-relief situations or for spot starts. That's how you get to learn the league. Now they're regulars, and Mike may be the best in the business. You have to be patient."

Earl Weaver (he always seems to enter a conversation at a full sprint, and his voice is hoarse with cigarettes and intensity): "I don't care about all that looseness and laughing in our clubhouse. That don't mean a thing. The only thing that matters is what happens on that little hump out in the middle of the field. Or if the pitcher isn't doing it, it's what the hitters are doing. Nothing else matters. We want to make a man believe in what he's doing. We tell the pitchers if you can get a batter out with your fastball, then stick to the fastball. Don't get beat fooling around out there with four or five different pitches. And the man at the plate is the one you want to get out. If you've got men on base, still concentrate on the man up there at bat. If you get him out, then you can work on the *next* man up there. It's all basic, but"—his voice drops to a whisper—"it ain't so damned easy to do it."

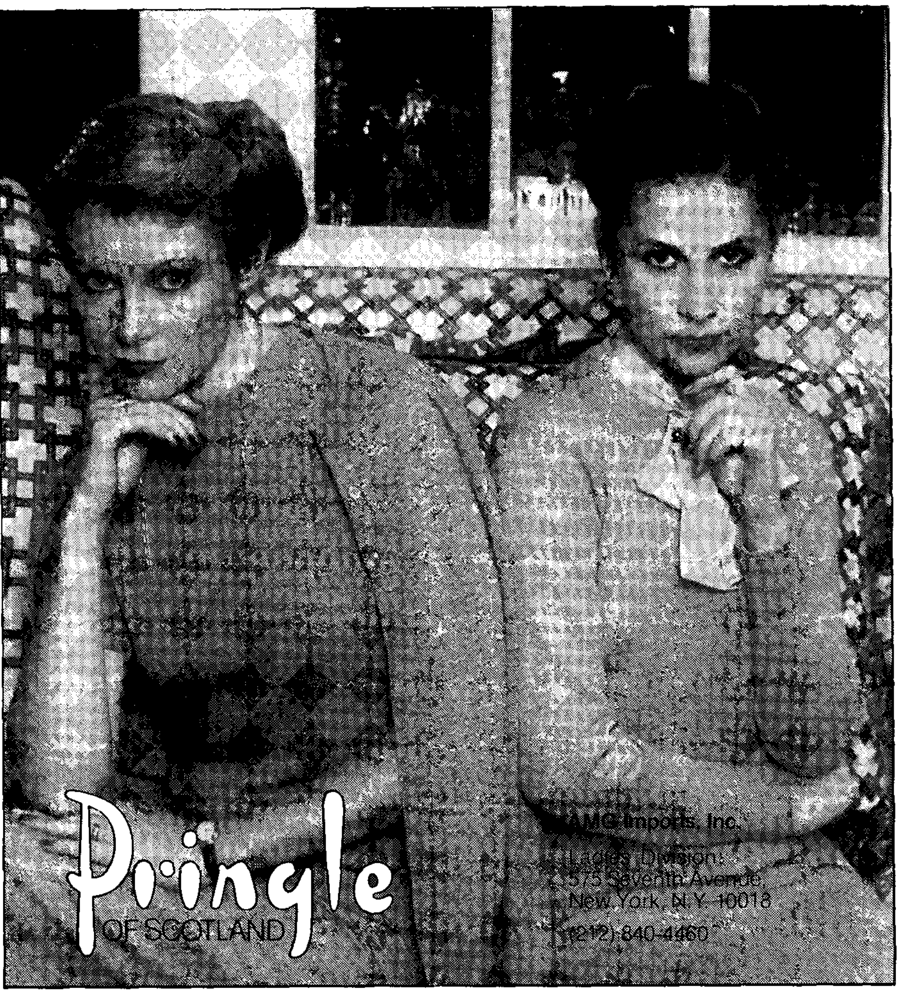
Frank Robinson, the great Reds and Orioles slugger, who later managed the Indians and is now an Orioles coach: "When we're filling out the roster at the end of spring training, we spend a lot of time on the last four or five names that come up. We weigh this against that—left-hand and right-hand, can he throw, can he run, and all the rest—but in the end you pick because of character. You take a Terry Crowley because he's a pinch-hitter and he knows it, and he can sit week after week and then jump off the bench and do the job. You pick a Dave Skaggs because he's got a good personality. He doesn't play every day, but he'll sit there for months with no complaints and be *ready*. That's why this club is so close—because there's nobody here who's above anybody else. We're all in this, all twenty-five. That and Earl. Earl has always believed in himself, and he's always prepared. He's almost never caught short. That's why the players believe in him. He wins."

Chuck Tanner (his face is pleasant and lightly lined, with a bulge of Red Man in one corner): "I don't think a manager should be judged by whether he wins a pennant but by whether he gets the most out of the twenty-five men he's been given. There are third- or fourth-place managers who have done as well or better than the fellow who finishes up on top. It's easy to manage a team with no problems: everybody drinks milkshakes and hits .325. Nowadays, a lot of young ballplayers come up who have been hitting way over .300 in the minors, but when they get here they look around and suddenly baseball becomes a job for them, because they're trying so hard. The manager's real work, as I see it, is to reach the kid who's sitting over in the corner of the dugout and get him to play with the same attitude he had back in American Legion ball."

Phil Garner, on the racial composition of the Pirates—a club that included fifteen black or Hispanic players on its twenty-five-man roster this fall: "There really is no distinction between black and white on this club. If I didn't honestly believe that, I wouldn't say it. To keep factions from developing, you have to have someone that the blacks respect and someone that the whites respect, and the guy who puts that all together for us is Will Stargell. You know, I've heard it said that one reason we've never drawn very well here in Pittsburgh is that we have too many blacks on the club. I'm not saying that it's true, but it's sad if it *is* true, because we have such great talent. Why, you look at a Stargell, a Dave Parker, a Bill Madlock, a Manny Sanguillen, a Grant Jackson—you can't *find* better players than that. If you play good ball, you deserve to be cheered."

Tim Foli, the Pirate shortstop (who joined the club in April, coming from the Mets in a trade; he had been known in the league as an angry ballplayer, a hard rock): "There's none of the jealousy you find with other teams—not with Stargell here. Every time somebody on the team does something in a game to help, he'll notice it and say something about it and emphasize it. And Dave Parker. He never let up all year—not on a single fly ball or a single time at bat. That's another kind of leadership. You can't help being influenced. Nobody ever understood what kind of a player I was until I got here. But everything I did here was *noticed*. It gives you a different feeling."

Phil Garner, on Tim Foli, his second-base partner (the two are a little below average size and perhaps no better than average in range, but they both throw well, and they play together elegantly; they both have mus-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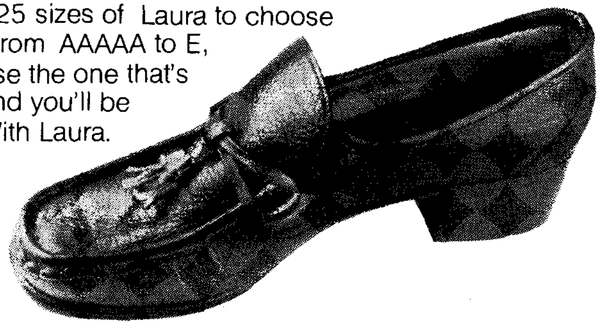

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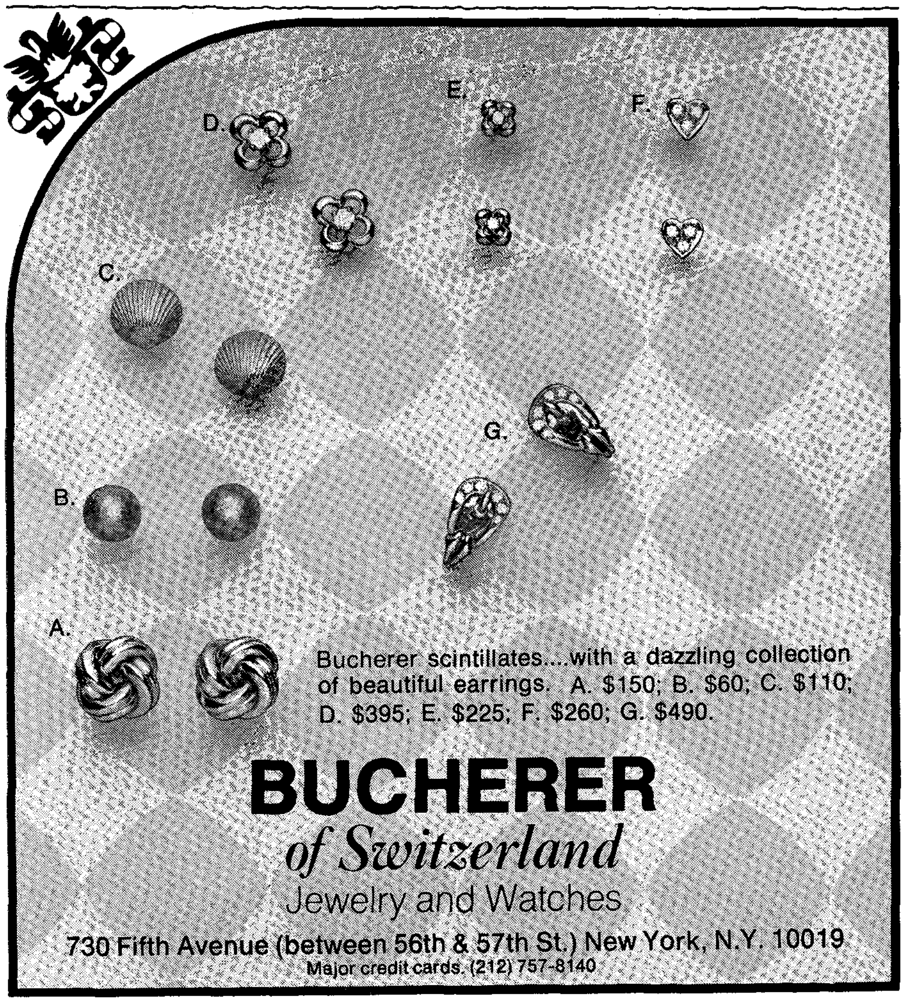

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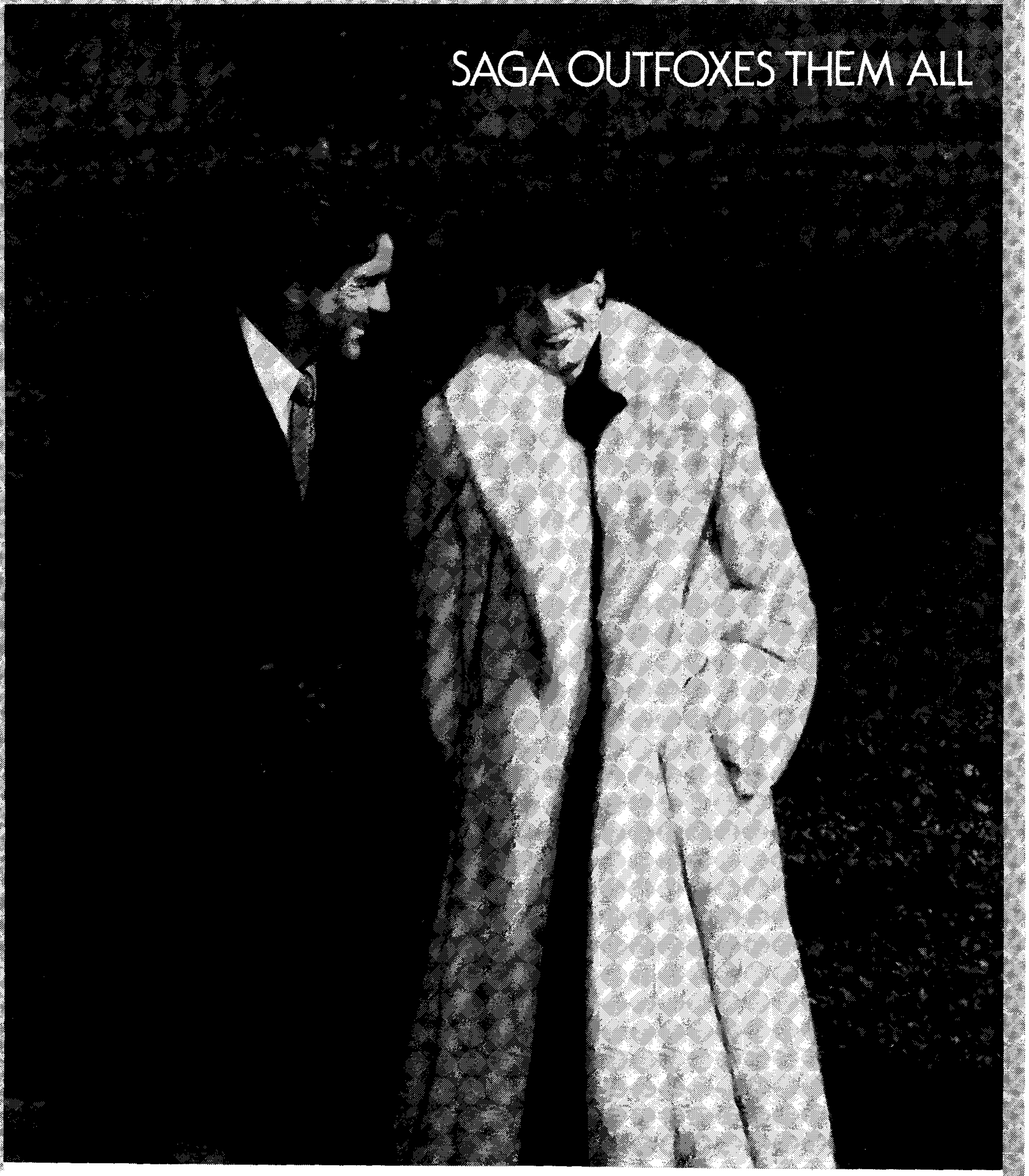
taches, and in the Pirates' boxy, old-fashioned baseball caps they suggest a pair of pugnacious bartender-infielders in a saloon league at the turn of the century): "When Timmy came, we started to turn things around on this club. We knew he was an exceptionally intelligent player, but I don't think anybody knew how good he was. He's been batting second, behind Omar Moreno, who can steal bases, and ahead of Dave Parker, who can drive in a lot of runs, and the man sure knows how to use that bat. He has changed his personality here. It just took him a little longer than it takes some others. He's grown up."

Dave Parker, on a gift he had presented to Willie Stargell during spring training last March, on Stargell's thirty-eighth birthday: "Well, it was a gold baseball. I handed it to him and I said 'Happy birthday, Pops.' He said 'What's this?' and I said it was a present to him from his favorite son. He said 'Yes, but what *is* it?' He kept looking at it and studying it. So I told him I'd taken it off the Gold Glove award I'd got for last year—the ball was part of the trophy, I mean, and I just pulled it off. Then he said 'Aw, you shouldn't have done *that,* man,' and I said 'I never could have got the award without you.' Then we hugged each other."

Will Stargell, at various times, on the ballplayer's life (he was born in Oklahoma, and his voice is unhurried and buttery): "We go out to have fun, but we work hard, too. It's supposed to be fun. The man says 'Play ball,' not 'Work ball,' you know. . . . You only have a few years to play this game, and you can't play it if you're all tied up in knots. . . . There was such a closeness this year. We were all so proud of ourselves. I said we worked hard, and I also mean the wives, who had to stay up so late so many nights because of us, or go to meet a late plane, and who had to look after the children when we were away so much, and try to be a father to them as well as a mother. It wasn't easy for anyone. I feel so grateful when I look back on this year. Oh, my, there was a day in San Diego, when Dave Roberts came in to pitch in a game we was losing. The bases were loaded for them, and a three-and-oh count on the batter, and Dave came in and made these three *outstanding* pitches and struck the man out, and we came back, caught up, and won. That was a moment when we knew what this team was like. Or, you know about the time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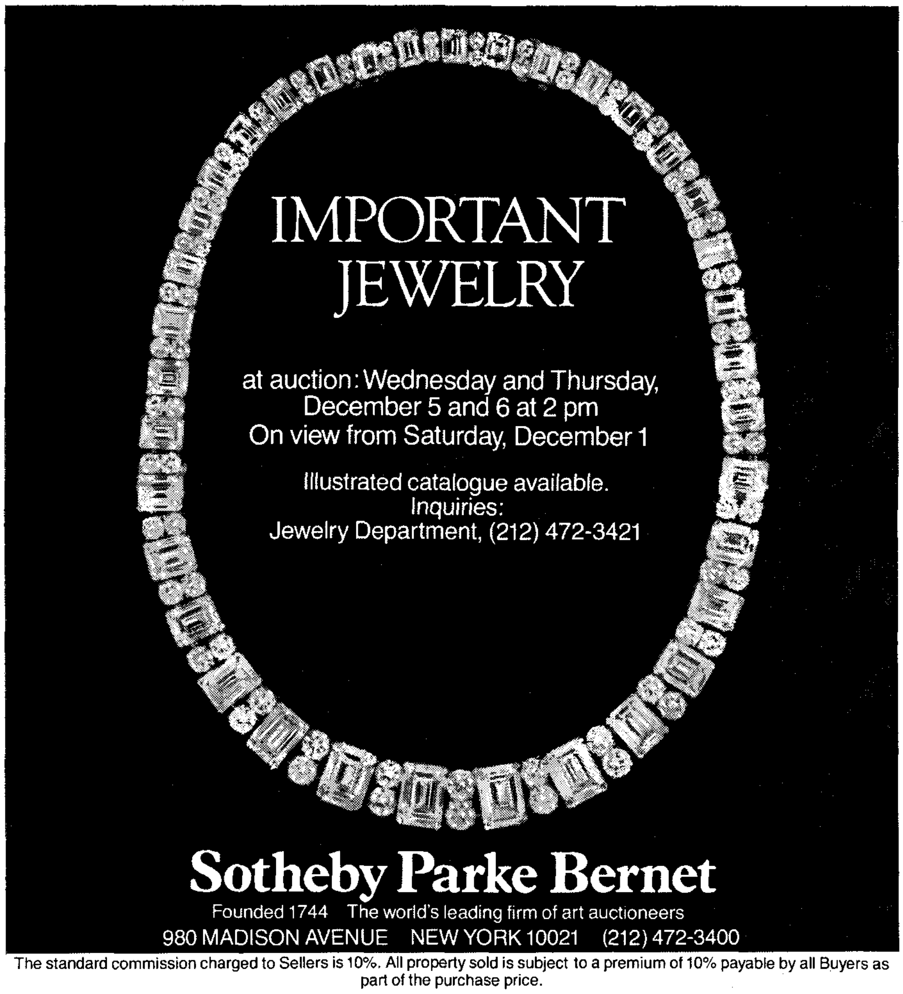
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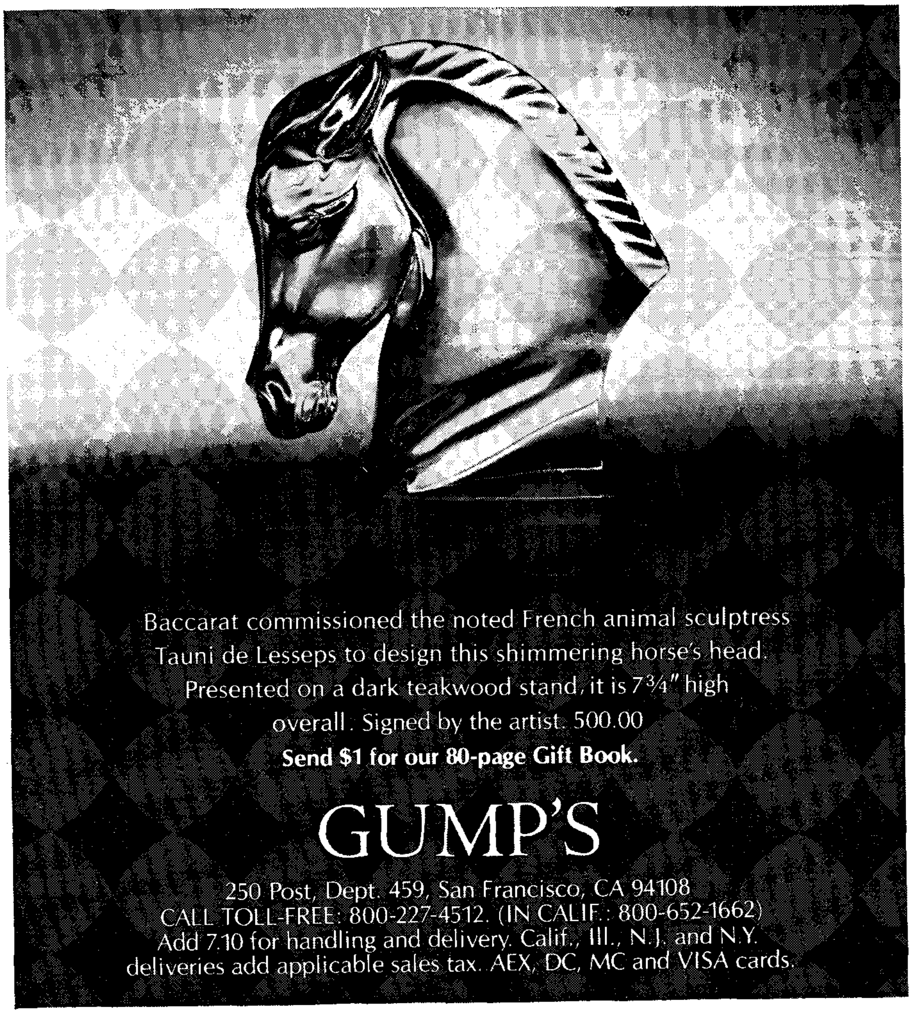
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THE WINTER GAMES

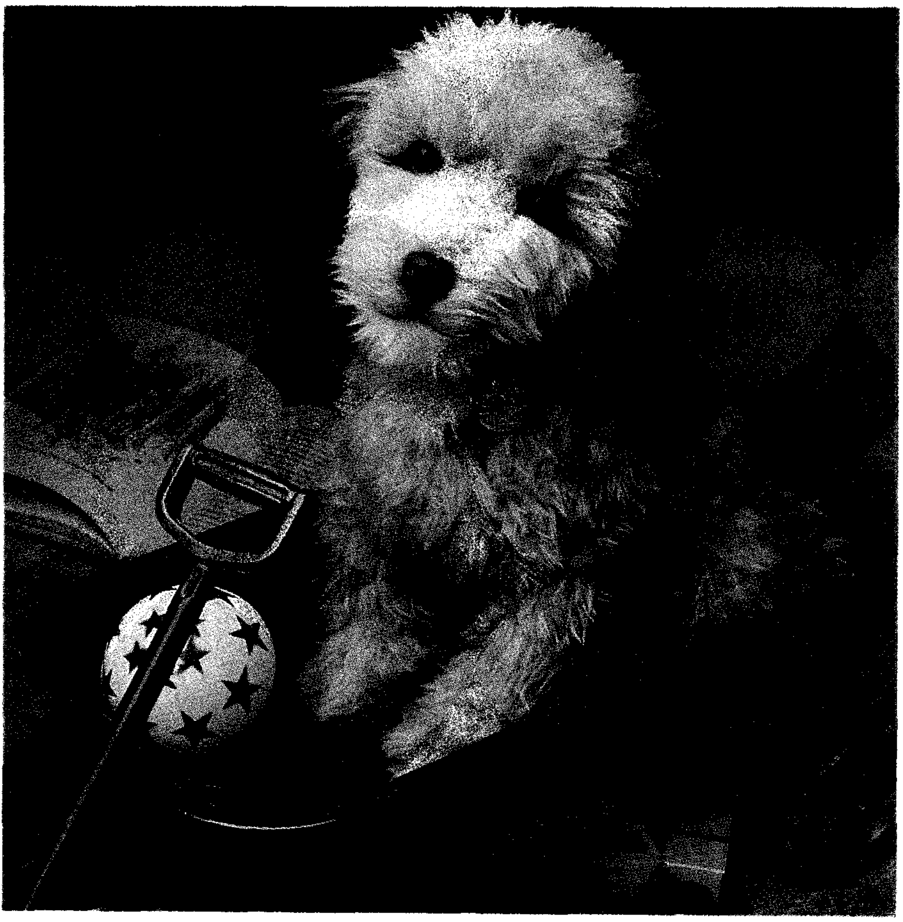
THE weather was appalling. The opening game of the Series was postponed for a day, and the next morning it snowed considerably in Baltimore and then rained all afternoon. At game time, the temperature stood at forty-one, and it went down from there. The next night was a bit warmer at first, but a late-inning drizzle turned the field to slime—the worst conditions, several players said, they had ever encountered. Game Three, in Pittsburgh, was suspended for more than an hour by a third-inning deluge, and Game Four, played in the afternoon, under scudding wintry clouds, was the coldest baseball I have ever sat through. Only in the last two games was the weather not a factor. During World Series week, there was a run on long johns and scarves and mittens in Baltimore department stores, and brave jokes were made in the press rows during the games ("If you're going inside to warm up, would you leave me your socks and shoes?" "Isn't drowsiness a symptom of freezing to death?"), but there was nothing jolly about what went on out on the field, where six errors were committed in the first game; Bruce Kison, the Pittsburgh starter, injured his arm in the cold and was finished for the year. No extended editorial comment on this weather report will be offered, since it would serve no purpose. This year's playing conditions were the worst in World Series history, but in recent years a considerable number of Series games have been played in icy winds or daunting storms, because these are perfectly normal mid-evening mid-autumn conditions in much of the country. For years, baseball has been vulnerable to this chronic disaster, because the commissioner and the owners insist on maintaining a season that runs a week or ten days too late into the fall, and because they are willing captives of network television, which wants the Series games to be played at night during the week and very early or very late in the afternoon on weekends (before or after football games, that is), since this schedule will draw the highest audience ratings. The nabobs of baseball could alter all this in a moment, if they had the wish to do so, by scheduling World Series games on afternoons in early October, but they are not so inclined, and it clearly doesn't matter to them that their famous showcase now offers a truly inferior version of the pastime, played under conditions that demean and endanger the contestants and punish the local fans. Every baseball player I have consulted on this matter is indignant about it—not so much because of the discomforts involved as because of the damage inflicted on the sport—and thousands of fans keep asking why something isn't done about it. But nothing will be done, because the ratings are right. They want it this way.

The Orioles scored five runs in the first inning of the opener, after Phil Garner threw a routine double-play ball six feet to Foli's left and into left field; later, Garner said that handling the wet ball was like trying to throw a bar of soap. Kison could not grip the ball in the cold, and gave up two walks, a wild pitch, and a two-run homer, to Doug DeCinces. The Pirates almost climbed back, but Mike Flanagan held on and won it, 5–4. Throughout the game, each player on the field was accompanied by the hovering, visible vapor clouds of his own breath, and DeCinces—who made two errors at third base and was lucky not to be charged with a third—said afterward that he had tried to blow out his breath just before each of Flanagan's pitches, so that he would have a view of the play.

The second meeting produced a tangled, tense, eventful game, stuffed with accidents and eventualities, which the Pirates won by 3–2 in the wet, with the field at the end resembling a winter salient at Verdun. Jim Palmer, the Orioles' grand master, surrendered two early runs, but then wisely shelved his fastball for the rest of the evening and did much better. The Birds caught up on two blows by their young switch-hitting slugger, Eddie Murray—a monster homer off Bert Blyleven, almost over the right-field bleachers, and then a whistling double to left, which scored Ken Singleton all the way from first. This World Series produced an amazing dossier of discussable baseball tactics and problems, and the remaining topics of the evening can be presented in a spot quiz, to which I append my own tentative answers.

Q: (a) With one out in the bottom of the sixth, was Eddie Murray (a fast man) right in trying to score from third base after Lowenstein's fly to Dave Parker in medium right field? And (b) since he did go, should he not have tried to collide with or discommode catcher Ed Ott, in the hope of jarring the ball loose?

A: (a) Sure—why not? (b) Well,



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Parker's throw was a laser beam, reaching the plate when Murray was still discouragingly far up the line. But yes, Eddie should have crashed.

Q: In the eighth, with the game tied, and with Murray leading off second and DeCinces off first, why didn't Earl Weaver instruct Lowenstein to bunt the runners along?

A: I still don't know. Weaver said after the game that the bunt is not his style, which is plain enough but nonresponsive. As it was, Earl was cruelly punished for his flouting of classic strategy. Pirate shortstop Tim Foli was so convinced that the bunt *was* on that he broke with the pitch to cover third base as third baseman Bill Madlock charged the plate, and thus found himself perfectly positioned to field the grounder that Lowenstein bounced to the left side. Foli tried to tag Murray on the base path and missed, but threw to second for the force, and Murray was then doubled up in a rundown. (For a glimmering moment, Foli believed he even had a triple play in front of him.)

Q: Two out, top of the ninth, still a tie game. Ed Ott (a slow runner) is on second when Manny Sanguillen, pinch-hitting, singles to right against Don Stanhouse. Was Eddie Murray right in cutting off Singleton's gentle but perhaps adequate peg home, in order to wheel and fire a faster throw to the same spot—too late, it turned out, to cut down Ott, who slid in with the winning run?

A: No.

Back home at Three Rivers Stadium and comforted by the roars of fifty thousand encircling supporters, the Pirates moved away confidently to an early lead in each of the next two games, and lost them both. They whacked the Baltimore starter, Scott McGregor, for three runs in the first two innings of Game Three, and might have dispatched him altogether if they had not damaged their own cause with some overeager baserunning. The Orioles were mysteriously succored by a third-inning cloudburst that held things up for more than an hour, because McGregor was an indomitable pitcher after the intermission, while John Candelaria, the Pittsburgh flinger, was suddenly no pitcher at all, being abruptly dispatched when the Orioles blew the game open with five runs. The key blows in their 8–4 victory were a two-run homer by Benny Ayala and a bases-clearing triple by Kiko Garcia, who wound up with four hits for the evening. These yeomen were in the lineup—Ayala in left field and Garcia at short—because both are right-handed batters, and Earl Weaver wanted an all-righty lineup swinging against Candelaria, who is a southpaw. This is a routine baseball strategy, not quite Einsteinian in its difficulty, but the tactic says a good deal about the Baltimore machine, which is made up of an unusual number of movable parts. Garcia is an uncertain fielder, to put it charitably, but he hits better than Mark Belanger, his alternate at short, who is impeccable afield but no use at all at the plate. The Orioles, it should be added, were strained for hitting all through these games, because of the different rules that govern the World Series in alternate years; this year, there was no designated hitter, which meant that the Orioles, deprived of their d.h., who is Lee May, had to make continual gingerly alterations at the plate or in the field as they tried to take up the slack. During the season, Weaver often boasted cheerfully about his club's "deep depth," but the Pirates, it turned out, were deeper.

Earl Weaver made all the right moves the next afternoon, waiting imperturbably (well, *almost* imperturbably) while the Pirates banged out fourteen hits in six innings and ran up a 6–3 lead. What he was waiting for was Kent Tekulve, the skinny, spidery, sidearming Pittsburgh relief pitcher, who now, in the eighth, came into the game during a Baltimore rally that had suddenly loaded the bases. Tekulve, a right-hander who led the élite Pittsburgh bullpen crew this summer with thirty-one saves, had been untouchable in two previous Series outings, and he had particularly embarrassed the right-handed Baltimore batters, who sometimes appeared to be wielding boathooks as they reached feebly for his dipping serves. Weaver, now beginning to play his hand, sent up the left-handed John Lowenstein to pinch-hit, and Lowenstein pulled a startling double into the right-field corner, scoring two runs. Another left-handed pinch-hitter, Billy Smith, was walked intentionally, thus reloading the bases and preparing the table for Earl Weaver's hole card, Terry Crowley, *another* left-handed pinch-hitter, who also smashed a two-run double to right, putting the Orioles ahead for keeps in the game, which they won by 9–6.

"This was the first time we've been able to keep the gun loaded right to the end," Earl said after the game. He looked like a cat with a mouthful of feathers, and who could blame

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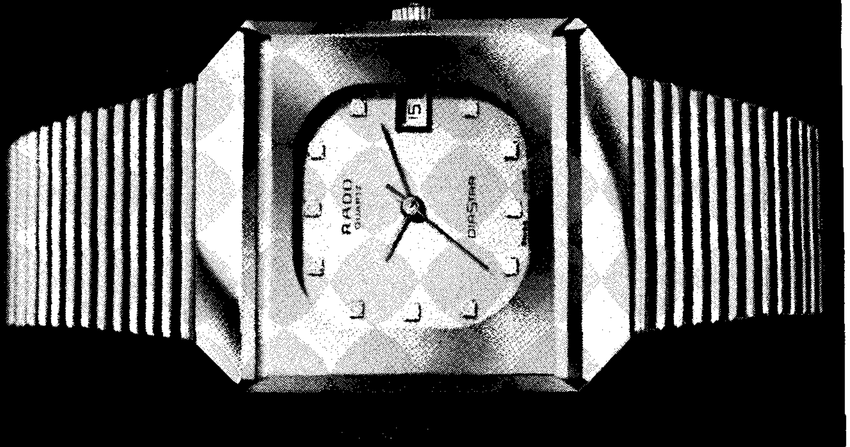

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him? The strategic maneuvers available to a manager are, in fact, extremely limited, and only rarely do they produce such swift and visible rewards. They are also unprovable. Tekulve, who discussed his disaster with perfect aplomb, said that, for his part, he hadn't pitched especially well, because he was releasing the ball a fraction too late, causing it to rise too much into the strike zone. Maybe he was right, at that; just after Crowley's double, Tekulve yielded a run-scoring single to Tim Stoddard, the Baltimore pitcher, who was making his very first appearance at the plate in the major leagues.

Down three games to one, the Pirates now seemed to be plucking at the coverlet. Only three teams had ever come back to win a World Series after finding themselves in such a predicament. The Pirates were whacking the ball, to be sure—the club was batting .329—but they were also playing at something less than their best, having committed eight official errors and a number of other omissions and malfeasances on the field and on the base paths. (The Orioles' six-run eighth inning had begun when Dave Parker lost track of a short fly ball by Kiko Garcia, which dropped in for a single.) Worst of all, they now faced the utter necessity of defeating Mike Flanagan, Jim Palmer, and Scott McGregor in three successive games, at a time when their own pitching was suddenly worn thin. The burden of all this kept the Pirate fans in a frenzy of apprehension during the early part of the next game—a late-Sunday-afternoon affair, and the last baseball of the year at Three Rivers Stadium no matter who won it. They shuddered and "ooh"ed at every pitch to a Baltimore batter, and then yowled and clapped and twitched their front-row bedsheet banners ("The Birds Will Die," "Foli's Fiends," "Wilver," and a heroic likeness of a rearing cobra, with Dave Parker's number, 39, under it) imploringly as each Pirate batter stepped up and dug in and stared out at the enemy pitcher under the billows of noise. Somehow, it all worked, and these vespers brought surcease and joy at the end. Chuck Tanner solved his pitching problem by giving the ball to Jim Rooker, a thirty-seven-year-old left-hander who had been twice disabled by arm miseries during the season. Holding nothing in reserve, Rooker threw fast and then faster, dismissing twelve of the first thirteen Orioles batters he faced, and departed in the middle of the fifth, after he had surrendered a lone run. He was succeeded by Bert Blyleven, in one of the extremely

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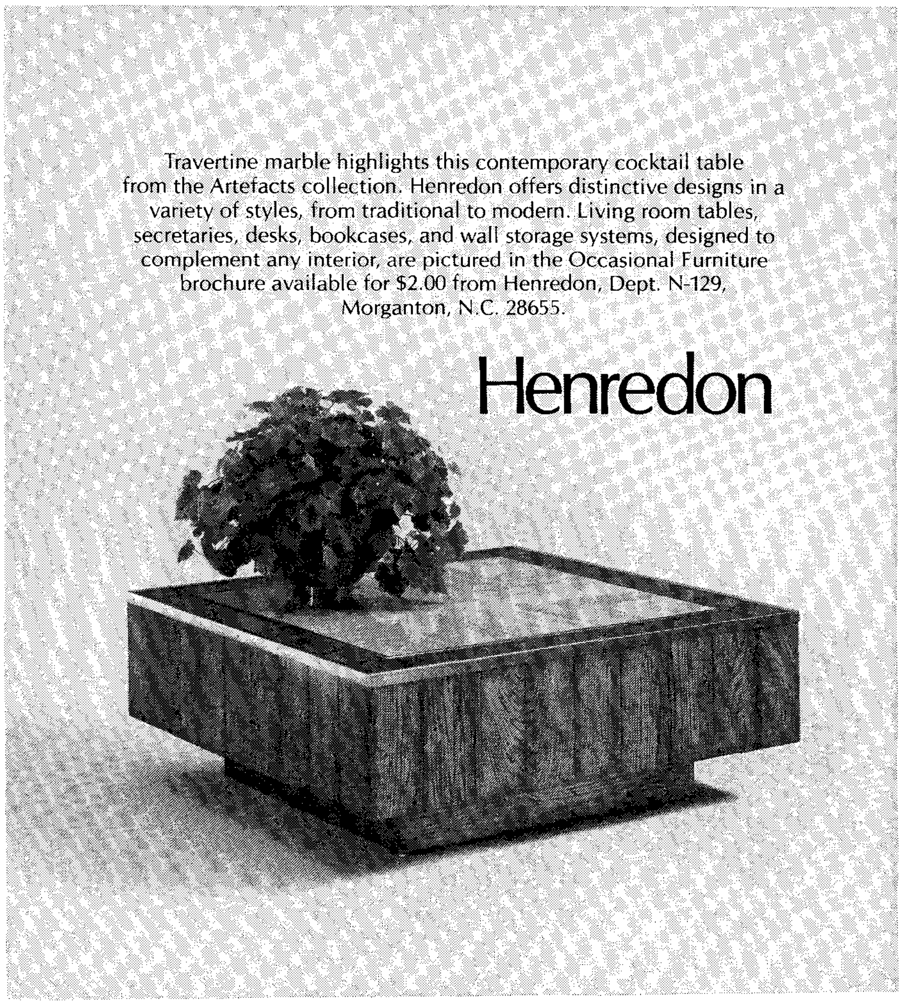

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rare relief appearances of his career, who blew away the Birds, giving up a bare three hits the rest of the way. The final score was 7–1, Pirates, but even comfortable wins can have their hard moments and critical turns. I think the door to this game swung open in the bottom of the sixth, with two out and the score tied at 1–1, when Bill Madlock fought off several excellent Flanagan pitches with his calm, compact stroke and at last rapped a good inside fastball up the middle, to score Dave Parker from third. Madlock had four hits for the day, and afterward Earl Weaver said, "We haven't exactly learned how to pitch to him yet—or to some of the others, either. What've they got now, sixty-five hits?"

It was sixty-one hits, in fact. Sixty-one hits in five games.

Pictures in the Fire

As we know, the Pirates won the last two games as well, by scores of 4–0 and 4–1, and their sustained aplomb and courage in winning the championship against such unlikely odds made the World Series the most stirring event of this eventful baseball year, which is as it should be. At the same time, it must be said that the sixth and seventh games, like the fifth, were unsatisfying entertainments. In all these games, the Orioles gave up the eventual winning run in the sixth or seventh inning, and the Pirates then went on and increased their lead in the late going. It should take nothing away from the Pirates' triumphant, unrelenting style of play to recall that the Orioles died at the plate in these three games, scoring two runs in the twenty-seven innings and never really mounting anything that could be called a threat along the way. Their cleanup hitter, Eddie Murray, went hitless in his last twenty-one times at bat. Baltimore was no better afield, making five errors in the three games and, more significantly, repeatedly failing to come up with the big play. True baseball fans are insatiably, and properly, critical in their demands, and most of them, I think (I exempt the Pittsburgh fans, of course), will look back on this Series with a sense of disappointment because of these unexpected Orioles failures. This was a flat spell but certainly not a collapse. The Orioles are a young and wonderfully talented team—Eddie Murray is twenty-three years old and has already hit seventy-nine major-league home runs—and I think we will be watching them again in October in the years just ahead.

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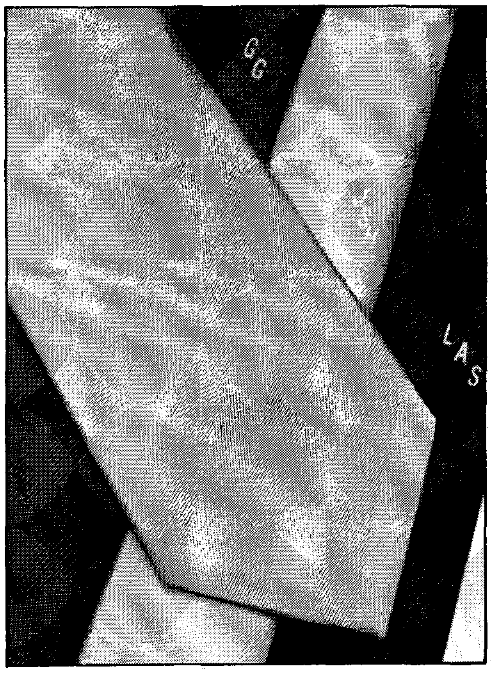

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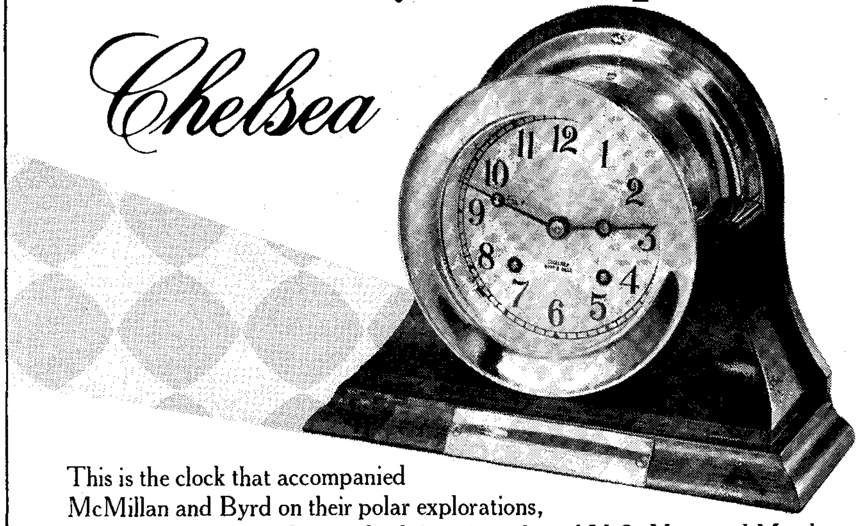

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after the game or the season is over is its marvellous moments—the sudden situation that offers a flashing succession of difficulties and chances and possibilities, all in the space of a second or two, and is then abruptly and sometimes shockingly resolved. That and the players' own moments—the images of the best of them that we carry with us into the coming winter. All of us, of course, will keep hold of our picture of Willie Stargell's home run against Scott McGregor, which won the last game. The Orioles were leading, 1–0, in the sixth, and McGregor had been pitching so well, spotting the ball and throwing a lot of sinkers, that a lot of the now terribly doubtful Baltimore fans must have begun to allow themselves to think that the one run just might be enough. (Tekulve, still waiting in the bullpen, meant that there probably wouldn't be more than one run.) Bill Robinson's sixth-inning single was only the fourth Pirate hit of the evening. He led off first base as McGregor delivered the next pitch to Stargell—a low curve (a little *too* low, McGregor said later, for Stargell is a murderous low-ball hitter)—and Wilver hit it to deep right field, a high-sailing fly ball that descended just beyond the fence and just above Ken Singleton's leap and stretch and momentarily arrested empty reach. I have seen Willie Stargell hit so many home runs over the years (so many of them this fall, in fact) that I can run off the reel of this one again and again in my head, like a home movie: the preparatory forward double whirl of the bat, with his big shoulders tilting and leaning forward, and with the weight of his body low and evenly placed on his feet but still somehow leaning, too—everything leaning—and then all of it abruptly rotating back in the opposite direction like an immense wheel, as weight and shoulders and arms and bat unwind together on the swing, and the circling, upswooping bat almost negligently intercepts the ball and disposes of it, and the body, finishing up, opens and rises, with the arms flying apart and the broad chest turning and facing out toward the field (as if it were watching the ball, too, along with the rest of us) while the bat, held only in the right hand now, softly finishes the circle and comes to a stop in the air behind the batter.

Willie won it all—the game and the Series, and the Most Valuable Player award for the Series, and a capful of Series slugging records, and, best of all, something like a permanent place in our national sporting regard—and there is a special pleasure in all that, a thump of the heart, because of his way of doing things, because of the kind of man he is. Stargell's triumphs this fall were a perfect recompense for 1971, when the Pirates also beat the Orioles in a seven-game Series but one in which he played a very small part. Although he had led his league that year in home runs and had batted in one hundred and twenty-five runs, he went hitless in the playoffs and then batted only .208 in the Series, driving in one run. His sufferings at the plate were almost too painful to watch, but, as I wrote later, he endured this stretch of pop-ups and strikeouts and weakly topped grounders with unruffled calm—no bat-tossing, no puzzled head-shaking, not a word of explanation or complaint to the press. Near the end of the Series, I approached him in the clubhouse and asked how an intense, proud competitor like him could endure these disappointments and humiliations with such composure. Stargell's son, Wilver, Jr., who was then about four years old, was playing at his father's feet in the dressing cubicle, and Willie nodded toward the boy and said, "There's a time in life when a man has to decide if he's going to *be* a man."

Perversely, however, I continue to prefer the complexities of baseball to its heroic resolutions and simplifications. For me, the best moments of this Series came in the penultimate sixth game. I will not quickly forget Jim Palmer and John Candelaria battling through the first six scoreless innings: the Candy Man again and again firing outside fastball strikes to the Oriole right-handed batters and then running his nearly sidearm slider in under their fists; and Palmer, the tall and handsome hero, in his long white uniform, standing loosely and calmly in the center of things—staring *down* at the game, one always feels—with his glove hand and pitching hand held together high on his chest, almost under his chin, and then his stiff-legged stride and downhill stagger as the ball, delivered almost over the top, descended in a sudden line and flashed dangerously through the top story of the strike zone for another swinging strike.

The Situation began when Omar Moreno singled to right field in the top of the seventh inning (there was still no score in the game), just out of Eddie Murray's reach. Moreno was then dispatched toward second on a hit-and-run play, and Foli hit a soft, high chop over the pitcher's mound that Jim Palmer leaped for and could not quite pull in; the ball, flicking off

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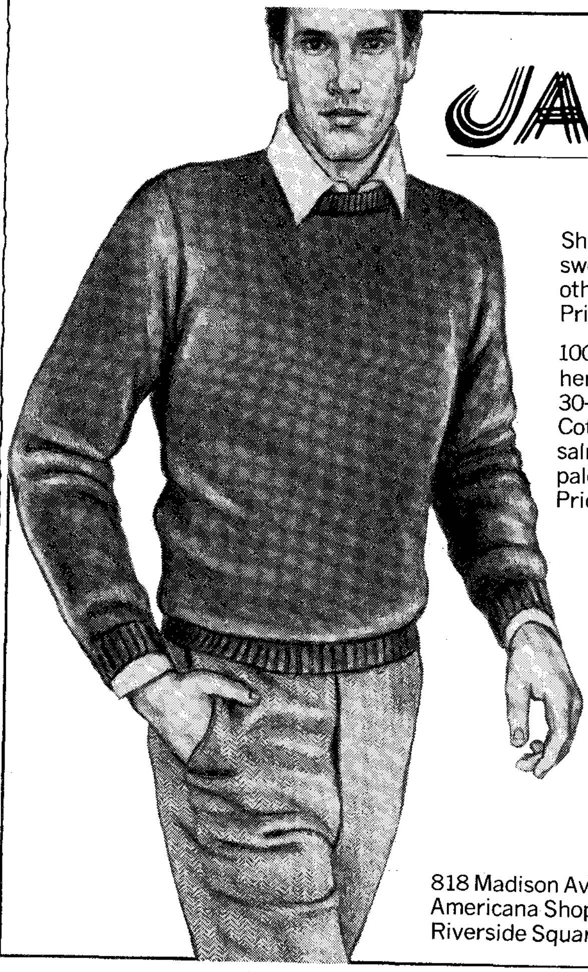

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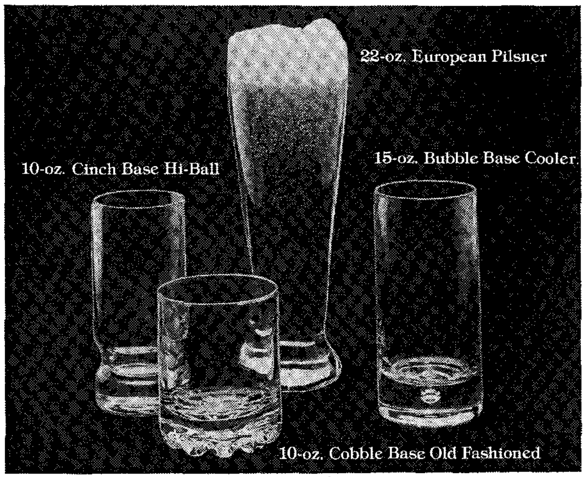
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the tip of his glove, was slightly slowed in its progress, and bounced toward second. Kiko Garcia, who had moved to cover the base when Moreno was released, was in front of the bag, and he simultaneously attempted to field the chance and step on second for the force. He mishandled the ball, which trickled past him for a hit. A more experienced shortstop—a Mark Belanger, say—probably would have made the tiny, instant mental adjustment after Palmer's deflection that would have told him to forget about Moreno and make sure of the out at first. If Palmer had fielded the ball, or if he had not touched it at all, the Orioles would have had a double play.

With first base occupied, Palmer was forced to pitch to Dave Parker, and Parker, unwinding menacingly from his unique, almost cross-footed stance (he is six feet five inches tall, with columnlike legs, and he holds his long bat at the highest possible level behind his left shoulder, like a sledgehammer in midair), smashed the first pitch toward second baseman Rich Dauer, who in one instant seemed to have the play before him, and in the next fell on his knees as the ball ricocheted oddly off the infield dirt and over his right shoulder into center field. It happened very quickly, and you could see Dave Parker still only a step or two toward first base at the moment that Dauer, on all fours in the dirt, dropped his head in despair as he understood that the ball was not in his glove, that Moreno was sprinting for the plate, and that the game was forever altered. Parker, it was agreed later, had crushed the pitch, hitting the ball exactly in its middle with the middle of his bat, so that it flew toward Dauer without any spin—a knuckleball, in short, which took a sudden and characteristic knuckleball veer at the last instant and skipped free. Tim Foli, running toward second, was the nearest witness, and he said later, "I could see the seams on the ball, so I knew what had happened. It was so strange to see a ball hit that way, and hit so hard, that I yelled 'Look out!' as it went by me. Dauer never had a chance."

—Roger Angell

•

Burdick, at this time, is more cerebral than visceral in his musical viewpoints. This is reflected in a conducting style which is chaste and constrained, even to the point of his not moving his feet except to turn pages.—*Houston Chronicle.*

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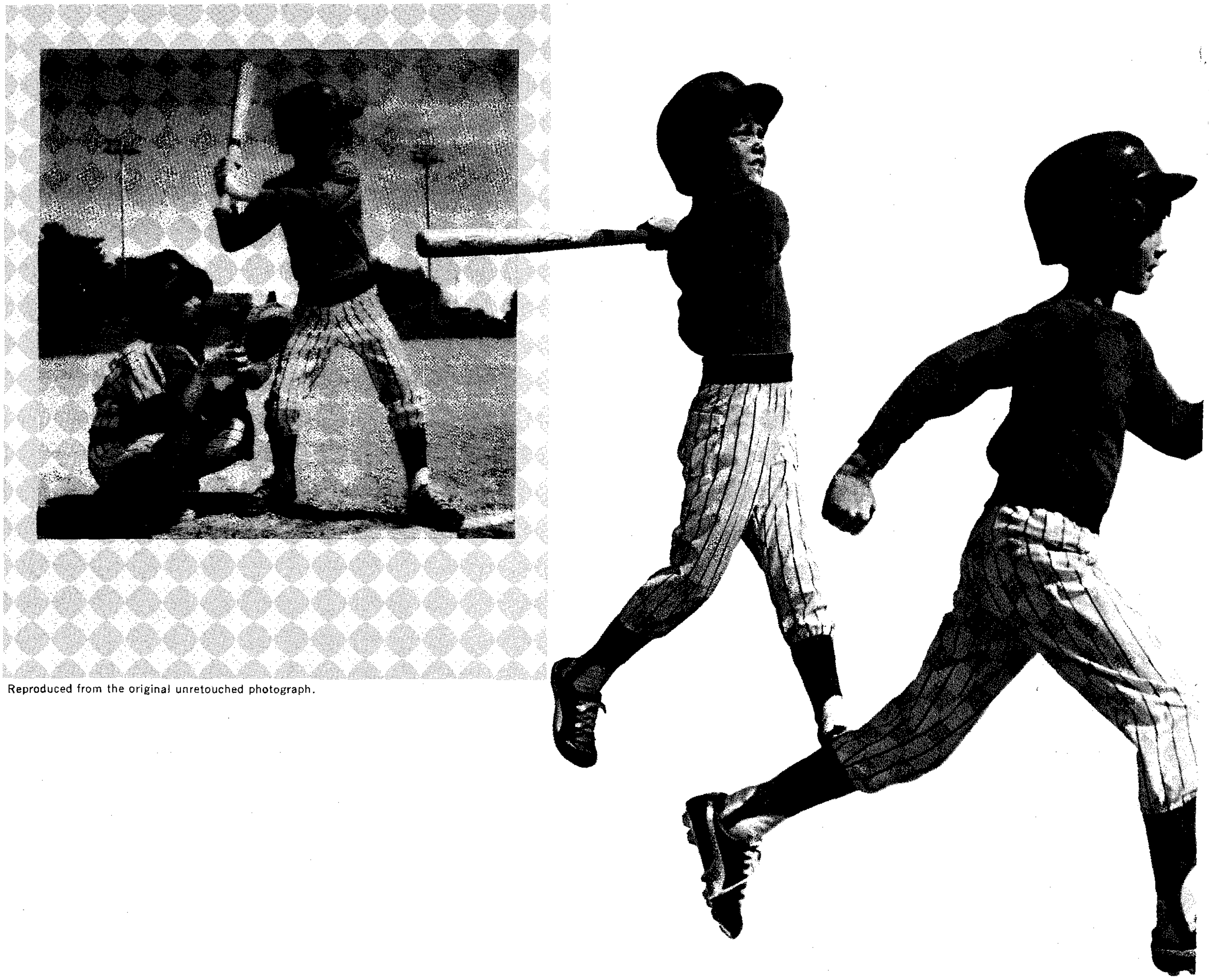

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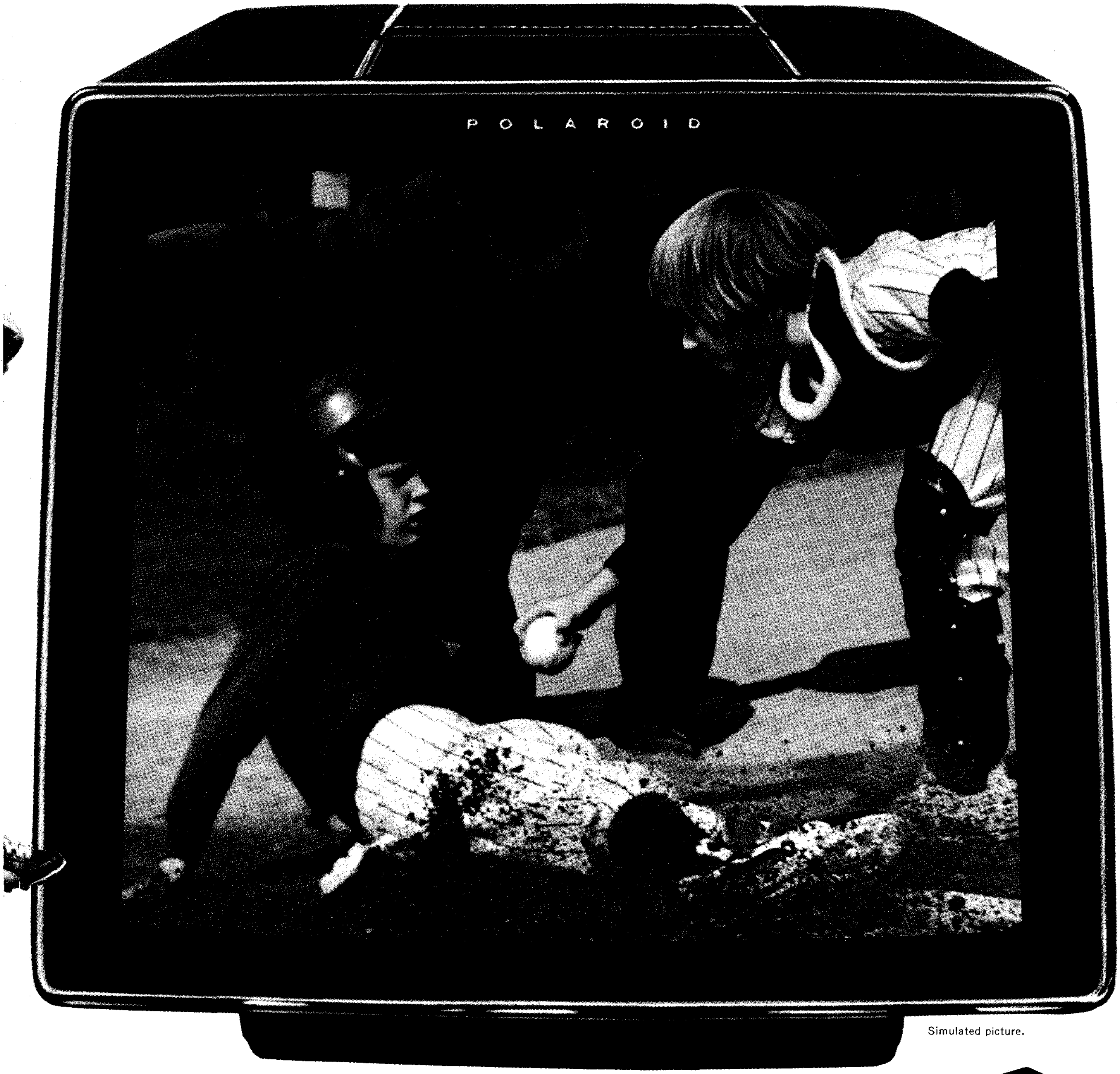

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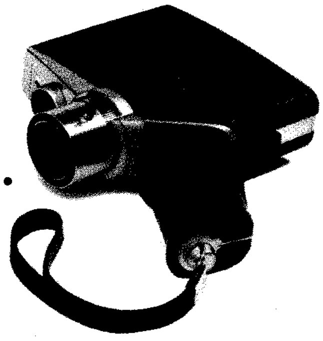

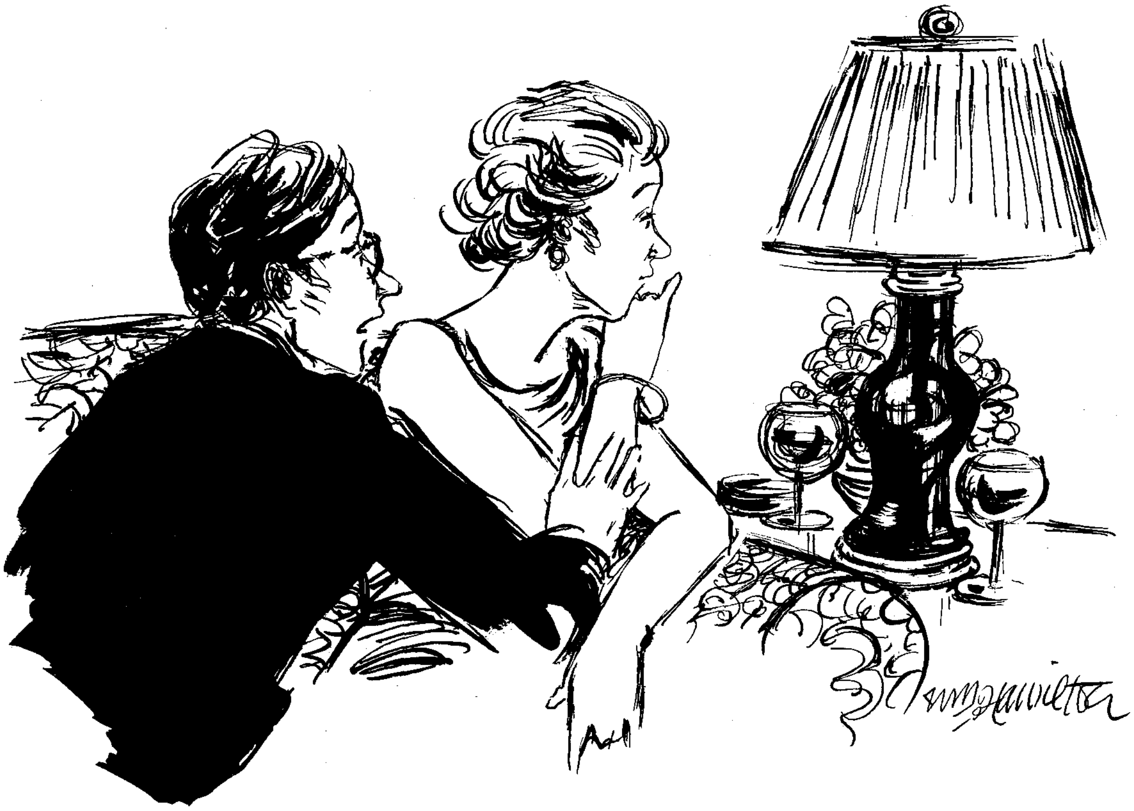

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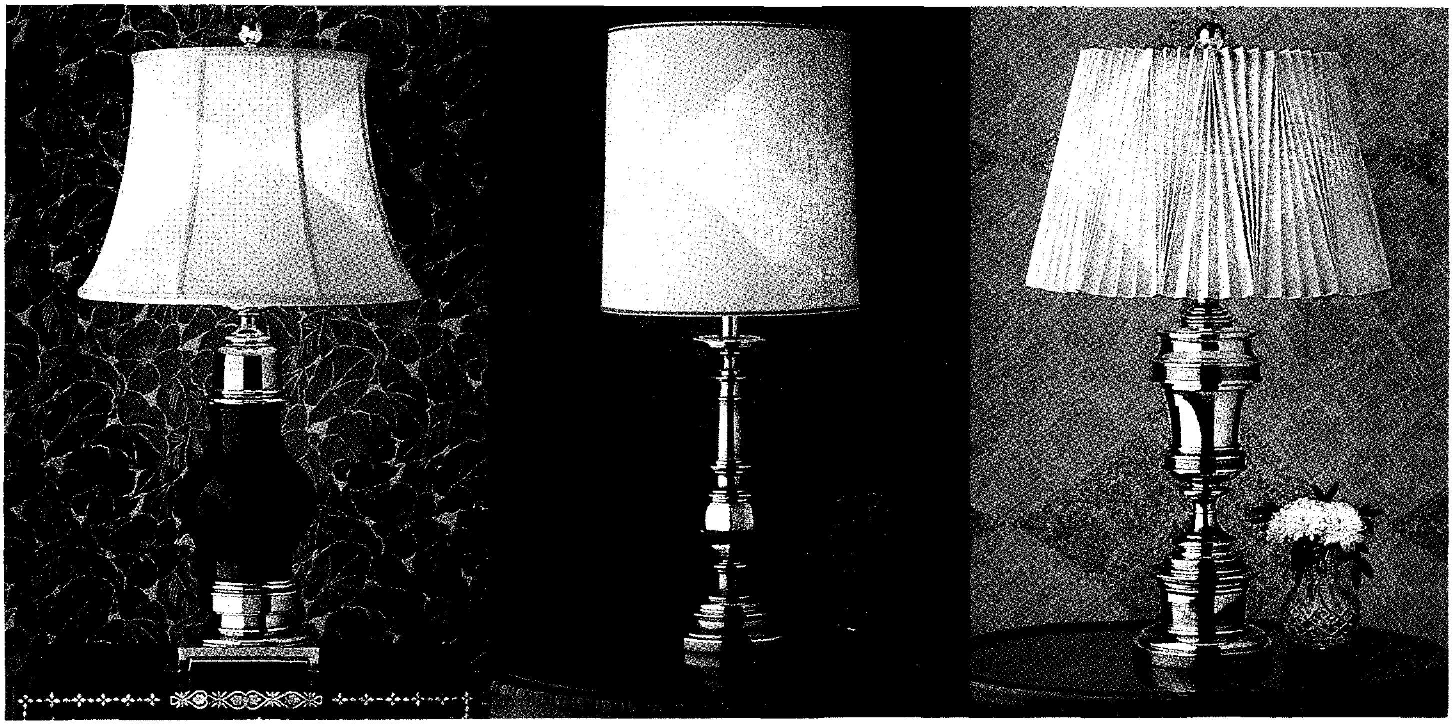

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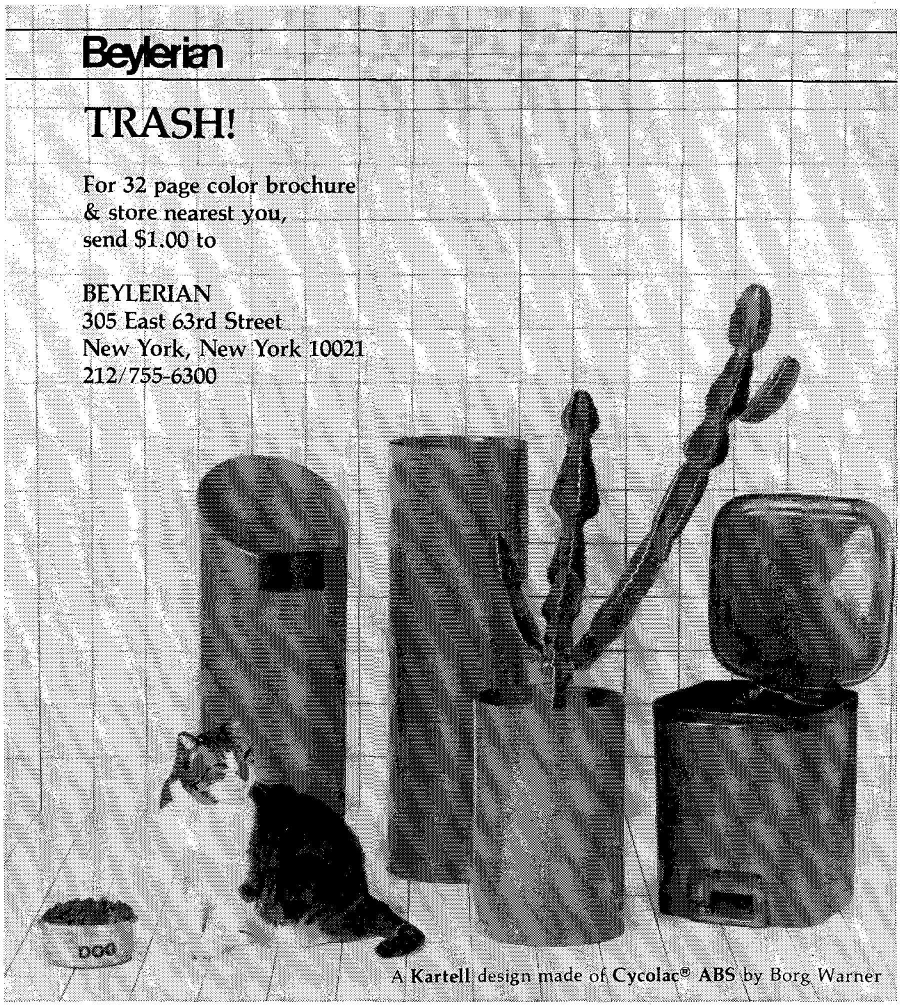
DENNIS McINTYRE's "Modigliani," at the Astor Place, is set in Paris, and the time is 1916. The painter who gives his name to the play, and who, as we know, will one day be world famous, is in his thirties, and things are not going well with him. His paintings find no buyers, and his only consolations—making love to a girlfriend and drinking with a couple of fellow-artists—are unreliable. He contemplates returning to Italy; he contemplates death. In or out of his cups and in or out of bed, he is pursued by demons. Despairing, he slashes away at his canvases or tears them up; when his girlfriend, Beatrice Hastings, fails to take kindly to his suggestion that they have a child together, he rapes her. Deeper and bleaker despair. From the beginning of the play almost to the very end, the playwright grants us scarcely any interruption of the prevailing gloom; if Modigliani is miserable, so is Beatrice and so are his cronies, whose names, not in the least to our surprise, turn out to be Soutine and Utrillo. Just before the final curtain, Modigliani undergoes a change of mood, if not of nature. Improbably, he pulls himself together and, staring at his reflection in the broken glass of an old mirror, sets about sketching a self-portrait; we perceive that scores of ravishing Modiglianis are about to rush pell-mell onto canvas. What has caused this sudden reversal, so ill prepared for in the text? Is it possible that in the course of getting the play ready for opening night Mr. McIntyre was persuaded that a downbeat ending would prove intolerable to his audiences? I have done my best to expunge this no doubt unworthy suspicion from my mind, but I confess that it lingers; I am only sorry that the reversal, welcome as it is, doesn't suffice to transform a tiresome play into a thrilling one. The sorry fact of the matter is that we are offered no reason to be interested in this particular artist except for his being *the* Modigliani; in the same fashion, Beatrice, Soutine, and Utrillo, though there is much to fascinate us in the lives they actually led, are here but puppets bearing celebrated names and dropping other celebrated names—Picasso, Suzanne Valadon, and the like.

Jeffrey De Munn plays the title role with great skill; he makes his miserable *vie de bohème* seem worth sympathizing with, despite his having few lines to speak that rise above the level of an impassioned babble. Artists are *not* retarded adults; their frustrations differ from those of a baby rattling the rails of his crib, and they deserve a fitting utterance. Mary-Joan Negro, Ethan Phillips, and George Gerdes play, respectively, Beatrice, Utrillo, and Soutine, and Richard Seff makes much of a small role as a wealthy prospective client who is coolly unimpressed by Modigliani's talent. The handsome Montparnasse setting is by Paul Eads, the costumes are by Ruth Morley, the lighting is by Joanna Schielke, and the direction is by Allen R. Belknap, who I wish had refrained from having his artists drink wine straight from the bottle. As far as I

"The following called in sick . . ."



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THROUGH YOUR DESIGNER, DEALER OR ARCHITECT

know, no one in Paris in 1916, no matter how thirsty, would fail to make use of a glass.

DOWN at the Performing Garage, Richard Schechner is up to his usual mischief, presenting a version of Genet's "The Balcony" that is almost wholly at odds with the lyrical beauty of the original. Language, plot, and characters have been knocked about, stomped on, and left for dead, presumably in the name of providing fresh insights into a classic play. The setting is New York instead of Paris, and Madame Irma, the proprietress of the brothel in which the action of the play takes place, is no longer a woman; she is a man in drag. The client whose fantasy is to dress up like a general is played by a woman instead of a man, but by subtle Schechnerian calculation she is a woman whose figure is such that she could easily be mistaken for a boy. We are being instructed that gender is of little importance, but this instruction comes from Schechner and not from Genet, who takes gender very seriously indeed. The impertinence of this audacious tomfoolery! And yet I enjoyed it, and it wasn't until I had left the Garage and was walking along the misty reaches of Wooster Street that pleasure gave way to indignation. Plainly, there is something of value in Schechner's manipulations, but the cost to the work he manipulates is recklessly high. —BRENDAN GILL

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LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

CIBA PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY
DEAR DOCTOR:

I must admit, without the slightest feeling of guilt, to an immodest passion for words.

•

OUR APOLOGY

Due to mechanical difficulties all local news stories, the comic page, the editorial page, all world and national news and religious news does not appear in today's Daily Record.—*Morristown (N.J.) Daily Record.*

Cheer up! You've got sports and weather.

•

PICTURESQUE SETTING for this tastefully decorated four bedroom 2 story home, living room and dining room w/ fireplace, florida room, den, 2 baths, 2 car unattached garage, greenhouse w/ potting house. This one you have to see—many unmentionable features.—*Adv. in the Bloomington (Ind.) Herald-Telephone.*

You may spare us the details.

FOOTBALL

The Follies of 1979

WHAT happened, a fortnight past, in the encounter up in New England between Boston University and Connecticut is no longer of vast concern, though it may be that the circumstances in which it was staged—a sort of cat-chasing-its-own-tail—will indeed have consequences. Television, a conglomerate that seems to be taking over one industry after another, has acquired what might be called working control of football, and if it has not yet got around to buying up a few squads it deems to be likely prospects, it has got around to persuading a quantity of squads to reorganize schedules to suit the convenience of the Master. Football is currently onscreen three, sometimes four, afternoons or evenings a week, and there has been a decline in the number of incorrigibles who still offer themselves up to the unruly elements of wind and sleet and frostiness of their alma maters' stadiums, however humble the teams they field. When television discovered that not every citizen in the easterly regions of the nation was interested in the doings of, say, two semi-pro university teams out West, "regional football" was invented with due celerity, and we began having Brown and Dartmouth and Lehigh and Delaware, and next, as it turned out, Boston University vs. Connecticut. Today, the sly pussycat is in nervous pursuit of that tail: it has cozened most of us into taking our football vicariously, at home, so how is it to prevent its cameras from pointing out the voids in the stands when—specifically—Boston University meets Connecticut? Well, an earnest campaign was put in hand (the Boston press got cheerfully into the act) to muster a sufficiency of customers—a support-your-local-industries endeavor. The vociferous claque that infested the upper reaches of the first Metropolitan Opera House was, of course, made up entirely of hirelings. We may have learned how to acquire a claque that pays its own way.

Camerawork of another variety—done for the benefit of coaching staffs, and not for viewers at home—has

Alan Paine

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Edward Hopper, **Banks of the White River, Vermont**, c. 1937
Charcoal; 15 x 22 inches; signed lower right

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solved an interesting and much debated puzzle: the turning point of the match in which Cornell all but topped off Yale some days past. Two touchdowns, the second because of an inconceivable event, a fumble by Hill of Yale, had done the trick. Now Yale, with but two and a half minutes to go, is at fourth down and ten, sixty-seven yards from the Cornell goal. Rogan, at quarter, flips a high ball out into the flat toward Stratton, but Dale, linebacking for Cornell, knocks the pass far enough off course so that Stratton, though he gets a hand on the ball, cannot hold it, and the match is lost. Except that Hill, floating off base (he said afterward that he was not in his assigned position), sees the ball coming at him, and gets to the Cornell thirty-six with it before he is caught. The rest was easy. A film clip of this event—one more of those occasions on which luck singes the beard of stuffy old probability—goes into the private collection of this observer.

AN addendum to the roster of improbabilities is the fact that the Lawrenceville School managed to complete its season this fall without accomplishing a single triumph. When Yale was a third of the Big Three, it drew constantly and deeply upon the graduates of Lawrenceville, just as Princeton, another third of the Big Three, drew constantly and deeply upon the graduates of Mercersburg Academy, an institution that ceased to be a source of supply to anyone years ago. Even some reasonably famous preparatory schools that for a time tried a bit of recruiting football material no longer serve as eternal springs for the universities. The stuff of which college football teams are constructed today comes mostly straight from the high schools, even to the Ivy League—young men who are street-wise in a way that prep-school young men cannot be, and often just as academically wise. The new concept of equal opportunity wears well. What does not wear well is the knowledge that certain coaches, having enticed young football players to accept an engagingly entitled "athletic scholarship," assume the right to withdraw—at the drop of a whim or of a fumbled football—that scholarship and so summarily end a performer's college career. —J. W. L.

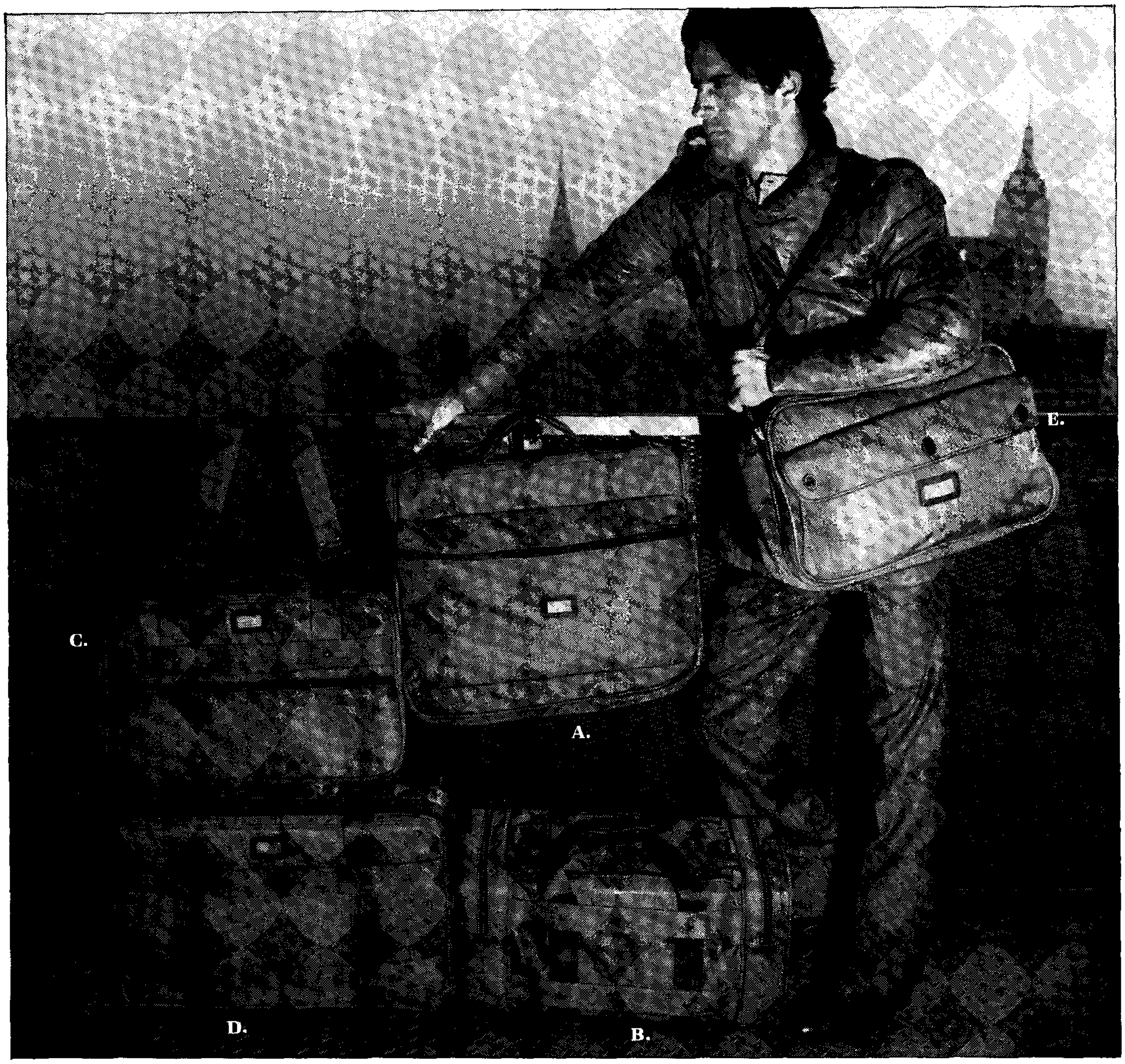
•

Volunteers in the first aid clinic included three registered nurses and a registered embalmer from West Virginia. —*North Myrtle Beach (S.C.) Times.*

Keeps the nurses on their toes.

CHRISTMAS: AT THE DAWN OF A DECADE

IF YOU EVER WANTED LUGGAGE LIKE FORT KNOX—THIS IS IT



Valorosa luggage by Andiamo can emerge unscathed against any and all odds. It's designed to twice exceed performance demands of U.S. Military fieldbags. Talk about strong—each shell is sturdy stain-resistant woven Cordura® nylon of the same type that Dupont supplies for transatlantic cable linings. The strapping support is military-minded nylon web, shock-rated to 5,000 pounds. The hardware is steel. Inside an oil and stain resistant twill. Thank you, Andiamo, for taking the peril out of packing. All pieces in olive drab.

A. 4-Suit Garment Bag	180.00
B. Medium duffle	140.00
C. 21" Pullman	155.00
D. 25" Pullman	170.00
E. Shoulder Tote	90.00

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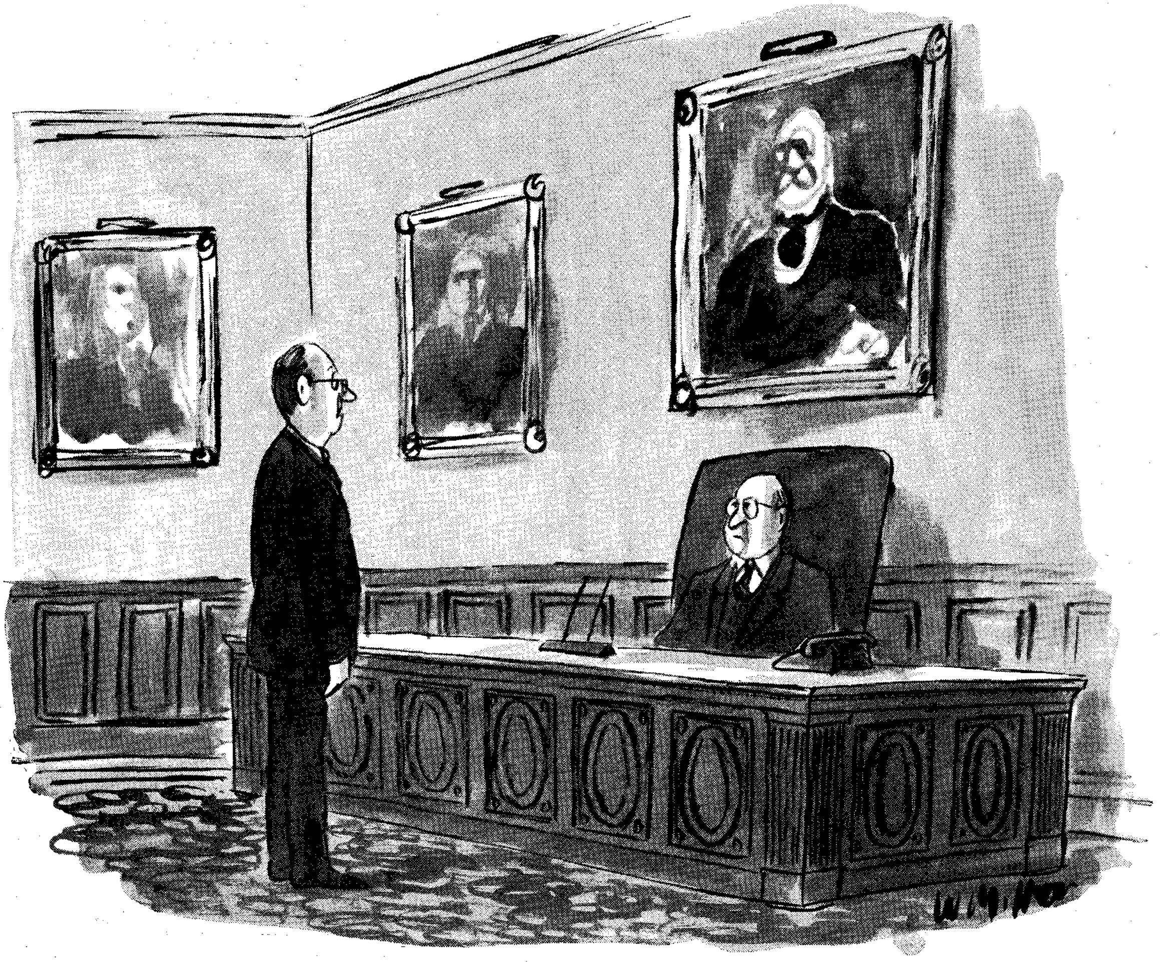
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

GIFTS FOR THE HOUSE

WHAT every house could most readily use at this time of year is a five-pound box of folding money with which to re-cover the furniture, or a year's subscription to an uncreepy window-washer, or a pay telephone for the exclusive use of the children and their friends, who could then do their homework and arrange their labyrinthine social contracts without paralyzing the life of the rest of the household. In the absence of these amenities, there *are* some less desirable gifts that might make life around the house pleasanter. Ideally, a Christmas present is pleasing to the eye and useful, and has an element of surprise, but is also so quickly absorbed into the house that it seems always to have belonged there. (Not many of *those* around.) Presents requiring work on the part of the receiver should be carefully considered before being purchased: all the makings for a Log Cabin quilt would be a surefire back-of-the-closet-shelf item for most people. As a rule, a useless, good-looking present (say, a glass paperweight with Queen Anne's lace in it) is more welcome than an ugly, useful one (say, a folding coatrack; $30 at Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57th Street).

TWO expensive creative playthings for adults might as well be dealt with first: the convection oven and the espresso machine. You don't need either of them, but there are three conditions under which a convection oven would be a great convenience, rather than yet another gadget: you have a restaurant stove and are reluctant to fire up the mighty oven for two baked potatoes; your kitchen is hot in summer; you have rented a house with a small, hot kitchen and a lousy stove, which always means a leaky, unreliable oven. If the problem is simply a dreadful stove, better to get a new one than make do with a convection oven. The three leading convection ovens, in order of expense, are the Cuisinart, the Maxim, and the Farberware. They operate on the windchill factor, but substitute hot air for cold. *Consumer Reports* and a certain amount of on-the-job experimentation show that some of the claims made for them don't quite hold up. None of them cook everything perfectly (birds come out excellent, cakes not good); none of them cook as large a turkey as the puffs would have us believe; they don't cook *everything* in less time than an ordinary oven; and they're not particularly easy to keep clean. Since the convection oven is usually a second oven, its size seems to us irrelevant, and although it does save time and energy, it doesn't save enough to make a tremendous difference in your fuel bill. In any case, the Farberware costs $140 at Zabar's, 2245 Broadway (80th), and is available at many other stores. The Maxim is $150 at Zabar's. And the Cuisinart is $200 at 1st Stop Housewares, 1025 Second Avenue (54th). It is the smallest, and the most awkward to use, but it's the only one that doesn't look like a television set. It's a glass cube, and to be able to watch the soufflé rise or the chicken brown as you slog around the kitchen is enormously satisfying—rather like theatre-in-the-round. Its cooking performance is slightly better than that of the competition, and, in general, it gives more pleasure to the cook—for whom this present is, after all, intended.

An espresso-maker is only for those who care enough about espresso and cappuccino coffee to be willing to man the machine. You cannot just push a button and go away. (A resident thirteen-year-old boy is a great help. He will enjoy operating the machine, and in no time at all will learn how to make sounds like one.) The best is the Microcimbali, a

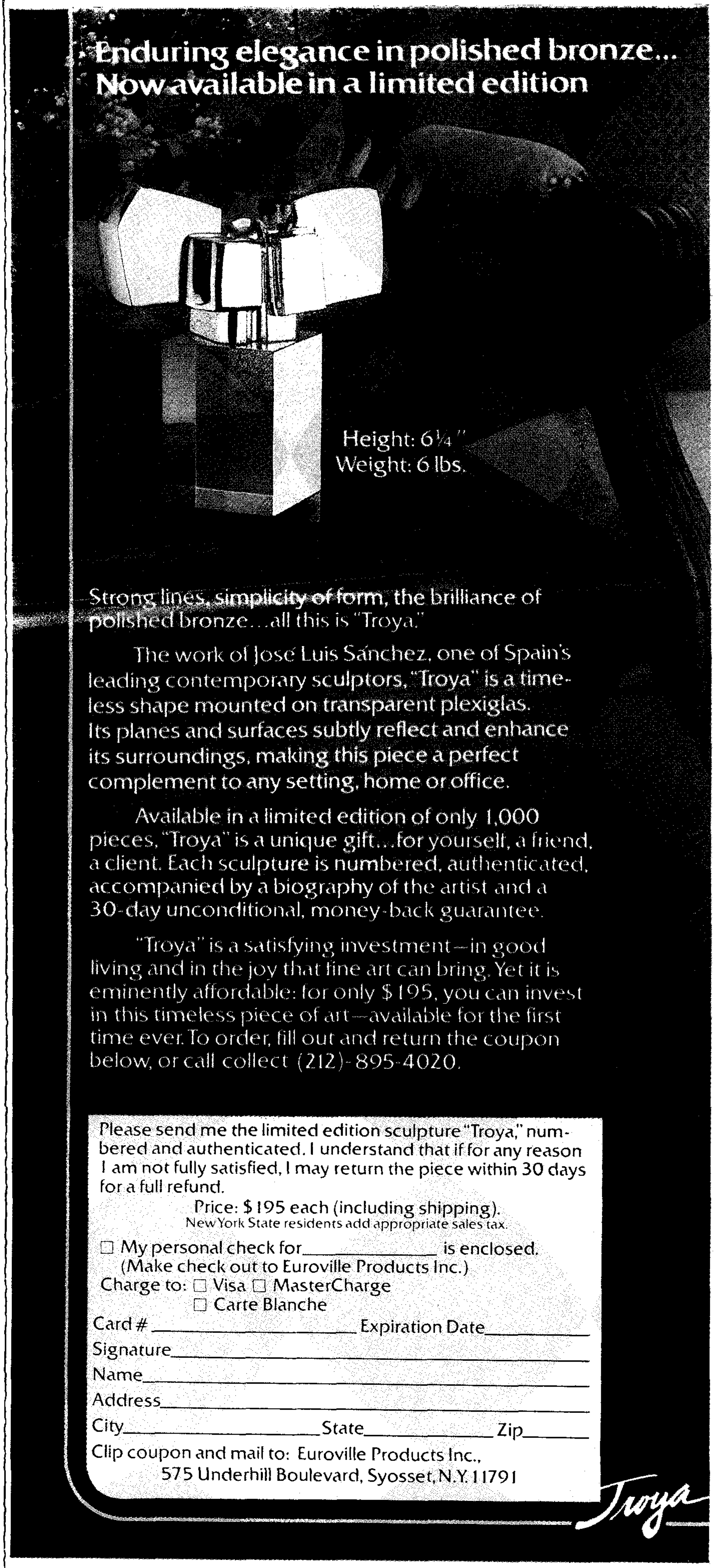


"I don't know if you'll be pleased or not to hear this, J.L., but it seems there's some sort of cult forming around you in the Accounting Department."

heavy-duty electric machine, available at Cimbali, 2250 First Avenue (116th). It makes excellent espresso and cappuccino, in a brewing time of three minutes. It makes one or two cups at a time, has a twelve-cup capacity, a cappuccino steamer, and a tap for emptying the reservoir. It is also easy to clean and decent-looking. (The color—dusty orange—could be improved upon, but it is not offensive.) The directions are clear and, because of the somewhat rudimentary translation, inadvertently suggestive. This machine works perfectly. At $275, it is a far better buy than comparable machines. Cimbali is a single-minded enterprise; it deals only in Cimbali machines (you can buy a three-eagle brass model for $4,500), coffee, and repairs.

THERE are entirely too many pots and pans in the stores these days—they seem to multiply each year—and after a great deal of investigation we have decided that if we had to reëquip a kitchen we would invest in Leysón heavy-gauge aluminum. The color is slate gray, the handles are tinned, malleable iron, and the lids are polished aluminum. These pans are similar to heavy-duty commercial cooking ware, but they are neither as expensive nor as heavy. Heaviness is desirable for frying or sautéing, but there is a point beyond which it serves no purpose, and the Leysón pans are heavy enough. (For cooking liquids, of course, weight can be a disadvantage. Try to lift even an empty four-gallon copper stockpot.) These pans do not have to be handled with care, they do not discolor food or affect its flavor, and they are good-looking. A seven-and-a-half-inch fry pan costs $13, a three-and-three-quarter-quart saucepan is $26.20, and a lid for the saucepan is $5, at Bridge Kitchenwares, 212 East 52nd Street. This line is also available at Manhattan Ad Hoc, 842 Lexington Avenue (64th), the Pottery Barn, Zabar's, and other stores.

Some proper teakettles have appeared on the market at last. A proper teakettle is one that most nearly resembles the kind that sat on the back of a coal stove in the old days. Not surprisingly, the kettles are English—made, by Simplex, of copper or chrome-covered copper. They cost between $42 and $55 (at Dean & DeLuca, 121 Prince Street), depending on material and size, and on whether or not they boil water quickly, whistle, or tap-dance. La Cuisinière, 867 Madison Avenue (72nd), and Fay & Allen's



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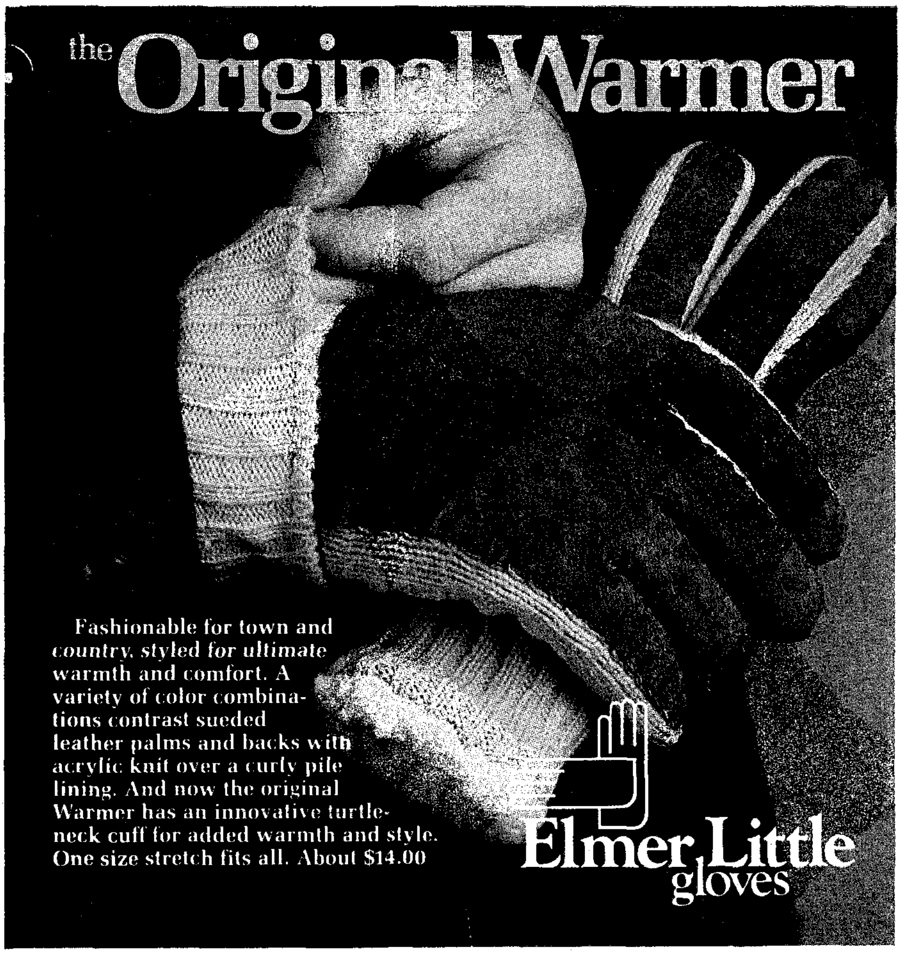
Troya



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Foodworks, 1241 Third Avenue (71st), also carry Simplex kettles. Some Portuguese kettles made of copper or aluminum are nice-looking enough and certainly cheaper—$12 to $28, depending on size, material, and store. They can be found at Fay & Allen's and at Zabar's.

There are some simple non-gadgets to be bought for the kitchen. Dean & DeLuca has a collection of spoons, forks, and spatulas made of olive wood—including a fork and spoon for serving salad—which feel and look right. They are well balanced, and not tricked up; $3.75 to $6.75. Also at Dean & DeLuca: a stainless-steel ice-cream scoop that can be operated successfully with one hand—the ice cream is released by a squeeze of the handle—is $11.50; some plain, old-fashioned glass cookie jars that do not say "COOKIES" on them are $3.25 for one six inches in diameter and seven inches high, and $8 for one nine inches in diameter and ten inches high; a meat pounder that is one unseamed curve of stainless steel, and is so beautiful that it should be displayed on your beautiful coffee table when it's not being used to flatten the veal scallopini ($44); serious cheese knives made of stainless steel, with wooden handles ($8.50 to $22). Those dehydrated sponges that look like Swedish biscuits are here, too, and all over town, for around fifty cents. They expand when watered, and if they are the only present you have in mind for a household, perhaps it would be as well to accompany them with a box of chocolates. Glass cake lids can be found for about $25 at Bloomingdale's, Bridge, and La Cuisinière, and for $16.50 at Manhattan Ad Hoc. For $1.55, at Conran's, 160 East 54th Street, you can buy ten pairs of wooden chopsticks "Distinctly Ironed in Design, Charming Appearance, Natural Colour And Innoxious, Needful to Every House." For those who are tired of mud-colored mugs, Conran's has a cheerful one with small red and white checks around the top and small bunches of red currants around the lower part, for $3.95. The mug is Christmassy, and, more important, it feels right in the hand. (Rule: Before buying anything designed to be used while held in the hand, pick it up and hold it.) For $1.34, you can buy a perfect glass jam or mustard jar, with a cutout in the lid for a spoon, at the Professional Kitchen, 18 Cooper Square. If this seems a long run for a short slide, while you're down there you can always get a few things for your kitchen (or restaurant) at one of the many restaurant-supply stores along the Bowery.

Dean & DeLuca has the only terrific oven-to-table dishes we've seen, called Porcelaine de Paris. (It's very hard to get out of this store, but who wants to? It looks good, it smells good, the merchandise is exceptionally well chosen, the help is helpful as well as agreeable, and the prices are lower than they are in most other places.) The oven dishes are white, with artistically spaced blue sprigs; a ten-inch oval baking dish is $35, a fourteen-inch one is $60—expensive but good enough for any occasion. D. & D. also has some French country earthenware bowls, in a sort of uneven oyster white, that are glazed on the inside and edge, unglazed on the outside. A bowl five and a half inches in diameter is $3.50, a thirteen-inch one, $15. Wonderful-looking. Bridge has a nest of ten glass (Duralex) bowls, the largest ten inches across, the smallest two. The nest costs $20, but the bowls can be bought individually. The ten-inch bowl is a good size for salad, fruit, or pudding, and the smallest one is good for a certain amount of conversation about what it would possibly be good for. These bowls can be brought to the dining-room table without apology.

The Bailey/Huebner shop, at Henri Bendel, has a battery-operated beater called a Kenwood Whisk that has been around for a couple of years and might please someone whose beating is confined to eggs, cream, and salad dressings. You insert two plastic whisks that look like tiny carpet beaters, press the button, and pretty soon (not very soon) the cream is whipped. Rinse off the ridiculous beaters, and that's that. Thumb fatigue is the only drawback, and you can always change hands. According to the box, this contraption is also handy in the bar, in case you want a fluffy Martini; $12, and available all over town as well as at Bailey/Huebner. For a fancy picnic, or an unfancy meal at home, this shop has some ten-and-a-half-inch white plastic plates that look like ceramic and *almost* feel like ceramic; $6 each. Its clear plastic salad bowls will hold hot things, too, and come in thirteen-, fifteen-, and eighteen-inch sizes, for $15, 18, and $20.

THE stores this year seem hell-bent on getting us to organize our lares and penates. The very best way of doing this is to take the red domed lid with its swinging door ($27.50, at Manhattan Ad Hoc) off the thirty-two-gallon heavy-duty-plastic trash can ($29.95)—the only jolly trash can

Where would Paul Stuart logically look for effective cold weather gear? Canada, of course.

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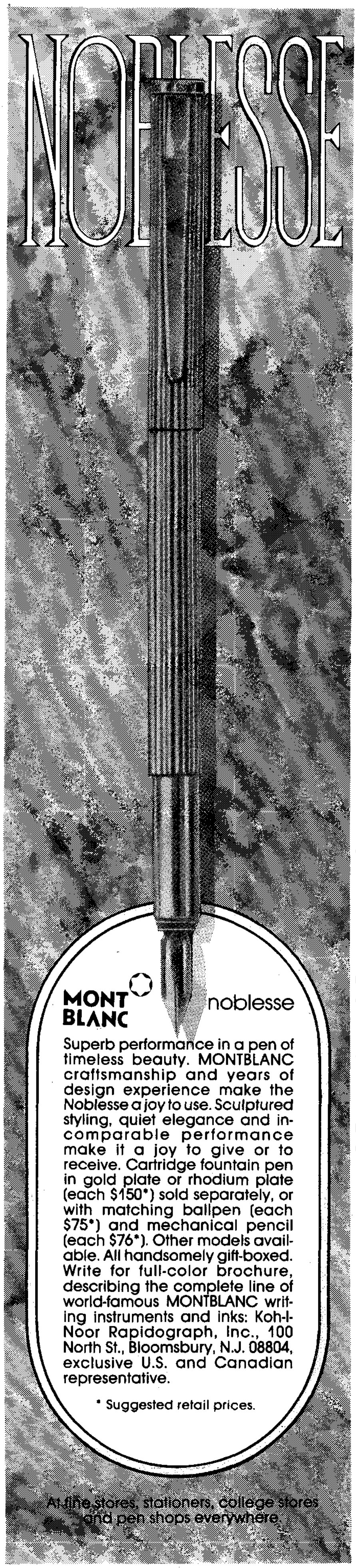

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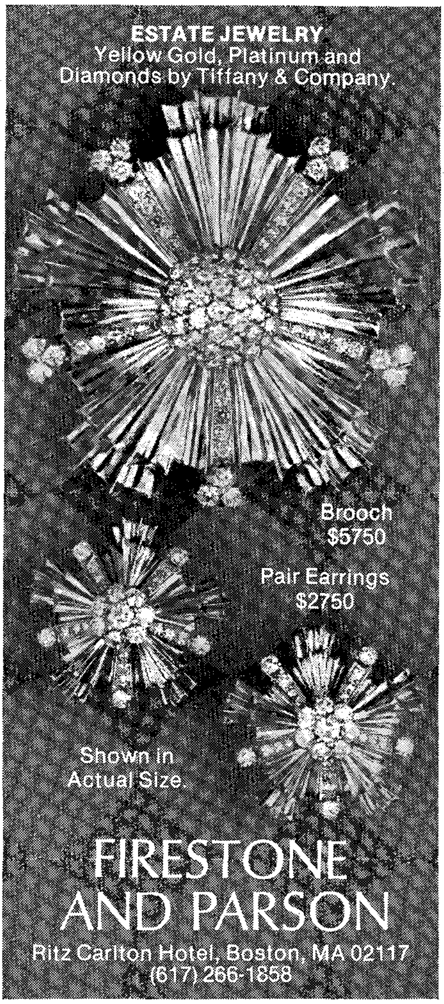
* Suggested retail prices.

At fine stores, stationers, college stores and pen shops everywhere.

that is likely to survive unscathed more than ten trips to the back elevator or the town dump—and start pitching out. Possibly the next-best way is to invest in a gridwork system of storage. The grids are of white vinyl-covered steel, and come in three basic types—plain grids, shelf-rack systems, and shelving-by-the-foot. One or another of them can be bought in any housewares department, as you may have noticed, but the Pottery Barn has all three and will cut the shelving, which is twelve inches wide, to order; $2.75 a foot. Plain grids, twenty-six by sixteen inches, to be used like pegboard, are $7.95, and a two-tier shelf-rack, eleven by eighteen inches, is $9.95. The Pottery Barn also has baskets and hooks to go with the gridwork, as well as the fittings necessary for installation, so that you can spend all of Christmas and New Year's transforming your Fibber McGee closets. The grid system will not do for heavy pots and pans. For serious racks, go to Bridge. They have rectangles, circles, and strips, from $18.50 to $100 in stainless steel and from $50 to $250 in copper. A copper rack thirty by fifteen inches is $125; a stainless-steel one, $55. If it is properly installed, you can hang a Volkswagen from it (or, as Fred Bridge put it, "I could even hang *you* from it"). The operative word here is "properly." Your handyman had better know what he's doing, because the kitchen will look as though it has been vandalized if the thing falls down.

Who buys those big clocks with no numbers on them? Not anyone who cooks. A kitchen clock should be large, with a sweep hand (preferably red), and it should have clear, black Arabic numbers from one to twelve, not just a big polka dot where the twelve ought to be. You should be able to time something on it from anyplace in the kitchen, without squinting. For this

GIFT WRAPPING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Brooch $5750

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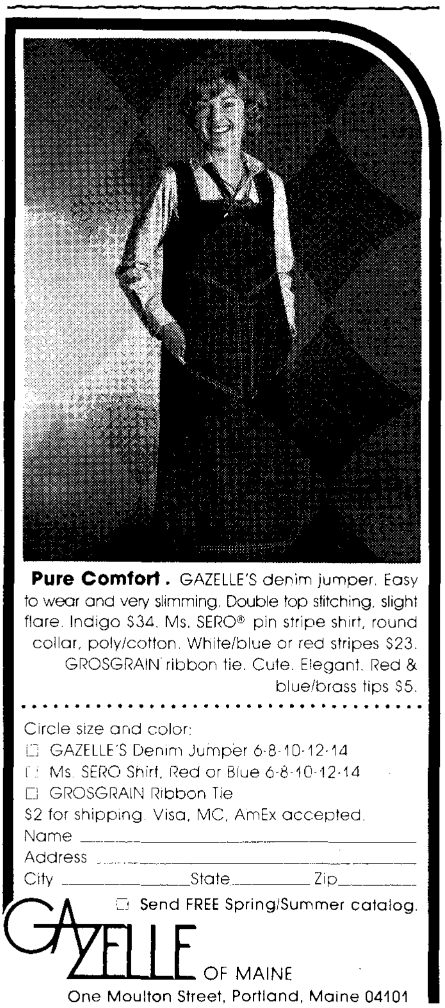
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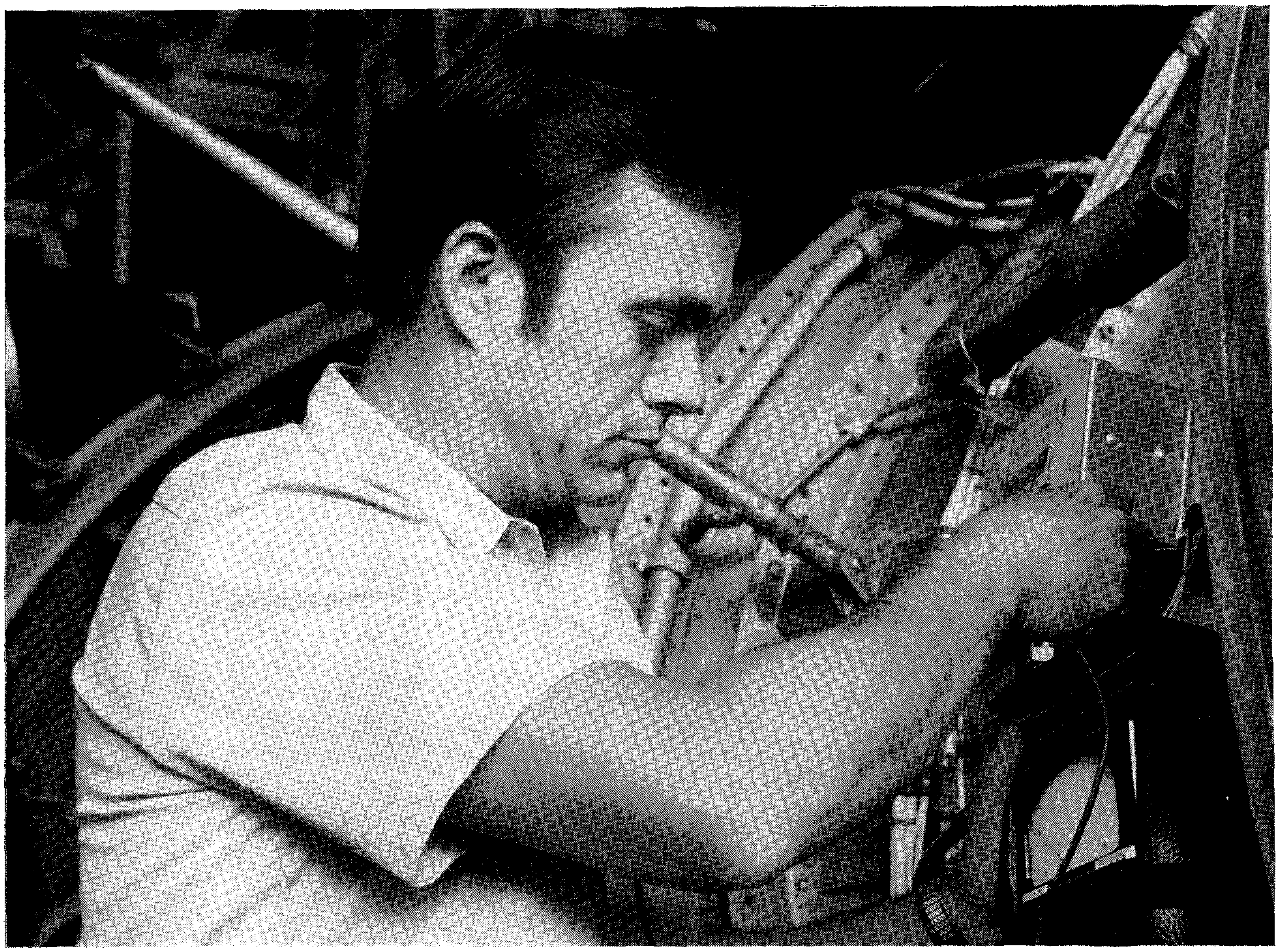

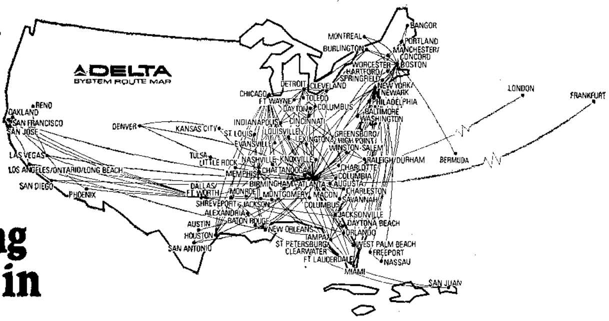
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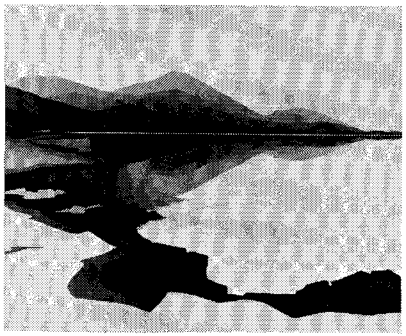

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purpose, the best buys are schoolroom or office-supply clocks, to be had at office-supply or electric stores, such as Rosetta Electric, 21 West 46th Street. They are fourteen inches in diameter, come with a brown or chrome frame, and are electric or battery-operated. They cost anywhere from $16 to $32.50, depending on the manufacturer and how fancy the store is. These stores are also good places to buy those quartz-movement battery-operated travelling clocks. The virtue of these little clocks is not so much that they will travel as that the alarm does not unstring you for the rest of the day. (It's usually a beep alarm that may or may not bring to mind the first measures of Beethoven's Fifth, played all on one note.) The clocks are accurate, and cost from $25 on sale to $100 or more. One final appurtenance that is a necessity rather than a luxury in the kitchen, if it's big enough: a comfortable rocking chair for the cook or the cook's visitors. The Workbench, 470 Park Avenue South (32nd), has a substantial oak-and-cane rocker of the kind that one associates either with the front porches of old inns or with John F. Kennedy, depending on one's age. It doesn't rock back too far, and the arms are wide enough to rest your hands on; $115.

OUT of the kitchen now, and into the dining room, or dining area (which may bring you right back into the kitchen). There are some good-looking bent-beechwood and woven-cane chairs at Conran's. Their precursor is the Prague chair, and what makes these chairs better than others of their ilk is that they are extremely comfortable, because the back supports you in the right place. You can also tip back in them with some feeling of confidence. The armchair would make a good desk chair as well. It costs $92, and the side chair is $82. If you have need of an extra table from time to time, there is a well-designed folding one at Ambienti, 792 Madison Avenue (67th). A round table, thirty-seven inches in diameter, it is made of tough, treated plastic, with a strong center support, so not only is there elbow- and legroom but a guest can pound the table to make a point without worrying about the northeast leg's collapsing. It folds up cunningly but easily, forming a package twenty inches wide, twenty-eight inches high, and eight inches deep—which would fit easily into your beautifully organized closet. In green, white, beige, or brown; $325.

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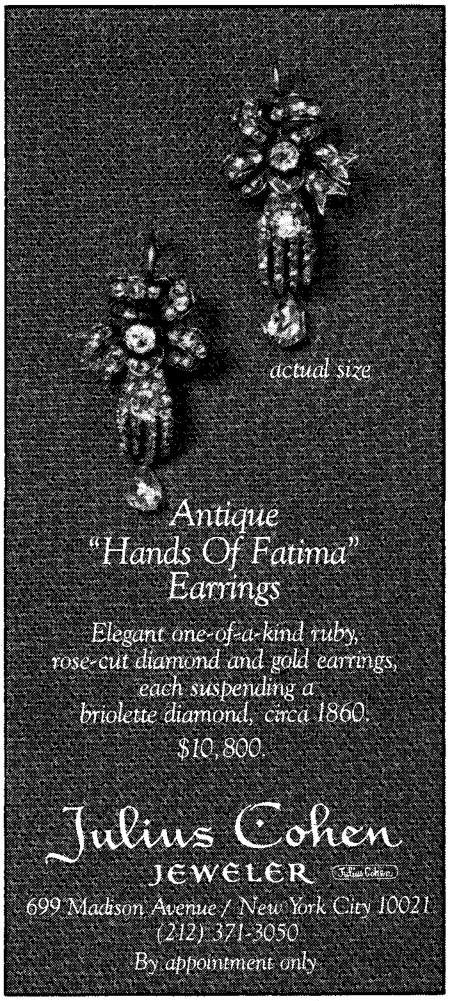

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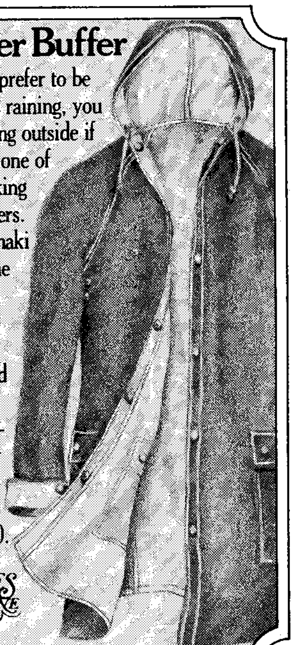

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cloths, and Laura Ashley, 714 Madison Avenue (63rd), has pretty ones, depending on how you feel about sprigs. (There *are* some in a geometric pattern and in solid colors.) They are one hundred per cent cotton, no kidding, which means that you can get the spots out more easily than if they were drip-dry. A round one a hundred and eight inches in diameter is $50; a rectangle fifty-two by seventy inches, $22; napkins, four for $8. Conran's, by the way, has an Indian-cotton bedspread that would make an even better tablecloth. It has blocks of clear blue in among the usual beige and dark red, and because of the blue the cloth does not remind you of a college dorm. Twin size, seventy-two by ninety-six inches; $19. The market is piled high with inexpensive straw placemats that are neither too thin nor too thick. The round ones—desirable because they let you squeeze in more people at the table—cost a dollar or two, depending on the size, and are available at Azuma, the Japan Art Center (116 West 72nd Street), and Pampered Kitchens (21 East 10th Street), among many other places.

The most satisfactory Old-Fashioned glass for the price is still the fluted French bar glass called the Picardie. It is exactly the right size, fits the hand nicely, and resembles neither a jelly glass nor a laboratory glass; $1.15 at Manhattan Ad Hoc. As for wineglasses, unless you're up to buying, say, a perfect crystal goblet at Baccarat, 55 East 57th Street, for $40 (Brummel pattern, "designed in 1911 to feel and look like a bubble"—and it does), you might as well go to the Pottery Barn. It has every kind of plain wineglass that anyone could possibly want, and only two cost more than $5 (a champagne glass and a showoff Burgundy glass), so that you don't faint when one is broken. If you're looking for something in between Baccarat and the Pottery Barn, Tiffany's seven-inch all-purpose goblet may be the answer; $6.50. (Caveat emptor: This glass is too tall to fit properly in the upper rack of a dishwasher unless the rack is adjustable.) Tiffany also has an extraordinarily good collection of crystal water pitchers from $12 to $35. They are plain and nicely proportioned, and they do not have the utilitarian, hospital look of so many water pitchers. Some are thin and some are chubby, and they are all easy to pour from. The Table Topping shop, at Bendel, has a small, diamond-patterned water carafe for the bedside table or desk, with a glass that

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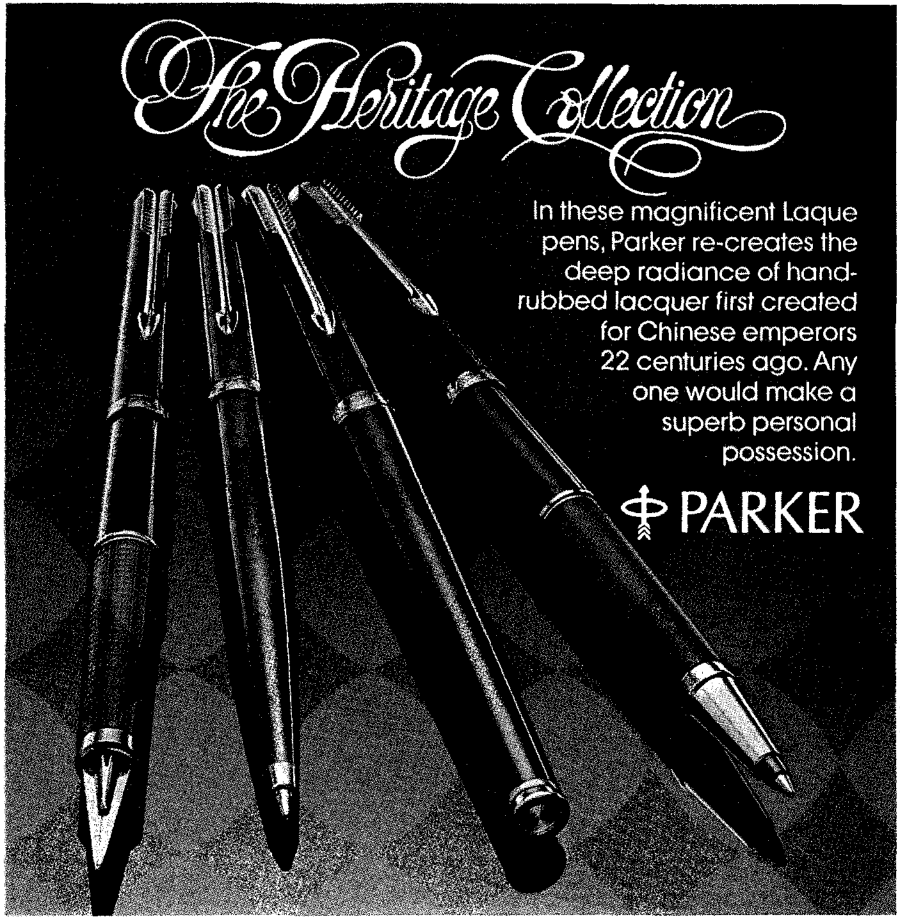

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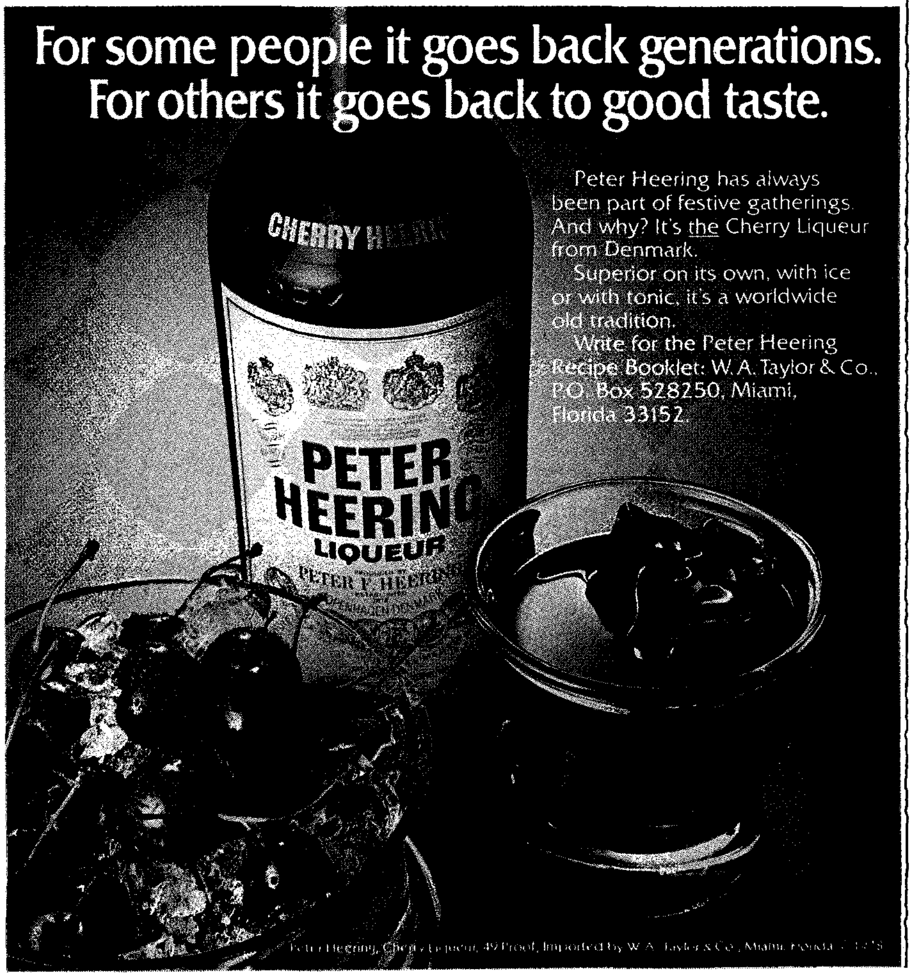

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fits over the top, for $8.50. Most of the many glass bowls in the stores either are too heavy or curve in at the top, which makes them hard to pick up with one hand. (Rule: Dishes that are to be passed should not be so heavy or so awkward that they cannot be picked up with one hand.) La Cuisinière has a graceful bowl with a flared rim, ten inches across and five inches high, suitable for salad or fruit, for $10.95. Dean & DeLuca has one eight and a half inches across, for $2.25. There are some simple earthenware and porcelain pitchers of a pleasing shape at Conran's, Dean & DeLuca, and La Cuisinière, for under $10. A stoneware jug that holds a pint is $4.75 at Conran's; a fat little white, two-pint earthenware pitcher that for some reason or other is cheerful to look at is $6.25. The Well Tempered Kitchen, 2080 Broadway (72nd), has some white demitasse cups that you can drink out of without pursing your mouth; four, with saucers, for $9. On a rather grander scale, La Cuisinière has a collection of extra-large (i.e., for the Thanksgiving turkey or the Christmas joint) old platters in various patterns, mostly English, from $150 to $750. They are beautiful, but perhaps a 1979-model extra-large, plain white ceramic platter from Italy for $37.50 would be less nervous-making.

POSSIBLY the biggest bargains in town are some heavy, washable handwoven white cotton rag rugs turned out by a cottage industry in North Carolina. They come in various sizes, and the largest, thirty by fifty-four inches, costs about $20 at the Sky Gallery, 2080 Broadway (72nd); the Japan Art Center; and the Performer's Outlet, 222 East 85th Street. Rag rugs made in Haiti can be found at the Gazebo, 660 Madison Avenue (61st). These have a one-hundred-per-cent-cotton weft and a one-hundred-per-cent-linen warp, which makes them stronger. The colors are beautiful—clear, unusual greens, pinks, and blues, for example. Not at all the colors of a Northern climate. The Gazebo has some of these rugs in stock, and you can order one in any size up to ninety-two inches wide and in any combination of colors; $13 a square foot, and they look it. Conran's has some heavy cotton rugs from India that are handsome and reasonable. They are four and a half by six and a half feet, and come in red, yellow, green, and several other colors; $65.

The Pendulum Shop, 357 Bleecker Street, has unusual and lovely lamps of the late-Victorian and Art Nouveau genre. The owner, Ronald Spivak, designs graceful brass lamps with glass shades. Some of the shades are old, some are specially blown, some are reproductions of gaslight or other old shades, some are clear, some frosted, some art glass. A wall sconce—a globe and curving brass base—is $85. Table lamps with serpentine brass bases and feathered-glass shades are $130 to $225. A simple hanging light with a feathered-glass shade is $65. Mr. Spivak will make lamps to order, but he will not make a lamp out of an old Adidas or a coffee grinder. The lamps at the Pendulum Shop are electric, but oil lamps have begun to appear in other stores. The Performer's Outlet has a modern version, all glass, and not cozy like the old kerosene lamps, but you don't have to clean the shade or trim the wick, and it doesn't smell. These hand-blown lamps come in four sizes, from six to fifteen inches high, for $24.50 to $43.50. For the soft-flattering-candlelight crowd, there are a great many hurricane shades available. They do keep the candles from dripping all over the table when there's a draft, and there usually is a draft. A sixteen-inch shade should not cost more than $7 (Azuma, Conran's). An eighteen-inch hand-blown shade is available in Altman's Williamsburg Shop for $85, and is patently superior in looks to the seven-dollar model.

There is such a surfeit of "decorator" sheets and bedcovers in the stores that it is soothing to go into Cherchez, 864 Lexington Avenue (64th), where all the linen is old and white. Heavy cotton Marseilles bedspreads (the pattern is part of the weave) up to eighty-eight inches long cost from $125 to $150; cotton or linen Victorian sheets, $30 to $125; two pillowcases, $25 to $45; two pillow shams for European squares, $40 to $100. Tablecloths are from six to ten feet long. An embroidered linen banquet cloth with twelve napkins is $200. For $19, you can buy six sheets of scented blue-and-white floral shelf paper on which to put this fine linen. (The scent is called Field Flower Bouquet, and, astonishingly, smells quite like a bouquet of field flowers.) Still on the subject of white linen, if a good towel is one that absorbs moisture quickly with very little effort on the dryer's part, there is only one good towel, and it has been around for years. Made by Martex, of one hundred per cent cotton in a tough Jacquard checkerboard weave, it goes under the name of Rubdown at R. Jabbour, 51 East 58th Street. A bath

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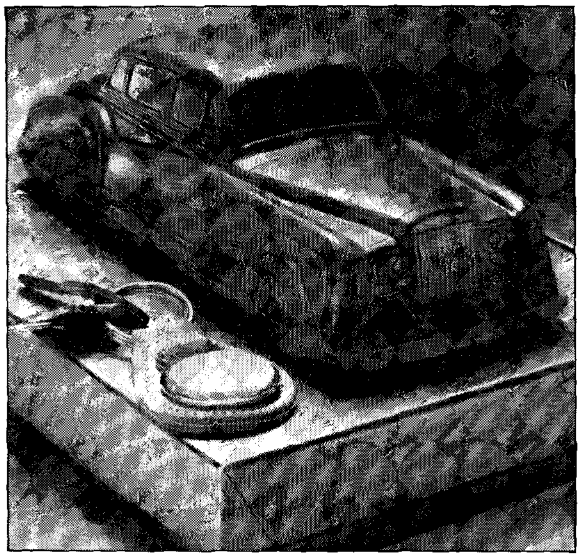

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sheet is $37.50; a bath towel, $11.50; a face towel, $6.50; and a washcloth, $2.50. They are also available at E. Braun, 717 Madison Avenue (63rd), where they are called Vigorub. To segue into laundry hampers, Manhattan Ad Hoc has a charming one, made of straw coils wound with multicolored cotton rag, which won't snag your clothes the way plain straw hampers do; $55. The French Country Store, 35 East 10th Street, has old and new French brass bathroom fittings—glass-holders, soap dishes, sponge-holders, towel racks, faucets, mirrors, hooks. The prices range from $10 for a hook to $200 for a very fancy faucet. Any one of these items would raise the tone of the *salle de bain*. At the James II Galleries, at James Robinson, 15 East 57th Street, there is a pile of nineteenth-century brass doorknobs that are handsome without making you feel that you have to get a new door to live up to the knob; $65 to $75. Victorian brass doorplates are $45 apiece. This store also has a wonderful present for someone with a fat wallet to give to someone with a small bedroom—a Victorian (circa 1860) bed table, with a steel base. The base slides under the bed, and the tray goes over the bed—rather like a hospital table, only *quite* different in appearance. The adjustable wooden top is fourteen and a half by twenty-six inches, and has an edge to hold your book, in case you don't want to; $825.

TWO nostalgia shops in the East Seventies bear looking into if you care about that sort of thing. They are big on quilts, sponge ware, old baskets, samplers, and early editions of Uncle Wiggily. At America Hurrah, 316 East 70th Street, quilts start at $100 and go up, up, up. A blue-and-white sponge-ware pitcher is $165. Patchwork pieces (requiring WORK on someone's part) are from $3 to $40. There are a few baskets under $100. The Uncle Wiggily books are $12 apiece. At Thos. K. Woodard, 1022 Lexington Avenue (73rd), second floor, antique crib quilts, some in miniature patterns, are $200 to $650. Appliqué or patchwork pillow shams are $150 to $450 a pair; rag runners from eight to fifteen feet long are $75 to $125. Nostalgia does not come cheap.

How many pillows can one house absorb? Any number, apparently. You just keep piling them on the bed, sofa, and floor. (The days of two pillows on the bed and one in each corner of the sofa are over.) At La Provence de Pierre Deux, 353 Bleecker Street, all

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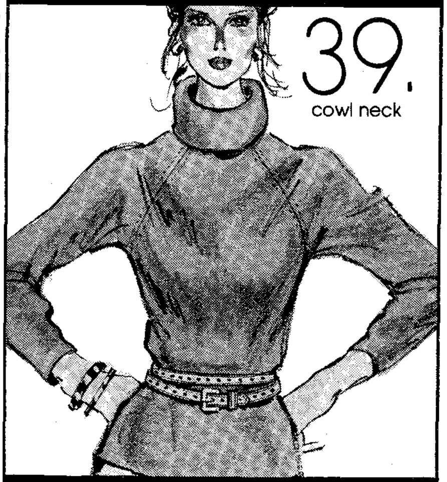

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the pillows are covered in French Provincial cottons. There are four sizes, and the smallest, twelve inches square, costs $30. Fabrications, 146 East 56th Street, has sixteen-inch-square pillows covered in cotton fabrics vaguely French Provincial or Scandinavian in origin, as well as some covered in batik. The French designs are the crispest, the Scandinavian the wildest, and the batik the prettiest. The batik pillows have Turkish corners, and are very pretty indeed, as well as more expensive than the others. A pillow sixteen inches square costs from $8.50 to $17.50, depending on the fabric. The Pillowsalon, 238 East 60th Street, has pillows reminiscent of those nineteen-thirties white-piano movies, or perhaps a harem. These pillows are lush—gold lamé, black satin, hand-painted (a grimacing Japanese), quilted, appliqué, peach silk, burgundy moiré. Prices start at $35, for a twenty-inch square, and increase according to fabric and size.

There are a lot of decorative vases in the stores now. Perhaps this is because flowers have become so expensive that a vase is no longer subordinate to its contents, and has to be an attractive object in itself or with one artfully arranged dead branch sticking out of it. Ronaldo Maia, 27 East 67th Street, has some porcelain vases, done in the same style as seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Japanese vases, in glazes that range from off-white and celadon to dark blues and browns. The colors give the effect of having exploded; $25 to $70. Glass bud vases here are from $5 to $10, and pretty. Limited Editions, 253 East 72nd Street, has a large collection of glass and porcelain vases ranging from $24, for a glass cylinder vase with a bamboo pattern, to $1,800, for a pair of mustard-colored Chinese porcelain vases, thirty inches high, decorated with green bats and clouds. For a handsome but less expensive Chinese vase, go to a grocery store in Chinatown that sells duck eggs (such as the Wing-Woh Lung Company, 50 Mott Street) and buy one of the pottery jars that the eggs are kept in. They are twenty inches in diameter and twenty inches high, and are a dirty green with a mustard-brown design; $35. (There must be some way of describing these colors more alluringly.) Brentano's, 586 Fifth Avenue (48th), has a glass vase twenty inches high, tapered at the top and bottom, with a flared rim, that would look nice with or without a bunch of quince in it; $42. The gift shop of the Metropolitan Museum has a pressed-glass pitcher two inches

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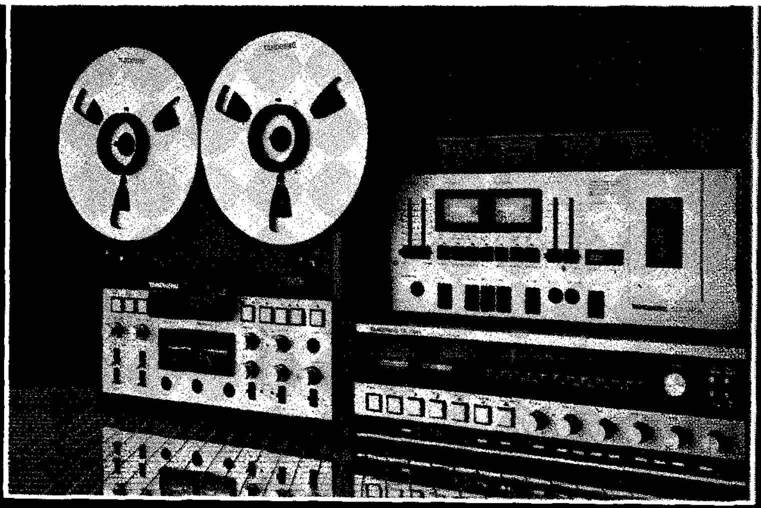

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high—about the right size for wild violets; $8.50. One of the shop's hand-blown five-and-a-half-inch-high flasks would make a nice bud vase. They come in cobalt blue or amethyst, and cost $22.50. (The museum's gift shop is sleek and new, and if you're stuck for a present it's very hard to go wrong here—except, possibly, with the terra-cotta Egyptian bowl with two lifelike feet.) For those who have difficulty keeping their flower containers, whatever they may be, filled with lovely fresh flowers, you might consider some fabric ones. Diane Love, 851 Madison Avenue (70th), has particularly pretty flowers made of silk, cotton, or felt. Many of them are not exact replicas, and in the case of flowers that are difficult to copy, such as iris, this works out better than attempts at duplication. A dogwood branch is $6, a poppy $11, a daisy $5. A large arrangement of beech leaves ($236) in a basket ($68) is quite beautiful, partly because the leaves are not all flat; some are bent or contoured. A small arrangement of a lily ($16) and a stem of three crocuses ($16) in a glazed stoneware bud vase ($28) would be—um, let's see, $60. Customers may bring their own containers and cut their losses.

FOR anyone who has so much as a single African violet, a Haws watering can is always an ideal present. It is the Rolls-Royce of watering cans, and comes from Rolls-Royce country. Since watering cans are seldom put away, they might as well be pleasing to look at as well as perfectly engineered, and the Haws cans are. They come in three sizes: the smallest is made of copper and holds two pints ($34); the others are made of heavy-gauge steel plate, lacquered in deep red, and the gallon size costs $43, the two-gallon $50. They all have a long, slender spout and a brass spray head that can be removed, and they are perfectly balanced and easy to manipulate. They can be ordered from White Flower Farm, Litchfield, Connecticut 06759. While you're at it, you might consider ordering the Swoe, which looks a little like a putter, from the same outfit ($24). Made by the Wilkinson Sword Company, it is as much of an improvement on the scuffle hoe as the scuffle hoe is on the common hoe. White Flower Farm also carries terra-rossa pots—unglazed clay flowerpots hand-turned in Italy. They are a soft rosy-brick color, with a rolled brim, and they have a simple, artful look that ought to cost money. It does. A pot six inches across is $14.52; one twenty

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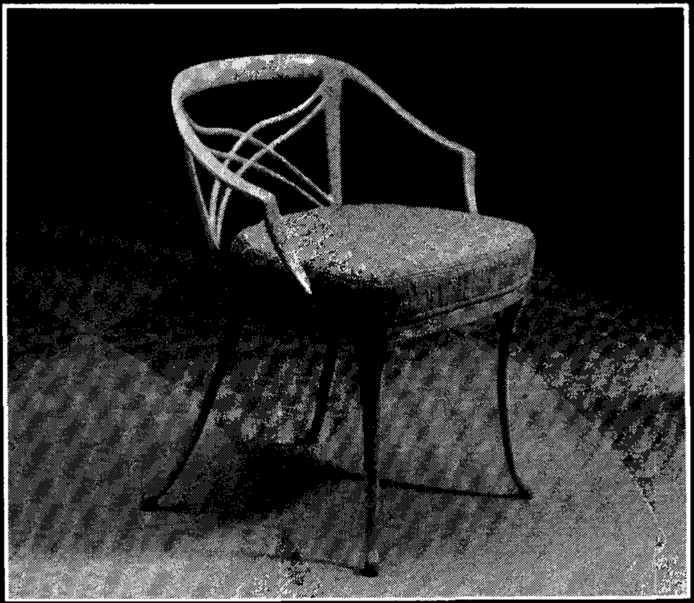

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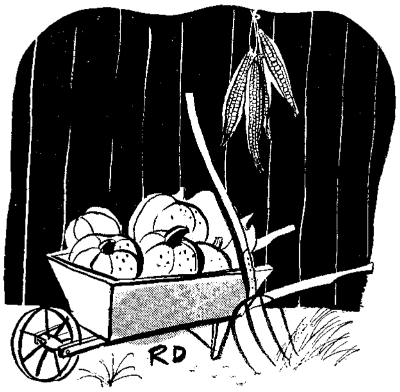
inches is $160.78. Mr. Brown, at Erkins Studios, 14 East 41st Street, says he used to carry the terra-rossa pots but has given them up because they have become too expensive and are not as durable as he would like. He now imports less expensive unglazed Italian terra-cotta pots, fired at a very high temperature for more than forty hours, and therefore quite tough. They come in many sizes and shapes, both plain and unadorned. A rolled-rim pot twenty inches in diameter is $32; one fourteen inches square that has a "cathedral" design is $64; a corner planter with swags, ten inches wide, is $34. Erkins carries English lead planting tubs as well; $250 for a cloverleaf-patterned tub fifteen inches square, and $160 for a window box eight inches by eighteen. Versailles tubs—square planters with ball finials on the corners—are made for Erkins of iroko, an African wood similar in its characteristics to teak, and can be left outdoors all year. An iroko tub eighteen inches square is $200, and, for the garden hose, bronze faucets with a bird or a squirrel perched on top are $29.50 each. This is a serious, genial establishment, specializing in every kind of garden ornament.

If you find these flowerpots too rich for your blood, head for Pot Covers, 101 West 28th Street. It has baskets to put pots in from over ten countries, of every shape and size, and it can order any size you want if it happens not to be in stock. Baskets from six to twenty-seven inches in diameter cost from $6 to $100, and it is unlikely that you won't be able to find one that fits whatever pot you hope to slipcover. If this multiple-choice decision proves too difficult, try Terrestris, 409 East 60th Street, where the options are limited to baskets from Haiti and the People's Republic of China. The Haitian baskets cost up to $35 (for a twenty-four-inch one), the Chinese up to $40 (for a twenty-inch one). The Haitian baskets are sturdier, the Chinese baskets finer. While you're there, you



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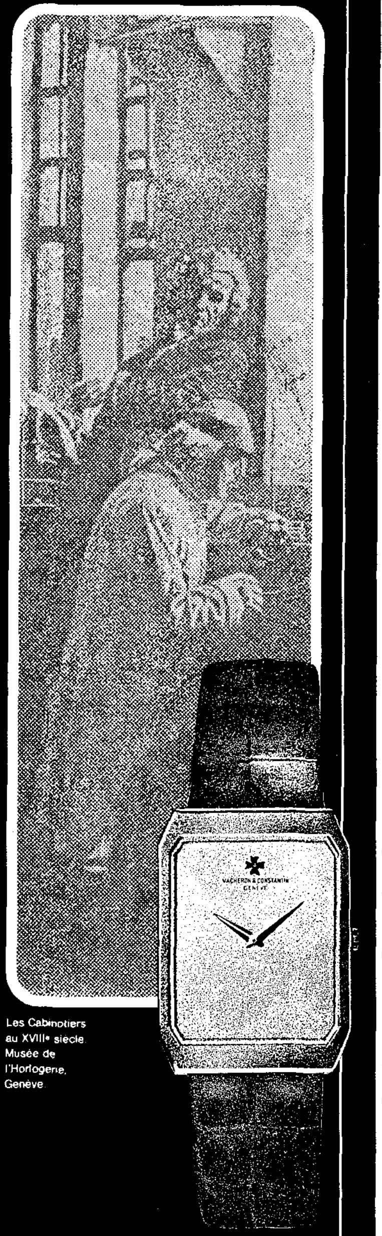

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might like to buy a twelve-foot, $695 ficus tree to put in the largest basket, for someone's two-story living room, or a $5 *Dracaena massangeana* ("the hardiest indoor plant known") for the smallest basket.

CHEAP, or cheaper, ways of keeping warm are on everyone's mind now—and forever. Bailey/Huebner is selling a twenty-five-inch black iron fireplace grate that both increases heat and saves logs. The idea is that the grate allows you to arrange logs in such a way that the heat is thrown into the room rather than up the chimney. (Instructions are included.) It costs $45 and it really works; it heats the room, so if you light a fire in it for cheer rather than warmth, you will soon have to turn off the heat *and* open the windows. Bloomingdale's has cotton-flannel sheets from China and West Germany. The ones from China come in twin size only and are $12 each. The German sheets come in three sizes; $20 for the twin, $26 for the queen, and $33 for the king. Or you can send away to L. L. Bean, Freeport, Maine 04033, for flannel sheets, flat or fitted, in three sizes; $10.50 for the twin, $11.50 for the double, and $13.25 for the queen.

THERE are some refreshing Christmas ornaments at the Performer's Outlet. Wreaths, kissing balls, bells, and large S-shapes made of unadorned pinecones, nuts, dried flowers, and seeds are the products of another cottage industry in North Carolina. An eight-inch wreath is $25; a bell of miniature pinecones, $6; hand-quilled parchment snowflakes (no two alike), $5.50. (Quilling is an old craft that involves twirling little strips of ribbon or paper on a pin and then shaping them—into snowflakes, for one thing.) Not from North Carolina but unusual are some hand-blown glass icicles, at $1.85 each, and some hand-blown Christmas-tree balls, from $8.50 to $15. Small stuffed patchwork birds and angels cost from $2 to $4; tiny stuffed calico chickens, eighty-five cents.

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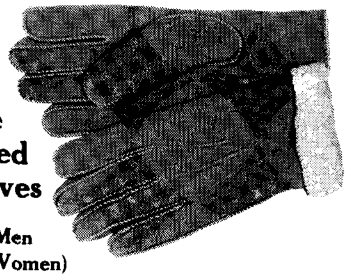

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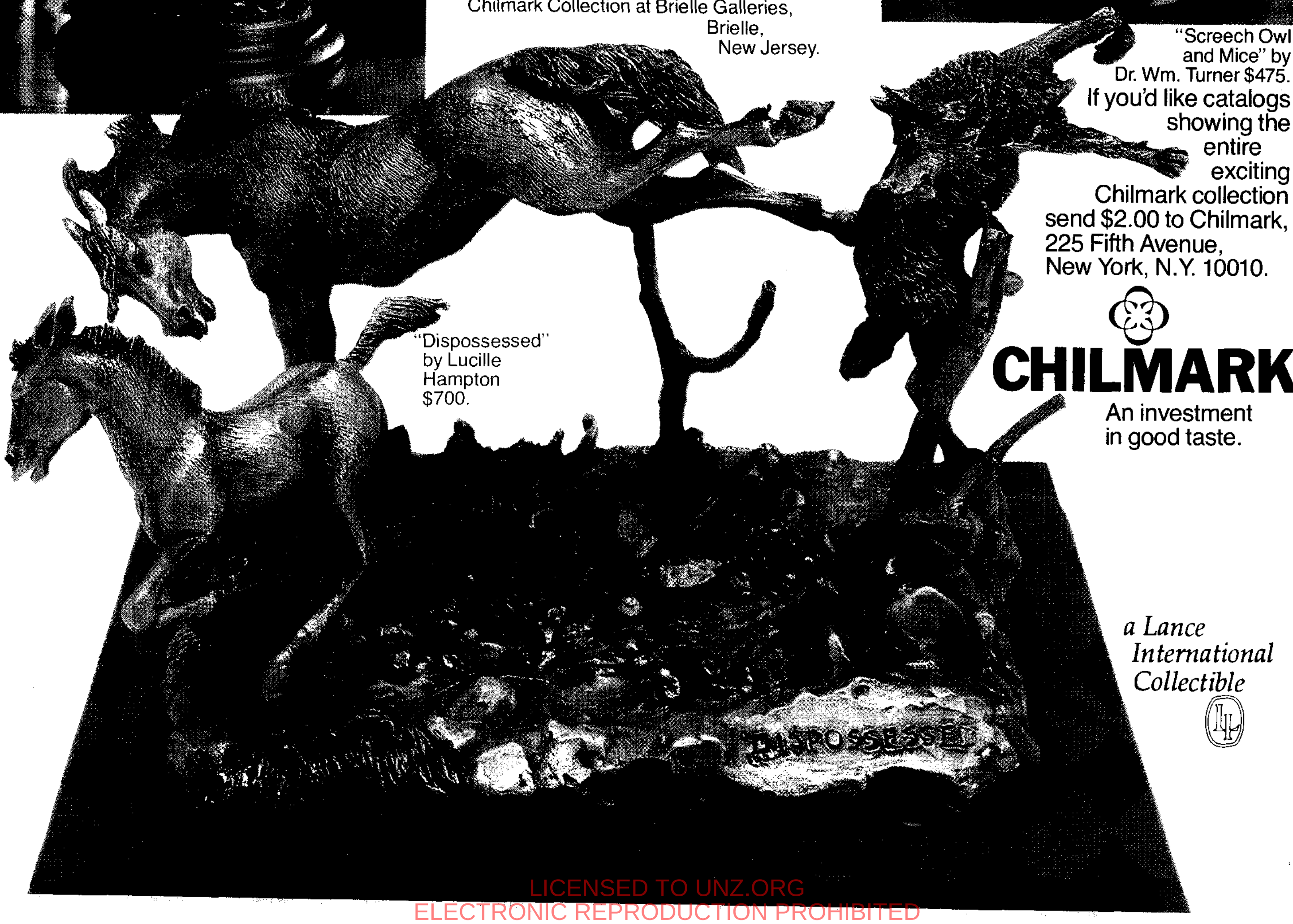
The Curator, Mrs. Adam Sanford, and "Wood Ducks," by Dr. Wm. Turner, $1,350. From the Chilmark Collection at Brielle Galleries, Brielle, New Jersey.

"Screech Owl and Mice" by Dr. Wm. Turner $475.



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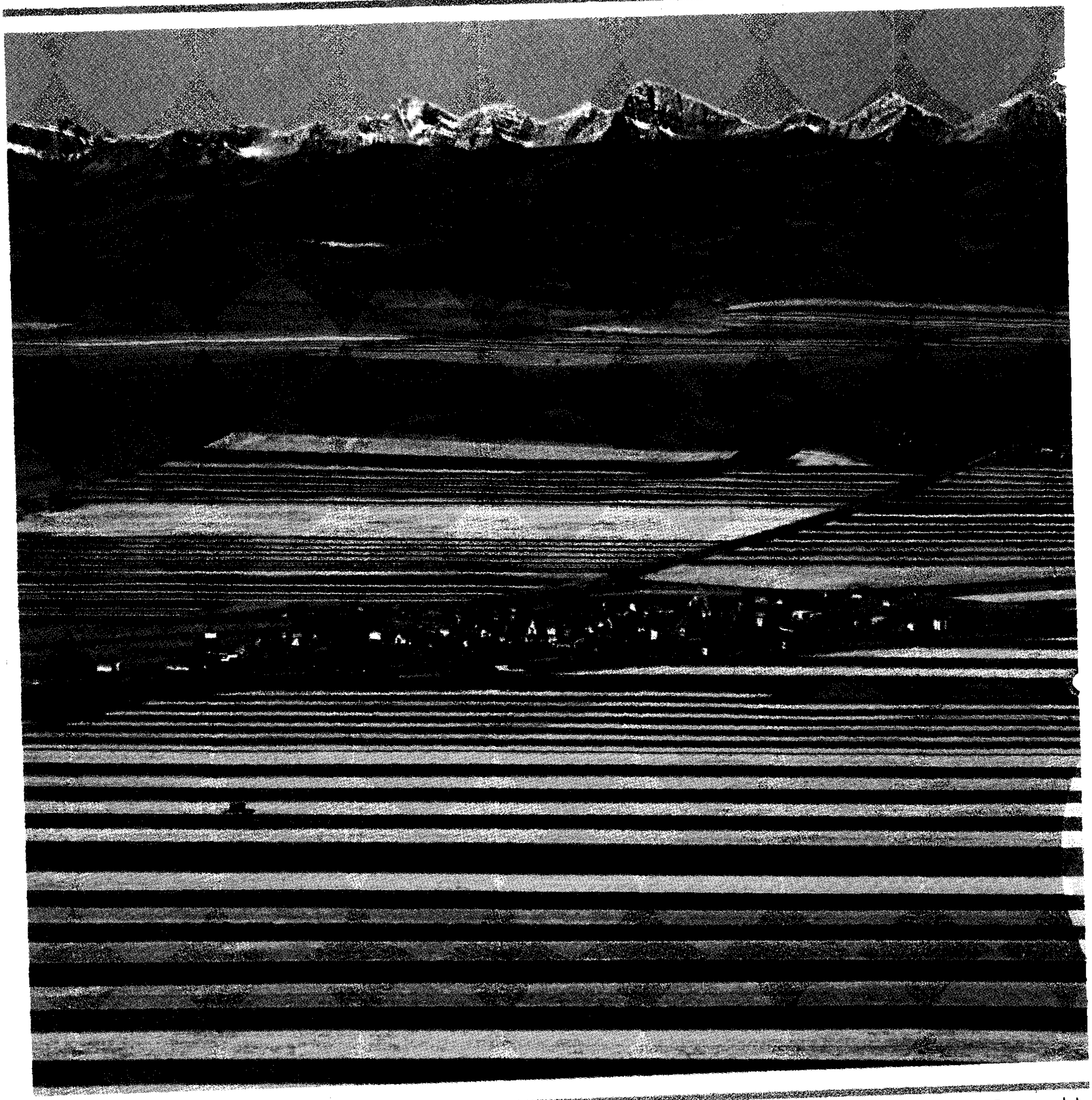

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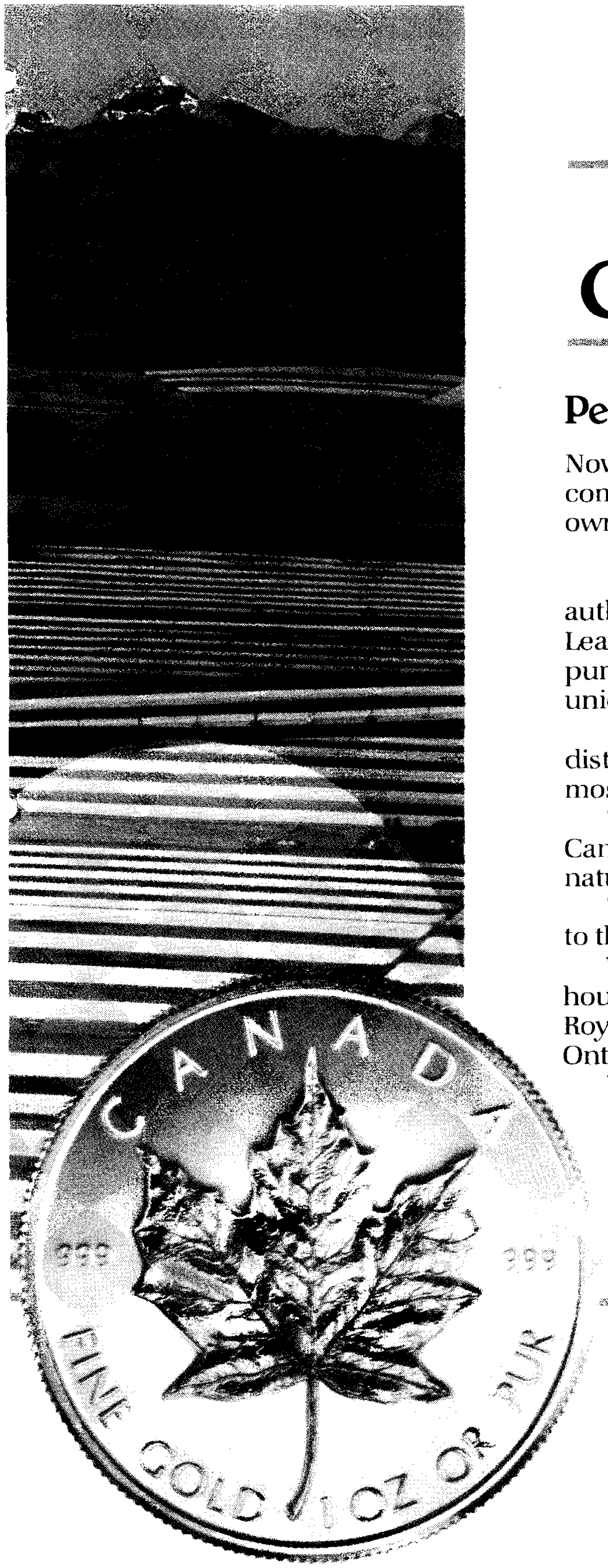

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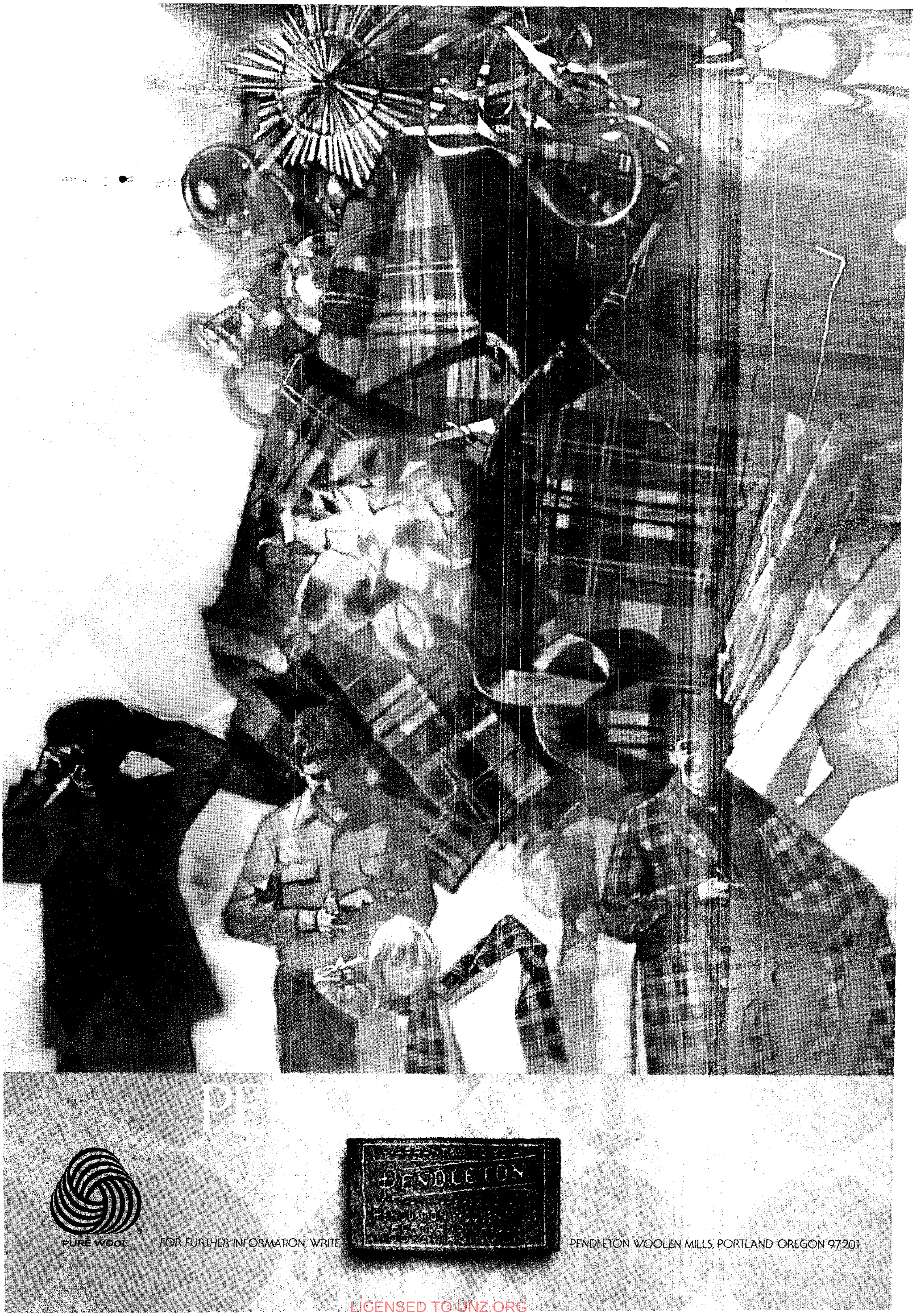
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equipped with thermoses, plastic food containers, wicker partitions, trays, and a rather underprivileged service for eight. The napkins and the tablecloth are Irish linen, and the china is ironstone, not plastic, but the glasses are barely big enough to hold an ice cube. (It is, after all, an *English* picnic basket.) Two magnums of Dom Perignon (1970) are thrown in, so to speak, by the management, and there is plenty of room to add your own appointments; $2,150 at San Francisco, 975 Lexington Avenue (71st). Now try to get tickets to Glyndebourne.

A magnificent Freedom Album quilt from Maryland, ninety-six by ninety-four inches, mainly in greens and reds, on a white background. This quilt is so exuberant that one is filled with joy just looking at it. Lecture: In some circles, a Freedom Album quilt was presented to a man on his twenty-first birthday—a custom that has, unfortunately, died out. The word "freedom" referred to his having reached his majority; the word "album" to the patches in the quilt, each square different, as in the pages of an album. In the quilt under discussion, for example, one square bears an eagle with "LIBERTY—1855" appliquéd above it; another has an oak leaf; another a basket of tulips; and another, the loveliest of all, has leaves and flowers that look like crewelwork. This quilt was presented to a certain fortunate Richard McDonald on July 6, 1855, and his name is cross-stitched next to the eagle. The figurative quilting, the appliqués, and the chain-stitch embroidery are what make it a masterpiece. Mr. McDonald took good care of his quilt. It's $6,500 at America Hurrah. Not available at Zabar's.

•

AKRON, Ohio—Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. said it will close two of its tire plants to adjust capacity to the declining market for bias-ply tires. More than 1,200 workers will be affected.

Charles J. Pilliod Jr., chairman, said the plant closings are necessary because "current economic conditions and the pace at which radicals are displacing bias tires in consumer preference have resulted in a market that won't support these two plants."—*Wall Street Journal.*

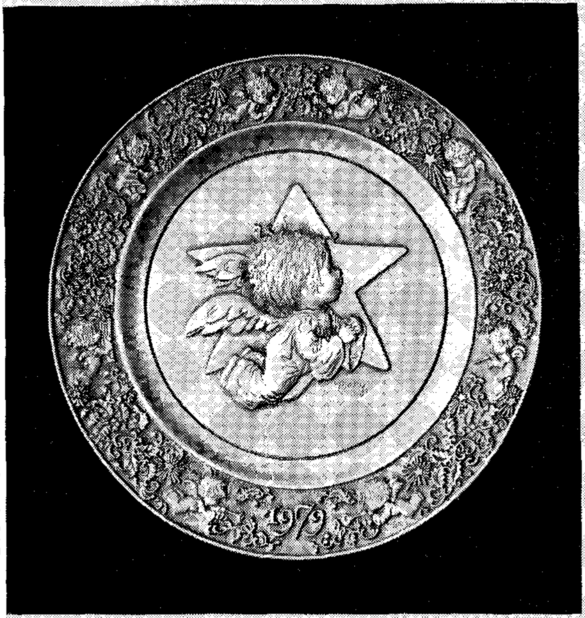
What's more, a lot of these radicals are biassed themselves.

•

Other highlights in the busy legislative day:

The Senate stalled an attempt by the House to make home invitations a Class-X crime, the most serious category except for murder.—*Chicago Tribune.*

What were the low points?



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MUSICAL EVENTS

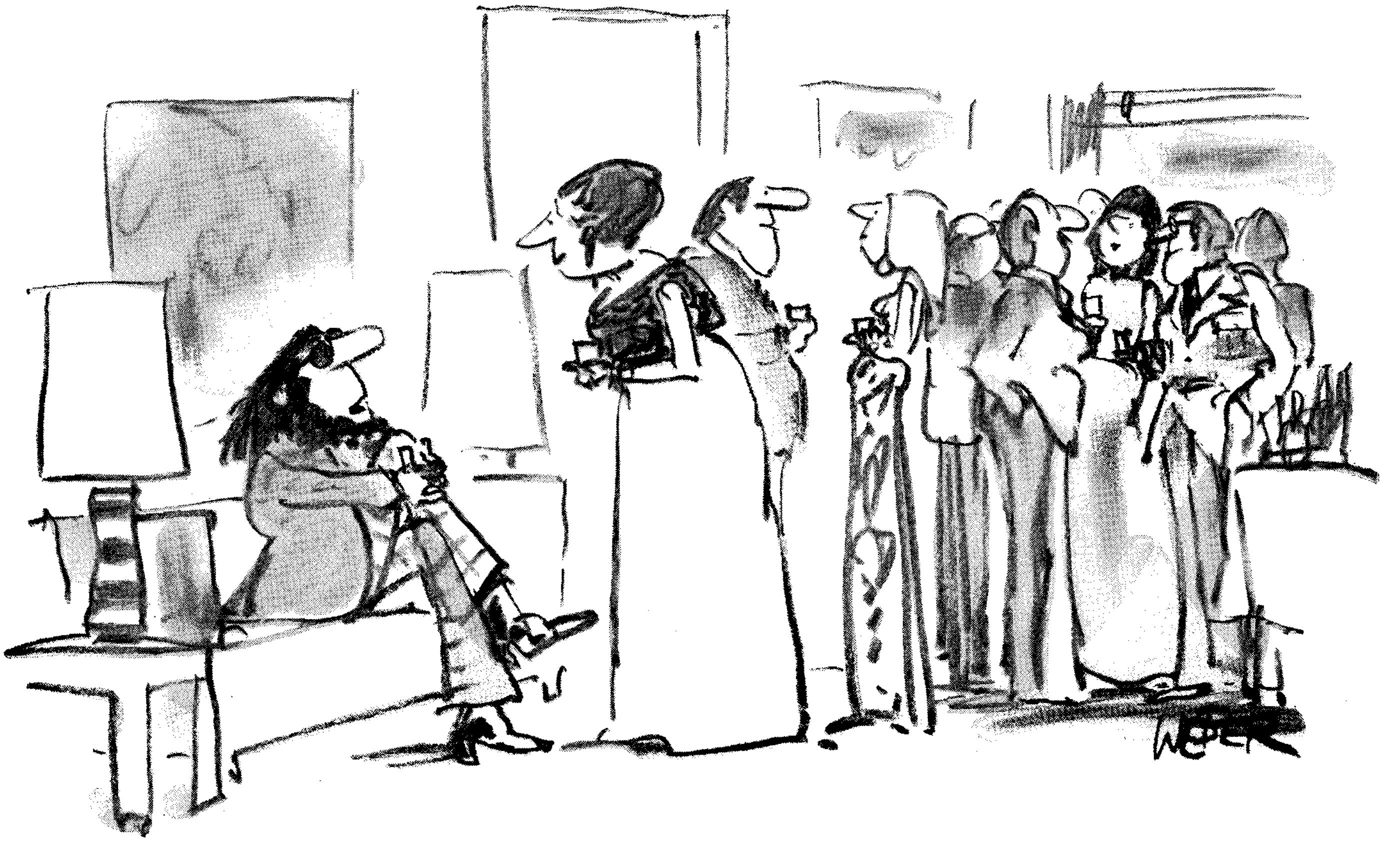
Capital Fare

THE last four days of the Vienna State Opera season at the Kennedy Center coincided with the 1979 Festival of the Liszt Society of America, presented in coöperation with the Library of Congress. "Ariadne auf Naxos" and "Fidelio" did not show the Vienna company at its best. "Salome" was more exciting. But the keenest moments of pleasure I felt during four busy days of music in Washington were provided suddenly at a modest recital of Liszt songs given in the Coolidge Auditorium of the Library of Congress. Liszt champions tend to choose each a special field in the composer's large and uneven output. Mine is the songs—a hundred-odd of them, collected in three volumes of the Breitkopf Liszt edition. With "Tristan," published in 1860, Wagner changed the sound of Western music. But the opening measures of Liszt's song "Die Lorelei," composed in 1841, are enough to show that the path to the harmonic world of "Tristan" had already been opened. Liszt's "grand idea," which he described as "a renewal of music through its intimate connection with poetry," informs all his music—the orchestral tone poems, the piano pieces, the oratorios, the liturgical compositions. Nowhere does it find more consistently perfect, shapely, coherent expression than in his songs. Those who hymn the greatness of the oratorio "Christus," the big organ pieces, the Hungarian Rhapsodies, the tone poems, or the B-Minor Sonata usually include a "despite the" reservation somewhere. Several of the songs can be praised as masterpieces without any such reservations. In 1911, Oliver Ditson brought out a collection of thirty Liszt songs. (Reprinted by Dover at four dollars, it is excellent value; but the text needs to be checked against the Breitkopf volumes.) In a foreword, Carl Armbruster remarks on the "overwhelming power of truth" that the music displays, and continues:

> His songs are the emanations of his peculiar organization, of his phenomenal technical mastery, and of his Titan-like command of musical expression.... It is as if we had entered into a new world, full of well-nigh magic enchantment.

Listeners who at a recital have thrilled to "Die Lorelei," "Ihr Glocken von Marling," the Petrarch settings, "Die Drei Zigeuner" may well feel that all this hardly needs repeating. But how all too seldom they are sung! How rarely one hears an all-Liszt, or even largely Liszt, recital! How inadequately the songs figure in the current record catalogue!

There were to have been two singers, soprano and tenor, at the Washington recital. The soprano was ill; only half the program was done, and the disappointment was sharp, but what remained was rewarding. Liszt lieder style is not easily mastered. A common charge against the songs is that they are overdramatic, even operatic. But, as Alan Walker observes in the introduction to the Liszt symposium he edited, the composer's music has long been distorted not only by his critics but also by his interpreters. Liszt singers, when they are not too theatrical in approach, tend to be not nearly vivid enough. It is a question not of finding a mean but of understanding just what, and when, the composer borrowed from the theatre, and how he transported and transformed its effects (including the tender graces, swift, brilliant cadenzas, trills, and messa di voce of an elegant, exquisite opera singer). The dramatic exclamations, the picturesque narrative passages, the passionate outbursts, the long, ardent melodies must be not subdued but given their fullest emotional value. The voice of James McDonald, the singer at the Washington recital, is no more as yet than a young, fresh, decently schooled, smallish tenor of agreeable quality. But he used it with an instinctive and unerring sense of



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Liszt's musical intentions. He brought the songs to life.

The theme of the program—curtailed by the soprano's absence—was earlier and later versions of the same song. Liszt's revisions, we are told, were concerned chiefly with simplification; he himself once described his earlier songs as "for the most part overinflated in sentiment, and often overstuffed in accompaniment." But in rhythm, in harmony, and in subtlety of motivic working the later versions are in fact the more intricate. Mr. McDonald sang the 1844 and 1859 versions of the Victor Hugo setting "Comment, disaient-ils": fascinating to hear the piano part thinned to the texture of a plucked guitar, and the essence of the rapturous refrain caught in so much shorter space. He sang the 1844 and 1859 versions of the Heine setting "Morgens steh ich auf und frage": here the later working is longer; more richly wrought and "Tristanesque" at the start and the close; clarified and more flexible in the central episode. In both cases, and in just about every case of a Liszt revision, earlier and later versions are treasurable. Who could bear to lose either the earlier, expansive version of the Petrarch sonnet "Pace non trovo" (which was glowingly sung by Mr. McDonald and sensitively played by Ruth Ann McDonald) or the late, spare, almost epigrammatically refined transformation?

Liszt's large choral works, as I discovered when "Christus" was done in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine earlier this year, flower in apt acoustics. In Washington, his Missa Solennis, composed for the consecration of Gran (alias Esztergom) Cathedral, in 1856, was done in St. Matthew's Cathedral, a marbled and mosaicked basilica not very large but lofty and resonant. At the age of twenty-three, Liszt wrote the essay "On the Future of Church Music," in which he proclaimed his vision of a music that would "unite on a colossal scale the theatre and the Church" and be at once "dramatic and religious, splendid and simple, solemn and serious, fiery and unrestrained, stormy and tranquil, clear and heartfelt." In the Gran Mass, he wrote such music. He told Wagner that he had "*prayed* it rather than *composed* it." Critics divide on the merits of the work. Hermann Kretzschmar deplored "passages that are written with an astonishingly great economy of intellectual expenditure;" M. D. Calvocoressi, in his 1906 biography, said that the Mass "besides being an admirable mon-

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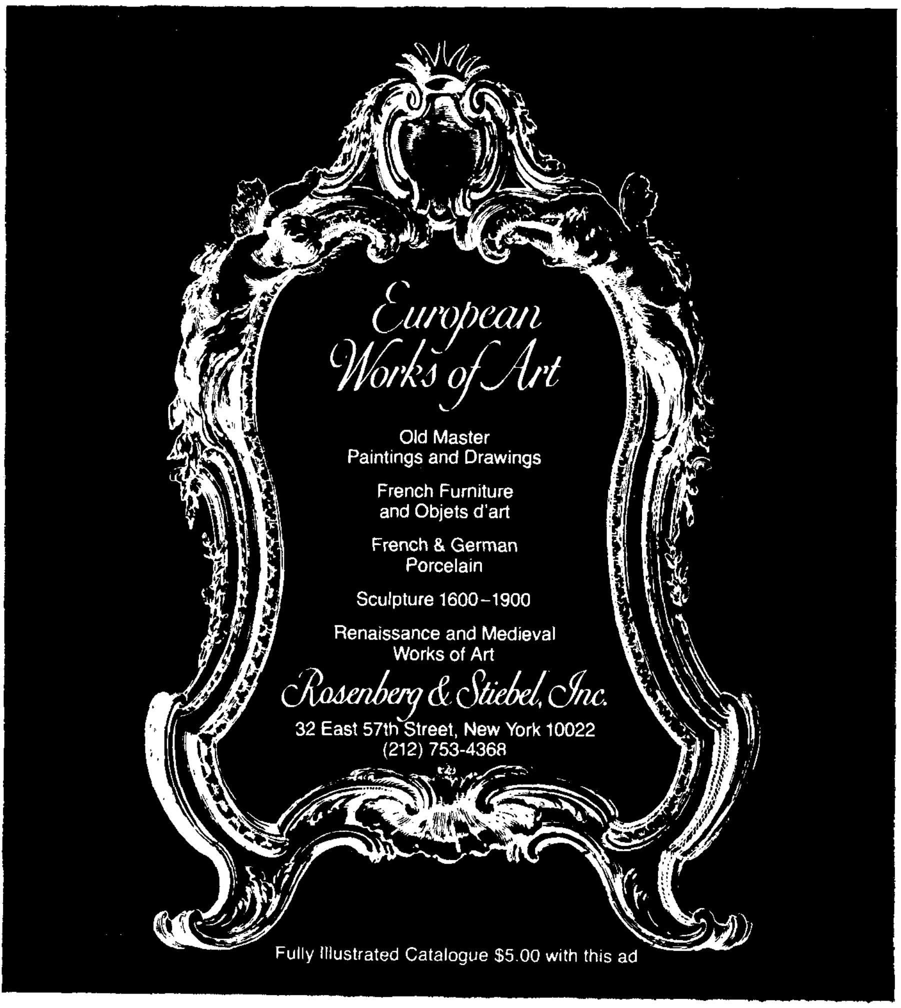

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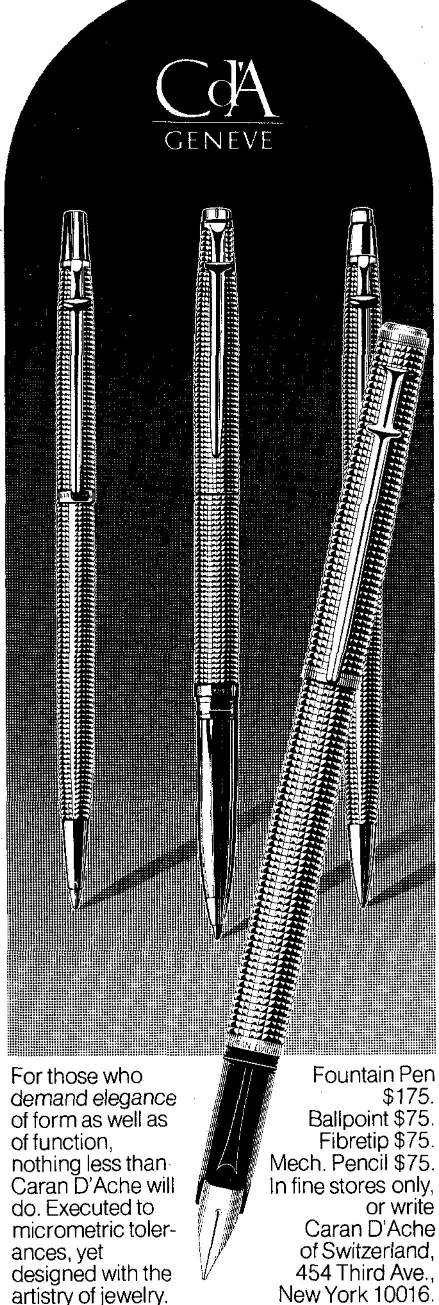
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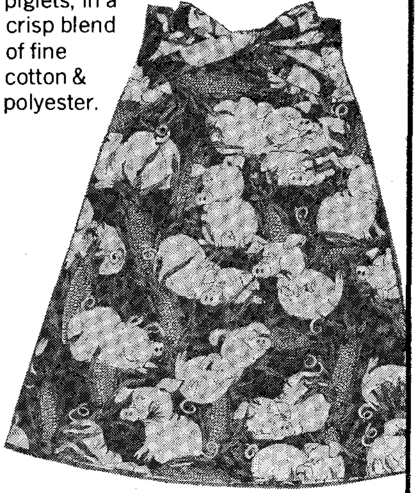
ument of faith . . . stupefies us by its sheer musical beauty, by its structure, *by the unity of thought which animates* it, and by its logical cohesion, absolutely and perfectly natural in all its parts." Whether one takes the Kretzschmar or the Calvocoressi view—are the sequences and repetitions spun out with uncritical ecstasy, or do they reflect a carefully balanced plan?—may depend on the merits and circumstances of a particular performance. The fervent performance by the University of Maryland Chorus and the Catholic University Orchestra, conducted by Miklós Forrai—one that filled the cathedral with soft entreaties, full-throated paeans, and mystic radiance—left me enthusiastic and exalted. Between the petitions, vocal and orchestral, of the Agnus Dei, soft, solemn reverberations stole through what in a concert hall are holes of silence. The resonance lent wings to the voices of the solo quartet and transmuted the fiery brass into liquid gold that blazed yet hurt not. Do not object that even bad music would sound good with such acoustic enhancement. Not so: it would sound more trumpery, for ear and mind distinguish between adventitious pleasures of ambience and inherent merit fitly revealed. Liszt's invention in the Missa Solennis is prodigious. I wonder only if he was ever disturbed, as I am, by the likeness of a recurrent "summoning" motif (heard in the Gloria, Et Resurrexit, Hosanna, and Agnus Dei) to the sirens' summons in the Venusberg, "Naht euch dem Strande"—same figure, in the same key. Liszt conducted "Tannhäuser" in Weimar in 1849. For once, an idea found in both his and his son-in-law's music seems to have been the latter's invention.

The Mass was preceded by the tone poem "The Battle with the Huns," a work that in the concert hall can sound both inflated and naïve, but one that in these surroundings, with the organ breathing and then pealing in triumph the "Crux fidelis" hymn, proved strangely exciting.

The next day, Liszt's Missa Choralis was sung at High Mass, by the cathedral choir. Or, rather, much but not all of it was; the conductor, Paul Traver, explained to the regular worshippers that the musical part of their service would be more extensive than usual, and to the visiting Lisztians that they would hear less of the Missa Choralis than usual, since it did not toe the line of the Church's new liturgical requirements. Liszt's Credo, the longest movement, was omitted al-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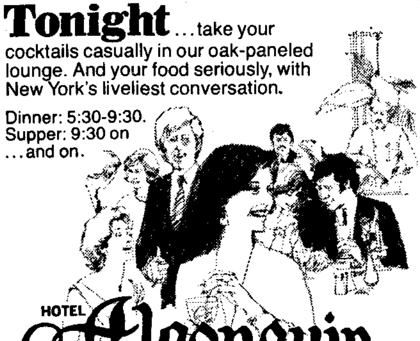
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together, and the other sections were to varying extents abridged—the Benedictus to just a few measures. It is not for a mere music critic to assess the larger pros and cons of the cozy, low-church style now adopted by the Roman Church, but he can fairly regret what she has been doing to her language and her music. The service book used in Washington was not a Missal but a paperback "Missalette" (I'm not making this up), couched in terms of a colloquial chumminess that stopped just short of "Have a good day, God." Is it only by Anglican churches that the rich heritage of Catholic liturgical music can now be preserved? The Church of England's Twenty-fourth Article declares it "a thing plainly repugnant . . . to have publick Prayer in the Church, or to minister the Sacraments in a tongue not understanded of the people"—which means that Latin Masses can still be sung in the cathedral and the college chapels of Oxford, on the presumption that Latin is understanded there. The only time I have heard Beethoven's Missa Solemnis in liturgical context was in Westminster Abbey. Last month in New York, Liszt's Missa Choralis was sung—unabridged—at St. Mary the Virgin.

In this Mass, composed in 1865, during Liszt's happy time in the Dominican monastery on Monte Mario, his love of Palestrina, his appreciation of the Cecilian movement for church-music reform, and his belief that a modern poetic spirit should inform all new music are harmoniously combined. Pius IX—a Marcellus II to Liszt's Palestrina—came to visit Liszt on Monte Mario. It must have been music in this vein which prompted his remark "The law, my dear Palestrina"—for thus the Pope would fondly address him—"ought to employ your music . . . to lead hardened criminals to repentance; no one could resist it, I am sure." The festal splendors of the Gran Mass yield to quiet devotion. The Hosanna rises from pianissimo to piano. Plangent "Tristan" harmonies occur only in the repeated "nobis" that ends the first two clauses of the Agnus Dei. The style is studied, not exuberant, but the music flows with quiet intensity. The St. Matthew's choir (which uses women in place of boys) was aptly smooth and gentle, but it was stationed in a side chapel, from which the sound did not really float out to fill the building. The motet was not one by Liszt but, rather unsuitably, a movement of Brahms' German Requiem.

Liszt the young virtuoso was repre-

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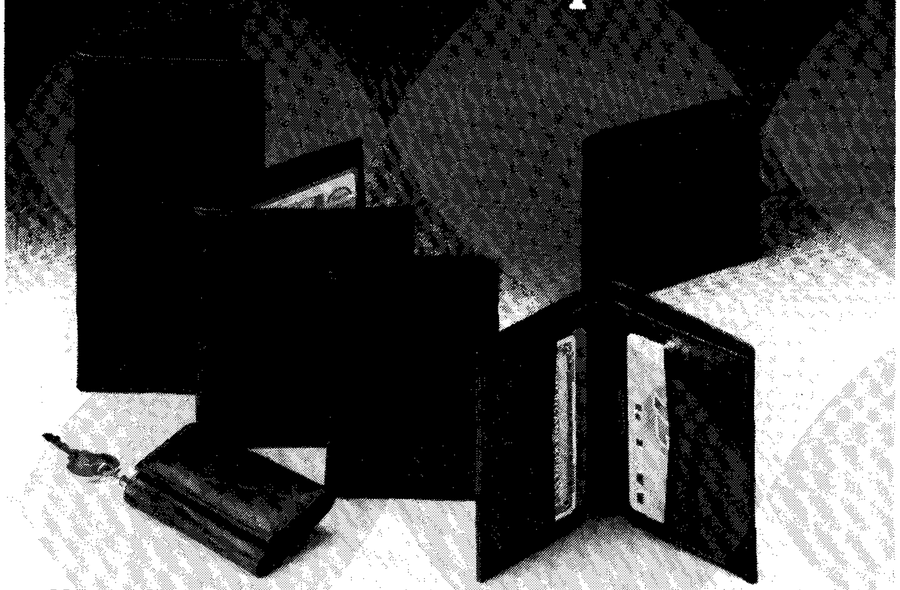

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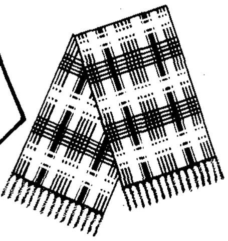
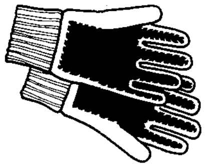
sented at a piano recital given in the Coolidge Auditorium by Idil Biret. She played his transcription of the Fantastic Symphony, made when he was twenty-two. Charles Hallé tells in his memoirs of a concert at which Berlioz conducted the finale and then Liszt played his piano arrangement, producing "an effect even surpassing that of the full orchestra, and creating an indescribable *furore*." Miss Biret's playing did not have the panchromatic instrumental dazzle for which Liszt's was renowned, but it was dexterous, spirited, and unflagging. Her remarkable feat has been recorded (on the Finnadar label); live, it proved even more impressive. In the first half, she was both efficient and poetic in the two Legends, and bright in "Venezia e Napoli" pieces from the second "Years of Wandering" album.

Little new material or new thought turned up in the papers I heard, but "Some Problems in Liszt Research," outlined by Dezső Legány, of the Hungarian Academy, was a model of quietly elegant, witty discourse. Liszt's letters to Olga von Meyendorff have been published for the first time, in an English translation by William Tyler. (The handsome volume is distributed by the Harvard University Press.) The letters are now in Dumbarton Oaks; twenty Liszt autographs that the Baroness owned are now in the Library of Congress. In the foyer of the Coolidge Auditorium there was a small but enthralling exhibition drawn from the library collection. (A catalogue of the Liszt manuscripts it holds was published to coincide with the festival.) One touching document was Carolyne van Sayn-Wittgenstein's will, dated—presumably predated—October 23, 1861, the day after that set for her wedding. (At the last minute, the Wittgenstein family prevented it.) She leaves her largest turquoise to Cardinal Antonelli, her other jewels and some works of art to her daughter, and everything else to "my husband, M. François Liszt," and signs the testament "Carolyne Liszt."

VIENNA's "Ariadne auf Naxos" is a 1976 production directed and designed by Filippo Sanjust; it was conducted then, and again in Washington, by Karl Böhm. The Prologue was distinguished by the Major-Domo of Erich Kunz, who gave a precise, polished, and unexaggerated performance, and by Agnes Baltsa's Composer. Although Miss Baltsa's mezzo was too small to fill the big solos—"Du, Venus' Sohn," "Musik ist eine heilige





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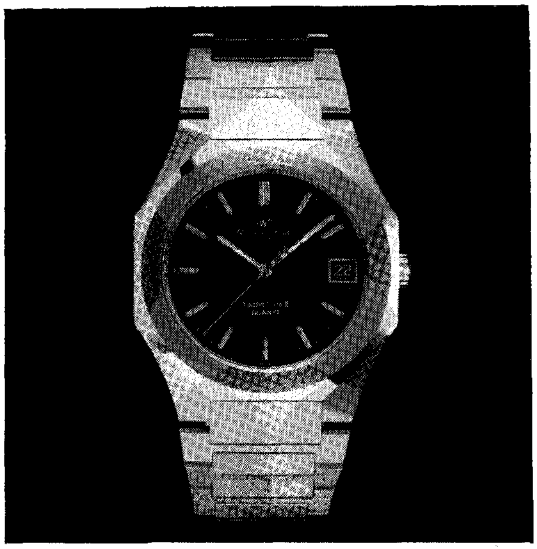

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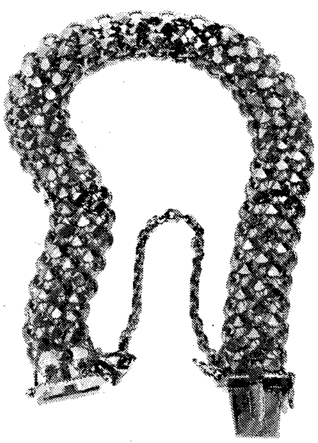
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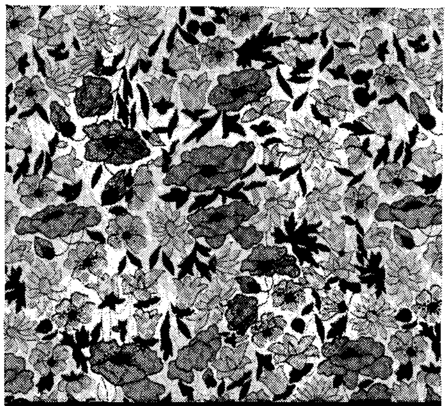
Kunst"—with the soaring, rapturous sound that her great Vienna predecessors Sena Jurinac and Irmgard Seefried brought to them, and although she moved into the higher and the lower reaches of this soprano role (created by Lotte Lehmann) carefully, not freely, her timbre was so precisely focussed and her projection so sure that everything was exquisitely audible, and she gave a delicate, captivating portrayal of the impetuous youth. The rest was so-so. A touch of commonness in Edita Gruberova's Zerbinetta kept her from being charming. Mr. Sanjust's fussy production did not help. While the Composer mused on his heroine ("Sie gibt sich dem Tod hin"), Zerbinetta, who should feel unexpectedly moved by the lad's earnestness and ardor, was offstage; Harlequin claimed our attention with a prominent mime and continued it in competition with Zerbinetta's "Ein Augenblick ist wenig."

The opera-seria company assembled during the Prologue in handsome eighteenth-century costumes, but when the curtain rose on "Ariadne" proper they had changed into draperies suggesting a high-school Greek play. Ariadne went barefoot. Bacchus was wigless. Zerbinetta was dressed as if to play the Governess in "The Turn of the Screw." Mr. Sanjust evidently shared the Dancing Master's view of the setting: "What could be drearier than a desert island." Ariadne reclined most awkwardly on a steep, bare staircase. Gundula Janowitz sang the role correctly, in clear, secure, and even beautiful tones, but was a cold, blank, unmoving performer. Miss Gruberova's account of "Grossmächtige Prinzessin" was brilliantly exact and was cleverly, fearlessly enacted. The Bacchus was dreadful. Only Murray Dickie, the Brighella, and a veteran of many "Ariadne" productions, brought wit and sharpness to the commedia-dell'arte male quartet. Böhm's conducting suggested a late impression of what was originally a fine, crisp engraving; it still had merits, but Bacchus' entrance music can never have blared out more vulgarly.

"Fidelio," a 1970 production, suggested a company love-in rather than a serious account of Beethoven's opera. After "Abscheulicher," the Leonore graciously shared her applause with her conductor. Leonore and Rocco's entrance in Act II was delayed, apparently as a sign to the audience that it was expected to applaud Florestan's aria. After "Leonore No. 3" had been used for *Verwandlungsmusik*, there was a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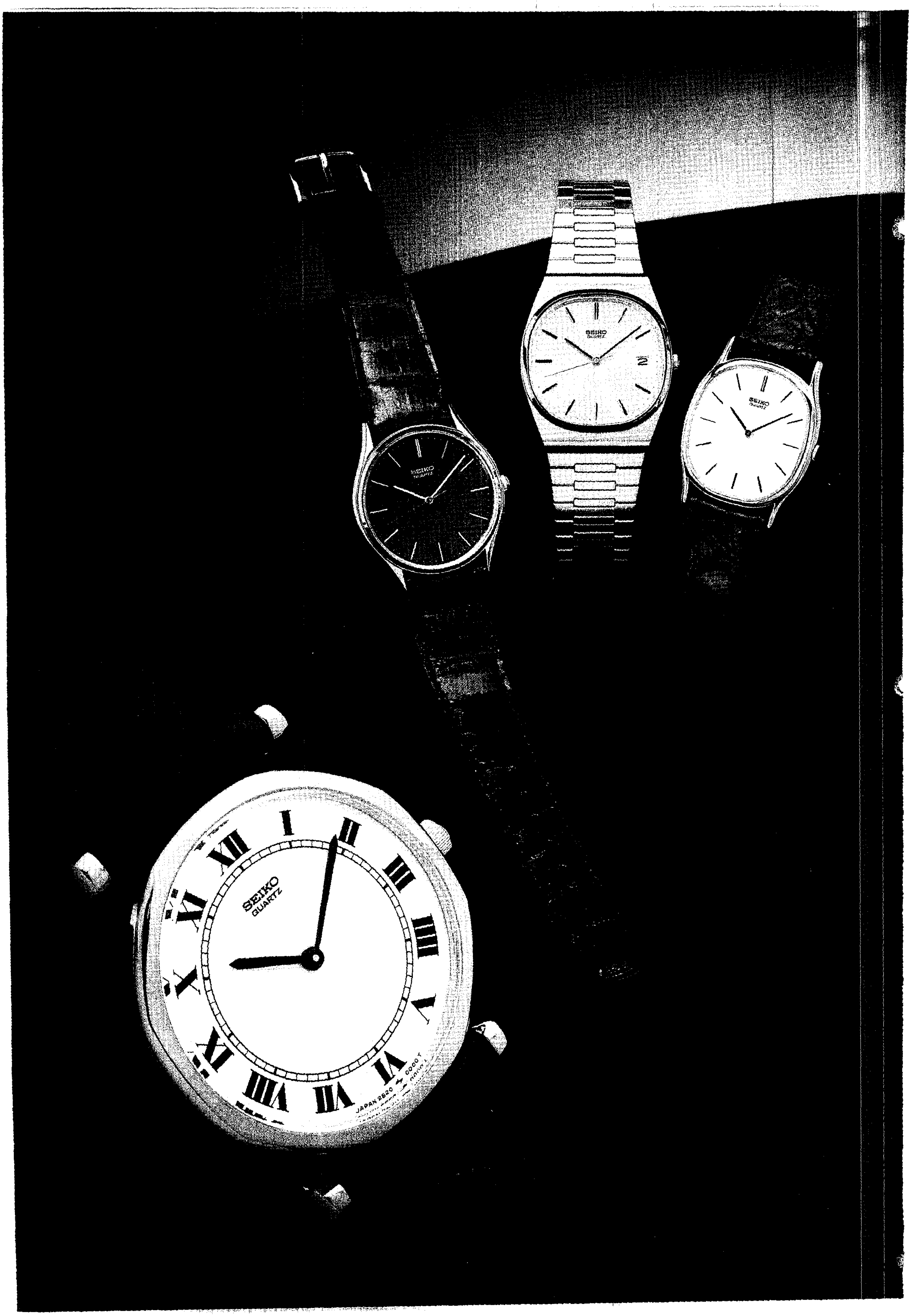
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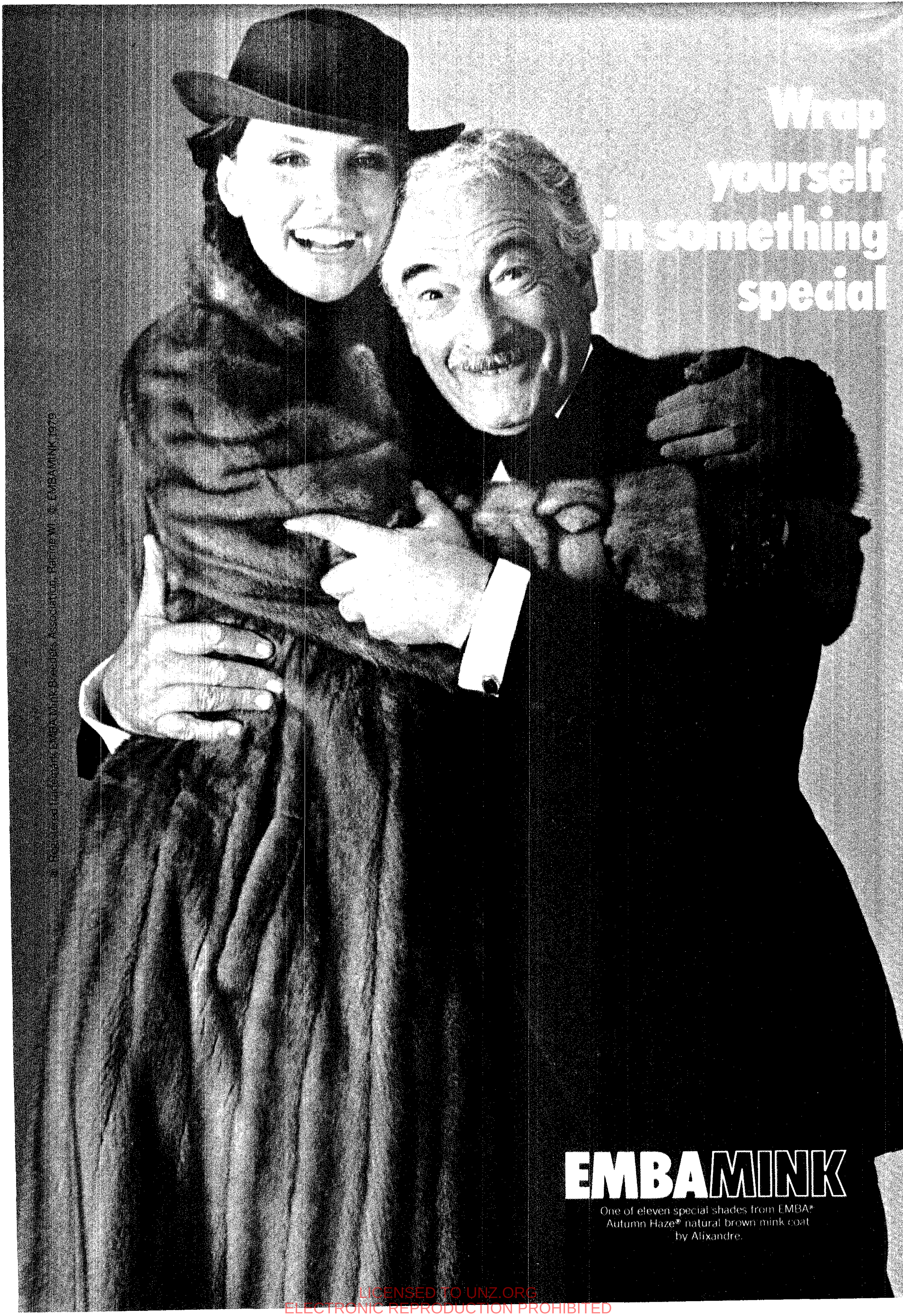
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prolonged standing ovation for Leonard Bernstein. (He adopted the trick of turning the last note of the prison duet into the first note of the overture; although there is illustrious precedent for doing so, it seems to me rather slick a device.) Günther Schneider-Siemssen's décor is handsome. When Otto Schenk's staging was new, it presumably treated such episodes as the grave-digging in Act II more convincingly. The outline of a strong, straightforward production, much like the one Mr. Schenk did for the Met, was still perceptible. Leonore does not go barefoot.

I enjoyed Kurt Rydl's realistic, direct, almost casual Rocco. The heroine, Gwyneth Jones, was in poor voice—frequently off pitch, and generally without line. She produced some radiant, powerful individual notes. She spoke the dialogue—what was left of it—urgently, passionately. ("Mir ist so wunderbar" was jammed hard against Marzelline's aria; almost all the conversation from which it should spring was omitted; a few phrases were reinstated *after* the quartet.) When Jess Thomas, the Florestan, began the cry of "Gott!" which opens Act II softly, one's heart lifted to his artistry—and sank as one discovered that the poignant attack was but his method of feeling his way into the note. For he then held it, swelled it, roared it, worried it, pushed it off pitch. The same thing happened at the "le-" of "nichts lebet ausser mir;" here there is at least the small excuse of Beethoven's fermata sign. Mr. Thomas sang with intensity, but his voice sounded worn, and (unlike Julius Patzak in *his* late performances of Florestan) he forced it and exposed its limitations instead of turning them to expressive effect. Theo Adam barked and declaimed Pizarro's music sometimes on and sometimes off the notes. Lucia Popp was an able Marzelline. Jaquino and Don Fernando were undercast. Bernstein's reading was warm-hearted but self-indulgent, effusive, and unclassical. In the course of the evening, "Fidelio" and all that it should mean somehow got lost.

In fact, during both these productions one had a sense that the Vienna State Opera was doing its famous thing; that the company and its performance, not the opera, provided the main point of the evening. But "Salome," a 1972 production, was another matter. Zubin Mehta's reading was poised, colorful, and secure. The score cohered as if it were one long tone poem, and it was superlatively well played. Jürgen Rose's décor is tricked out with some tiresome, fash-

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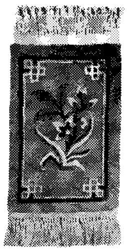
ionable Art Nouveau detail (and Salome's dress has a zipper), but essentially, and effectively, it suggests the courtyard of an ancient Near Eastern palace beneath a warm night sky. Boleslaw Barlog's staging is strikingly spare. Where Joachim Herz, in his production for the English National Opera, employed a cast of sixty, all individualized, Mr. Barlog kept onstage only the characters who actually sing. It was a strong, unaffected, and very musical production, marred only by a prominent and intrusive entrance for the Page during the tense moments while Salome awaits her head. Neither the elderly Herod (Hans Beirer) nor the young Herodias (Gertrude Jahn) overacted. Salome was Leonie Rysanek. Barefoot, she moved like a young woman, alertly, impulsively, and she sounded like one. The upper reaches of the voice still shine. After decades—since the 1951 Bayreuth Sieglinde—of catching Miss Rysanek on vocally untidy evenings, I am at last being luckier and discovering the singer whom so many audiences have admired. Peter Wimberger was a fiery and formidable Baptist.

THE Kennedy Center is a busy place. Before "Salome," there was "The Dream of Gerontius," with Richard Lewis and Katherine Ciesinski, in the Concert Hall, and then a concert in the Terrace Theatre given by the Theatre Chamber Players of Kennedy Center, the resident chamber-music ensemble. "Gerontius" and "Salome" on the same day—one that had begun with Liszt in St. Matthew's—would be too much for me, I felt, but the chamber music was refreshing. The program opened with Maki Ishii's "Five Elements," a picturesque piece in which two piccolos seated front-stage, one on each side, shrill or chirrup to one another; percussion adds a soft, pretty chime; violin, viola, and cello join in; and then a guitar enters as protagonist. Next, the première of Charles Wuorinen's "Psalm Thirty-nine," a setting for baritone and guitar. It opens as a solemn cantillation. The tension mounts—"My heart was hot within me, and while I was thus musing the fire kindled"—and then, after "And at the last I spake with my tongue," it breaks into free, passionate utterance from both the voice and the instrument. There is a final outburst at the cry of "O spare me a little." An impressive piece. The performers were Richard Frisch, baritone, and David Starobin, guitar; the work was written for them.

There followed Stravinsky's "Three



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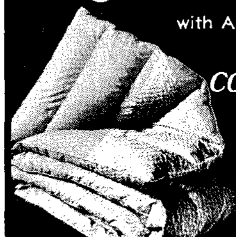

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Songs from William Shakespeare," in a fresh, well-balanced performance; Jeannette Walters was the singer. Then a Hugo Wolf group, in which I thought Mr. Frisch, though intelligent, was a shade heavy. The Chamber Players programs, while devoted largely to twentieth-century music, regularly include one substantial classic. (The audience suggested a happy mingling of those at Lincoln Center who subscribe to the Chamber Music Society and those who prefer the work of Speculum Musicae.) The second half of this concert was Beethoven's "Harp" Quartet—but I went off to prepare my mind for "Salome." I'd heard good things of the ensemble, which is directed by Leon Fleisher and Dina Koston. They were confirmed. Technical accomplishment, interpretation, program planning, manners, and "presentation" (neat, clean appearance; friendly faces; deft "scene-shifting," not long waits, between the items) conspired to make the concert and the music enjoyable.

AGOSTINO STEFFANI'S "La Libertà Contenta," composed in Hanover in 1693 and given its American première last month at a Clarion Concert in Alice Tully Hall, deals with adventures in the Peloponnesian War unrecorded by Thucydides. The characters are mostly familiar: Alcibiades, Pericles and his Aspasia, King Agis of Sparta, and his admiral Lysander. It is the time of Alcibiades' Spartan exile, and Decelea has been fortified—about 414 B.C. (Pericles had been dead for fifteen years, but a librettist must be allowed his license.) The action turns on the circumstances that Aspasia is loved by not only Pericles but also Alcibiades, his friend Telamides, and Agis; and that Princess Timaea, betrothed to Agis, is loved by both Alcibiades and Lysander. All ends happily: Agis gives Aspasia and Pericles a safe-conduct to return to Attica, on condition that Athens and Sparta make peace and Alcibiades be allowed to return to Athens. The intrigues are worked out in forty-eight arias, seven duets, and a couple of ensembles, few of whose texts omit the word "love." (The Duke of Mantua is not far away when successive arias include the lines "Woman is . . . unstable and changeable" and "My heart is never happy with but one.") The title refers to Alcibiades' contentment at being freed of all amorous bonds. Ortensio Mauro's libretto is apparently as frivolous as that of "La Belle Hélène." His Pericles seems to acknowledge as much when he ex-

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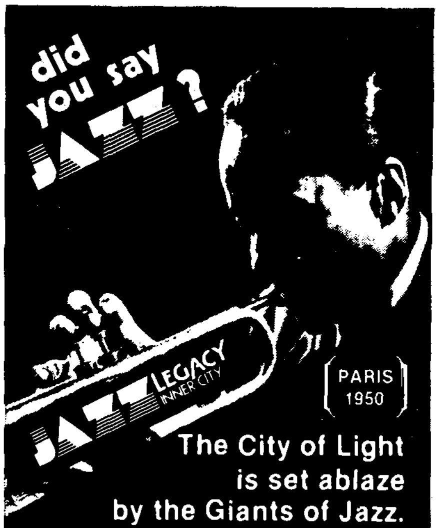
claims "This revered tongue whose thunderbolts made a sensation in Athens, which subdued the fury of Asia's ruler, must now be turned to the seduction of Aspasia!" But just possibly the Hanoverian courtiers may have found "relevance" in the plot: the Elector's son (later George I) was behaving as reprehensibly as any of Mauro's characters; and the year after "La Libertà Contenta" the Königsmark affair came to its tragic crisis. The opera figures in the Königsmark correspondence. After "Niobe," the Steffani opera that Clarion did two years ago, I remarked that Amphion and Niobe—the ruler versed in science and the arts, preferring study to cares of state, and his brilliant wife so proud of her position, her lineage, her children, and her admirers—suggested German seventeenth-century court portraits taken from the life. Is "La Libertà Contenta" a daring topical portrait of that court where, as the historian Samuel Rawson Gardiner put it, "it was understood that princes were to arrange their domestic life according to their own pleasure"?

Steffani is a Clarion specialty: "Tassilone" in 1973, "Niobe," and now "La Libertà Contenta." "La Libertà" is a simpler, less ambitious score than "Niobe." It uses a smaller orchestra. The music does not accompany large, picturesque, supernatural scenes or tell of pangs as keen as those Niobe and Amphion suffer. But it does reveal Steffani's splendid resourcefulness. Hugo Riemann, who edited Steffani's "Alarico," declared him a composer more intimate, more delicate than Alessandro Scarlatti, and one more charming than Lully in tenderness of melodic invention. Scarlatti and Lully are greater composers, but those particular excellences may be allowed to Steffani. Like many another Baroque opera, "La Libertà Contenta" becomes more and more interesting as it proceeds. Handel had a way of displaying familiar merits in a first act and then girding himself in Acts II and III to do things new and arresting. Steffani likewise. Act II reaches its climax in a nocturnal garden scene consisting of five good arias; four of them are magical. Aspasia threads the smooth line of "Foschi crepuscoli" through a soft-pulsing, tenderly woven web of strings and woodwinds. In Agis' "Cara notte," continuo-accompanied, long-sustained notes flower gently into ravishing curves of melody. Recorders and violas accompany Timaea's rhythmically animated "Piante, fiori, ombre, che dite," whose final chord is the first chord of Alcibiades' "Notte, amica," a slow



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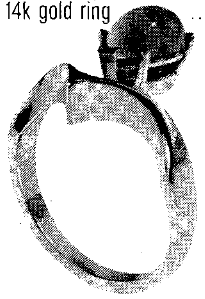

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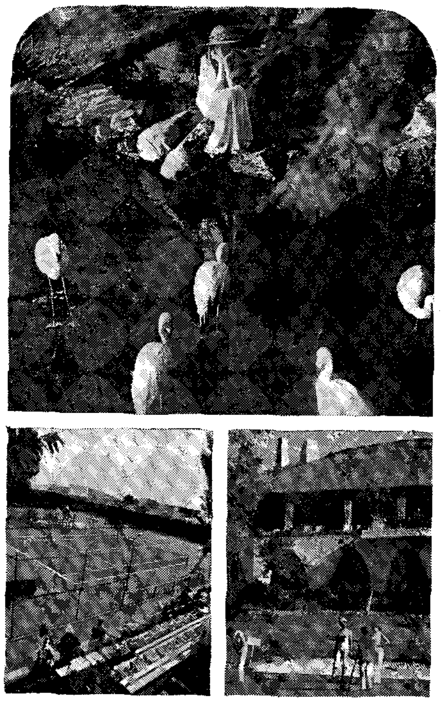

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melody, richly accompanied by strings, over a ground bass that teases and pleases the ear with its carefully placed departures from pattern. The sequence ends with a bravura vengeance aria for Timaea. Act III is notable for its rhythmic vivacity—shifting accents, syncopations, irregular phrase lengths in tempos both fast and slow—and for a duet in which Timaea and Alcibiades spin the words "You leave me, you scorn me" into dulcet chains of charming melody. Their "*addio senza rancor*" is strangely moving.

Once again, Clarion and its music director, Newell Jenkins, earn our gratitude for bringing forward a work of the past well worth hearing. Once again, the gratitude is tempered with regret that the performance was not on a higher level. Mr. Jenkins' loving response to the inventions of Steffani's music was always apparent, but sometimes he laid a heavy hand on the rhythms. Do continuo arias really need a conductor? Would it not be fitter to station harpsichord and string bass where they could see the singer? The best of the cast was John Aler, firm and fluent as Pericles. D'Anna Fortunato (Timaea) and Rodney Hardesty (Agis) had the right style, but her pitch was faulty and the timbre of his high countertenor was unpleasing. It was a mistake to transpose the leading role, Alcibiades, down an octave and allot it to a tenor, Robert White. A bright soprano is called for. Clarion provided generous measure (forty-three arias and six duets), and an English text. The singers sat or stood in a row. The action would have been more clearly defined had only those "on-stage" in any particular scene been at center stage. —ANDREW PORTER

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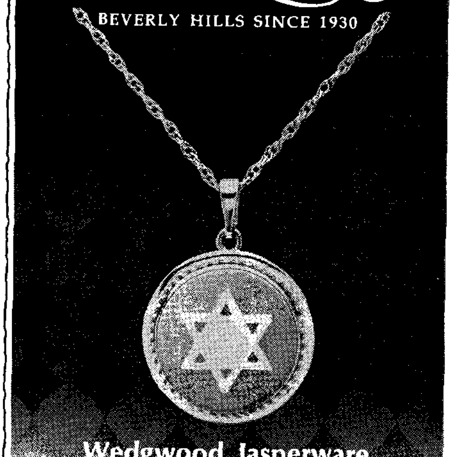

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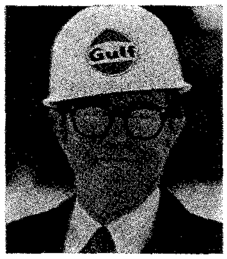

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

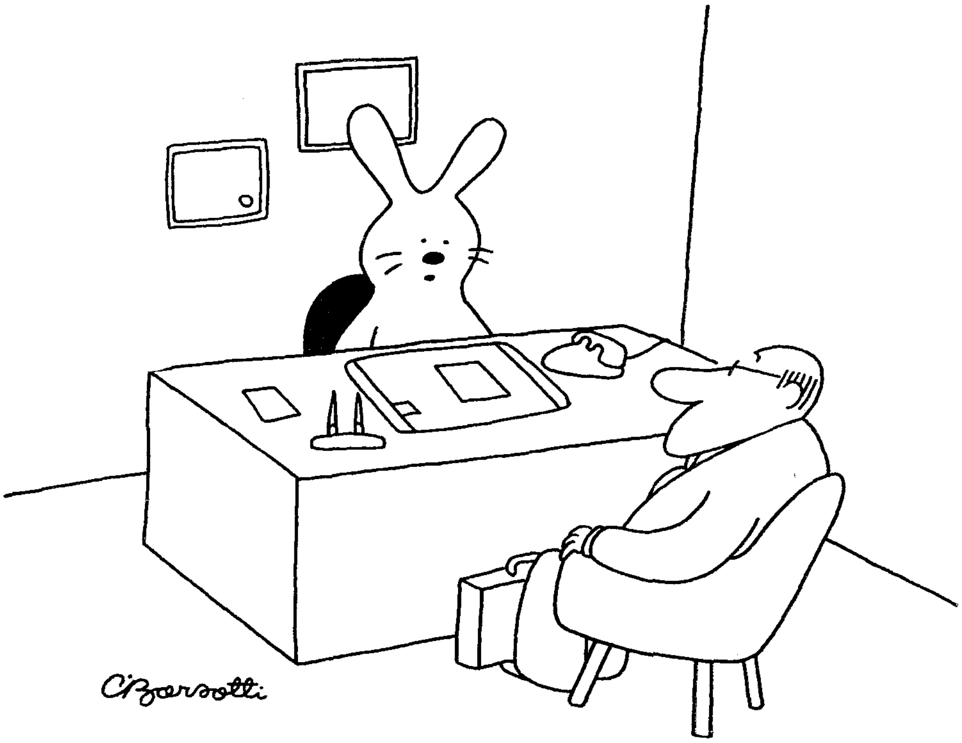
Waifness

BURT REYNOLDS, who stars in "Starting Over," may be a man's man. He may even be a certain kind of woman's man. He is seriously miscast as any sort of woman's victim. In a role that requires romantic vulnerability and, where women are concerned, a certain delicacy of feeling, he is about as convincing as Clint Eastwood would be, or Charlton Heston, or Lee Marvin. At the same time, and for not unrelated reasons, he lacks any comic talent whatsoever. That is not an important failing in an actor. Al Pacino has no comic talent. It is a limitation only in a comic role—where lines or conduct or, more passively, predicaments are intended to be funny. Reynolds, abandoned by his wife (Candice Bergen) and temporarily rebuffed by his date (Jill Clayburgh), is reduced, for instance, to shopping in a supermarket. It isn't funny, and it isn't poignant; it isn't even incongruous—as Roosevelt Grier doing needlepoint was once a bit comically incongruous. For all I know, Burt Reynolds in real life is constantly reduced to shopping in supermarkets. But the scene is all wrong for him, as an ill-fitting suit would be, or Bermuda shorts, or a feather boa.

Jill Clayburgh plays an obdurate, thirtyish, liberated, spinster waif, a nursery-school teacher with whom Reynolds falls in love and moves in as his marriage breaks up. Real life, it's true, has more improbable couples than "La Cage aux Folles"—or "Semi-Tough," which also cast Reynolds and Miss Clayburgh together. But the physical unlikelihood of this particular couple's managing to exchange a few amenities, or even stand anywhere near each other, in a stranded elevator seems almost palpable. The film has them meet on a blind date, be irresistibly attracted, remain living together at the end. Out of the question, I think. As soon cast Billy Martin as a Dante scholar languishing with a Jean Rhys figure playing Dottie Renfrew. It is all wrong. Apart from the romance, there is something distasteful about the way the film patronizes Miss Clayburgh's waif. A false note sounds repeatedly, but most clearly in a scene in which, on a snowy night, the young woman rushes out into the street to have a foot-stamping, fist-clenching, car-hood-pounding tantrum. She shouts hysterically to Reynolds, with whom she has just been to bed for the first time, that she doesn't do one-night stands. He looks rueful (his comic and sentimental range, in this film, seems to consist in looking rueful), and assures her that he meant to return—had, in fact, left her a note to that effect. What is wrong is the tantrum. Waifs are compatible with crazy temper, surely—even, although their appeal requires loneliness and weakness, with an undercurrent of strength. But not this protracted, heavy, abrasive spasm. There is condescension, too, in the film's treatment of the way the Clayburgh character looks and dresses. Waifs need not be conventionally pretty, but there has to be something endearing, inviting touch, even cuddly about them—like a child's tug or a puppy's. Miss Clayburgh's is a hectoring, whining, rather granitic waif.

"Starting Over" does have a wonderful scene, which stars Candice Bergen. For most of the film, her role has been insuperable: a ridiculous woman who has left her husband for what she mistakenly believes to be her singing talent. It takes a particular kind of talent to play someone who has no talent. Miss Bergen, a fine comedienne and romantic lead—in fact, along with Meryl Streep, Lily Tomlin, and perhaps Jane Fonda, one of the few American actresses capable of playing a lovely woman who is both intelligent and gentle—is absurdly miscast as a young Elva Miller or Florence Foster Jenkins. No matter how horribly she sings or dances, it is obvious that she does have talent—any talent but the one of playing someone as talentless as this. In the film's best scene, Miss Bergen has appeared at Reynolds' apartment with the intention of going to bed with him. He was out; Miss Clayburgh was in. The women have just spent three hours together. Reynolds returns. In making a beautifully complicated play for him, Miss Bergen somehow manages to convey everything—sex, familiarity, apology, pity, embarrassment, humor—that would really be in such a scene. The film has another good moment: on Christmas Eve, in a church cellar, a therapy group for divorcing men to which Reynolds belongs is invaded by and reconciled with a therapy group for divorcing women. All the minor character actors in these groups are excellent—a wonderfully varied inventory of who, in the world of the no longer married, exists, eating crackers or, as it happens, cake.

"I THOUGHT you didn't believe in God," a woman says to Alan Arkin, who plays the magician in "The Magician of Lublin." "I do," Arkin replies. "He doesn't believe in me." At another point, the magician, addressing God, cups his hands to shout, "How do you do what you do? Show me how! Show me your magic!" Even an actor with the stature to play Lear could not bring off such lines as these, or the repeated, direct challenges to God that Arkin is required to deliver. The plot, based on a novel by Isaac Bashevis Singer, is in its way powerful. A magician, tightrope walker, woman-



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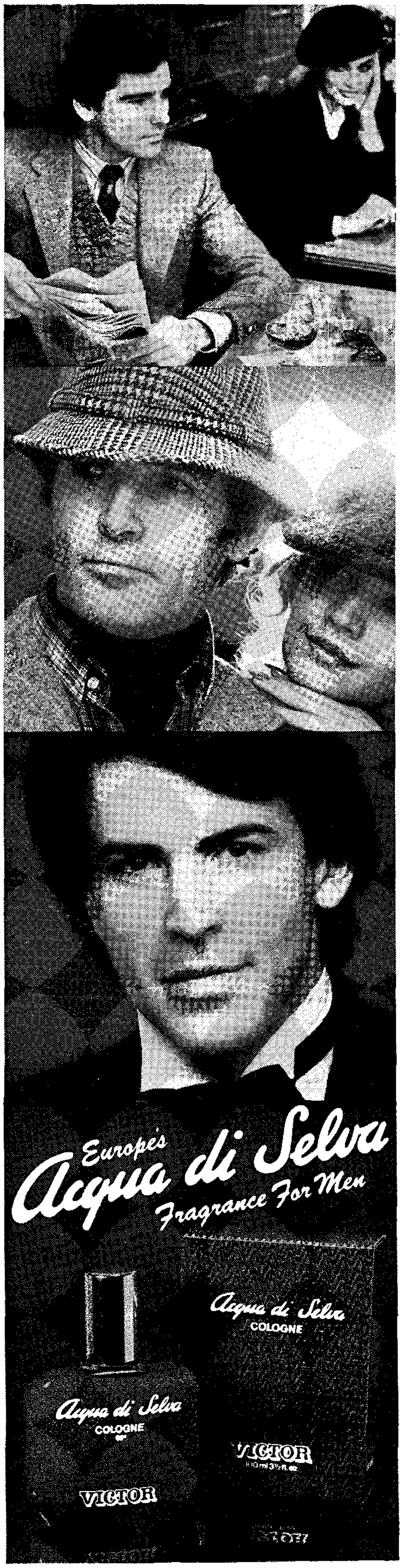

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izer, charlatan has come almost to believe in his own lie—that he will be able to fly, in Warsaw, on opening night. Congenital liars are among the most profound believers in miracles: that the truth will be other than what they know it, in fact and ineluctably, to be. A magician who can persuade others, and to some degree himself, that his powers border on the supernatural is a particularly interesting liar and believer of that sort. But Arkin, solid in other roles, has nothing of the magician, or even the charismatic charlatan. To play such a part, an actor must have the gifts of a born evangelist—or else portray a completely ordinary man, so that an audience can read magic into him. Arkin strains to appear uncanny, a mistake. The film, throughout, is very crudely imagined. It is filled—as is the even coarser "Fiddler on the Roof"—with innumerable Yiddishisms of vocabulary, inflection, sentence structure. Yiddishisms may be part of the language of New York or Miami Beach. Of all dialects, however, the prose of "kvetch," "schlepp," and "don't *start* with me" is least congenial to the screen; a script that includes them becomes a sort of literary pogrom. What was spoken in the Polish ghettos, in any event, was presumably not Yiddishisms but Yiddish, a language with a literature of its own.

"HEAD OVER HEELS," based on a fine novel by Ann Beattie, wastes its first half hour. Then it lives up for a while to its aspirations, before disintegrating toward its close. The plot has to do with Charles, a young bureaucrat (John Heard) who lives briefly with Laura, someone else's wife (Mary Beth Hurt), and then pines for her for a year while she resumes her unhappy marriage—until she returns to him for good. Charles' love is meant to be absolute, single-minded, of the sort that occupies consciousness totally. It never rings altogether true. In the year of pining, although he parks outside her house and makes scale models of it, although he never repairs the eyeglasses he broke the night she left him, although he talks constantly about her, in narration and in interior monologue (an unnecessary device, and one that almost never works in film), he neither gains nor loses weight, he manages to take his baths and go to work, he never has that desperate, ravaged look—or, on the other hand, any sign of a driving, overwrought ambition that might account for his surviving the year at all. The film introduces other loves as well: the love of Charles' portly stepfather for Charles' crazy (exag-

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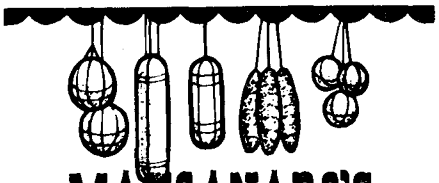

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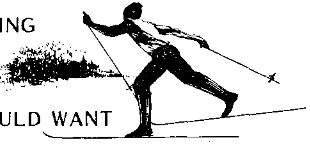

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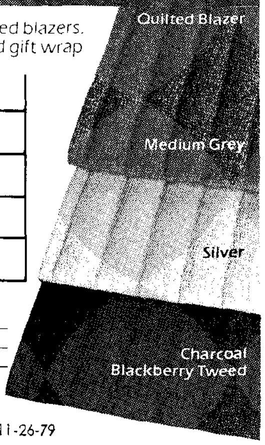
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gerated and quite poorly conceived) mother; the love of Charles' secretary for him; the love lives of Charles' sister, his roommate, even his boss's son. But the central love story is Charles and Laura's.

An early, considerable problem is the Laura character: another waif. Her eyes fill with tears a lot, and she laughs from time to time, but she is brittle, glacial, charmless. She talks too loud. She's finding herself. She says things like "I don't deserve to be happy." She demands to be taken to a pornographic film and, leaning forward in her seat, blows bubbles with her bubble gum. Whatever that's meant to be—charm, waifness, whimsy, characterization—it's awful. The relentless childlike quality of this person becomes repellent—not just because she's actually left a small child at home (which makes the underlying story a bit as though Joanie Caucus had become the object of a "Blue Angel" obsession) but because the childlikeness itself is mannered, artificial. It is precisely this mannered "childlikeness" that makes bad child actors so cloying and unpleasant. Hypocrisy doesn't suit real children, perhaps because they're not yet good at it. Acting, of course, is always a genre of hypocrisy. To the extent that it shows, it specially violates a child's direct appeal and dignity. Something in Miss Hurt's waif has the artificiality, the alienating faked naïveness of the transparently performing child.

The period when the film does pick up begins with the appearance of its first authentic adult, Laura's husband (Mark Metcalf), a salesman of A-frame houses, who is written and acted very well. One starts to trust the story—and then stays with it for a time. The intensity of love which has been its theme has occurred, after all, somewhere in most lives; audiences can draw upon their own sense of it. When the couple becomes uninteresting again, it is possible just to leave the film in spirit—or read into it a story that it does not really tell. At one point, near the end, there is a scene that's inexplicably moving. Heard, eyes filled with tears, stands still and says, "It's over." It isn't. But somehow, when spoken by a character standing, near tears, alone, "It's over" is always a very moving line.

—Renata Adler

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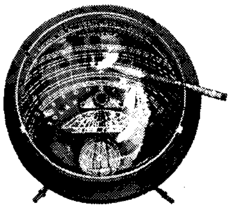

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

1980

SIMPLY stated, there has never been anything like it in Washington before. The struggle over the Presidential nomination between President Carter and Senator Edward M. Kennedy established, rapidly, an atmosphere that resembles nothing so much as a civil war. A city obsessed with politics in any event was suddenly presented with not just an ordinary contest for a nomination but a brutal struggle for very high stakes between two very determined, powerful, and combative men, each backed by very determined, combative forces. The struggle had seemed theoretically possible for some time, but its actuality turned out in short order to be of a magnitude and nature that had not been imagined. There have been challenges to Presidents from within their own parties in recent years, but no challenger in memory has occupied such an important base of power in Washington. The struggle tears at loyalties, friendships, even families. Meanwhile, Republican candidates occasionally troop across the Washington stage to define, declare, or otherwise further their ambitions. And—as befits any Presidential-election season, only this time more so—others here make their calculations of what to do, what would be the best position to have been in at the right time. And, of course, the speculation about how it will all come out goes on with great intensity, irrespective of the fact that such speculation is futile. Suddenly the campaign has backed up on us. For some time, there had been preliminaries in the year before an election, but it became clear early this fall that these were no longer the preliminaries.

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MORRIS UDALL has adopted what he calls Udall's Law. Udall's Law is that all the pet theories on the front-runners and the favorites a year before the election are neat, simple, cold, logical, and wrong. There are innumerable examples of the validity of this law, but they do nothing to diminish the speculation. The prevailing view about what is going to happen in both parties shifts with remarkable swiftness. This week's certainty is, while utterly different from, no less certain than, last week's certainty. The speculation about the Democrats ran, in a matter of a few weeks: Kennedy will clobber Carter. No, wait a minute, Kennedy has liabilities, and Carter and his people are good at campaigning—in fact, that is what they are good at. No, Kennedy is going to clobber Carter—early. Wait, Kennedy's liabilities are real, and serious. On the Republican side, it has run: Reagan has it. No, Reagan is too old, Connally is overtaking him. No, Connally has too many liabilities; it's still Reagan, or, if not Reagan, Howard Baker; watch out for George Bush. The political tag that is applied to Baker is that, as the saying goes, he "looks good on paper." But the thing is, the candidates do not run on paper. A number of things are forgotten, it seems, amid the speculation. Events that were by no means inevitable are given a retrospective inevitability. Carter had some good fortune in the early stages of the 1976 nomination struggle and, as it happens, had real trouble, even though he had no single strong opponent, toward the end of it; he very nearly lost the election. Many people who are suddenly remembering what gifted politicians the Carter people are seem to be overlooking the fact that if they were such gifted politicians they would not be in their present pickle. The speculation takes place in a vacuum. It does not, because it cannot, anticipate the kinds of goofs, *gaffes*, accidents, and outside events that have changed the course of past campaigns. It does not, cannot, take into account the changing, intuitive judgments that the public makes as the candidates are subjected to extended scrutiny. The sheer number of candidates in a primary can affect the outcome. As can the turnout. Even the weather. It seems to be widely forgotten that we did not know the result of the 1976 election until 3:46 A.M. the following day.

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THE Kennedy candidacy had a certain inevitability, and it remained for Carter to provide the opportunity. Kennedy sometimes says that he would have been content to serve out his years in the Senate, and, of course, he colors his decision to run as one made with the greatest reluctance. But the idea that Edward Kennedy might someday run for President has been around him for a long, long time—since even before either of his brothers was assassinated. It has been an open subject since 1968—twelve years before the 1980 election. Therefore, there were at least twelve years during which Kennedy had to weigh the decision, assess his options and opportunities, and listen to invited and uninvited counsel. The legacy was there, bringing with it

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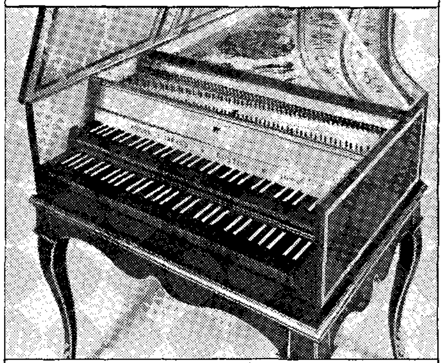

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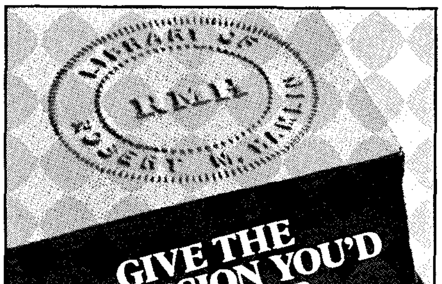

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some combination of opportunity, obligation, and ambition. Kennedy spent a long time "keeping his options open," as they say, even while he temporarily foreclosed them. He gave consideration to running for President in 1968—there was a great deal of sentiment in favor of his doing so—and then, briefly, to running as the Vice-Presidential candidate with George McGovern in 1972. At one point, he even gave consideration to running with Carter in 1980. The theory was that by having served as Vice-President he would be "sanitized" with respect to the personal problems that shadow his public life—that the voters would get used to thinking of him in Presidential terms. One old friend of Kennedy's says, "He's walked around the question of his candidacy for a long time; a good power operator is always walking around that kind of question, sensing the possibilities." Yet sixteen years (or perhaps twenty if a Republican is elected in 1980 and is strong enough to be reëlected) is a long time for a politician to keep himself "viable," even if he is a Kennedy. Other politicians, with their own ambitions, might not coöperate in this long-range planning. There are some younger Democrats—such as Senators Gary Hart, of Colorado, and Joseph Biden, of Delaware—who give off signs that they have ambitions of their own. There are a number of people who tell of conversations with Kennedy over the past couple of years in which he gave implicit or explicit indications that he was thinking seriously of running this time. And there were the overt acts: the breaking of the Kennedy tradition of live-and-let-live with Republican senators from Massachusetts when, in 1978, Kennedy backed the Democrat, Paul Tsongas, over Edward Brooke, putting Tsongas, who won, in a position to look after Kennedy's interests; the hiring, in December, 1978, of Carl Wagner, a political organizer in his early thirties (Wagner, who is from Iowa, is presumably not an expert on Massachusetts, and is generally believed to be one of the best political organizers in the country); the seizing of the opportunity to bring the Democratic Party's constituent groups to their feet at the Party's 1978 midterm conference in Memphis and to reinforce his hold on them by making a speech ostensibly about health insurance but actually attacking the President's emphasis on military spending at the expense, Kennedy charged, of social programs; the decision to give some interviews this past July, ten

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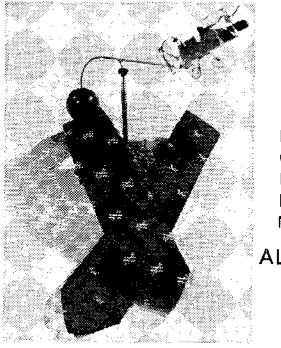

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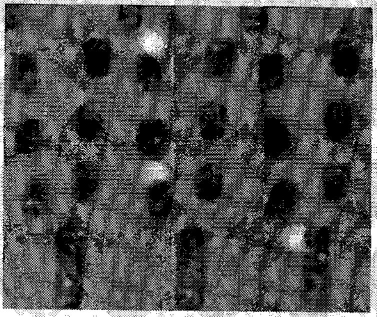

In this photo, magnetic bubbles (white dots) are magnified 1,000 times.

The presence or absence of bubbles (the white dots in the photo at right) represent bits of information—ones and zeroes. They can be moved about at high speeds to perform memory and logic functions. Two perforated metal sheets (the holes appear as dark rectangles in the photo) create the alternating magnetic field that moves the bubbles around.

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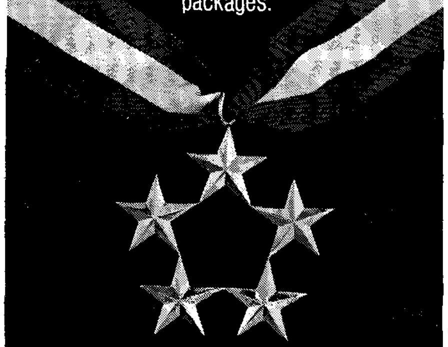

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years after the event, about the incident at Chappaquiddick. As matters turned out, those particular interviews, apparently given in the hope that they would make the subject go away, or would at least provide a test of its virulence, were virtually obliterated from the public mind, coming as they did during the week that the Administration engulfed itself in the chaos of mass resignations and firings. It was during that period that the President began his decline to an all-time low, for any President, in the polls, which also indicated in the first week in August that Kennedy enjoyed a two-to-one lead over Carter. Many Democratic politicians on Capitol Hill were frantic over the possibility of having to run with Carter at the head of the ticket. There was a great deal of talk in the cloakrooms about what might happen if the Republicans were to take over the Senate. There was a strong feeling on Capitol Hill in July that the Carter Administration had collapsed. Kennedy was presented with a mixture of duty and opportunity: if there were to be a Republican sweep, the Senate would be at least a markedly changed place, several of his allies might be defeated, and, for some time to come, the atmosphere would be a poor one for his issues and his politics. At some point, one becomes tired of turning things over in the mind, of weighing familiar factors. It was during August, by his own account, that Kennedy made the decision to run.

Carter also unwittingly played a hand in the timing of Kennedy's entry into the race. For some time, Kennedy had expressed to friends a concern about avoiding the problem of being charged with opportunism—as his brother Robert was when he entered the 1968 race after Eugene McCarthy demonstrated in New Hampshire that Lyndon Johnson was vulnerable—if he waited until someone else showed Carter to be vulnerable. Moreover, the later he entered the race, the more serious the problems of organizing a campaign would be. And so, after Labor Day, with the timing still uncertain, Kennedy began to drop public hints about his decision. (This had the effect of keeping alive the "Draft Kennedy" movement and of keeping people who might join or support his campaign at the ready.) The rationale for his running, he said, was Carter's failure of leadership. The probability of his candidacy had two effects, one of which was expected, the other not necessarily so. The expected effect was that when Kennedy the candidate, as opposed to

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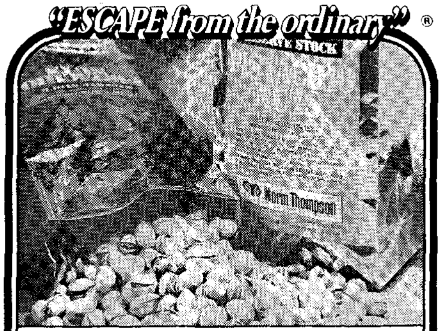

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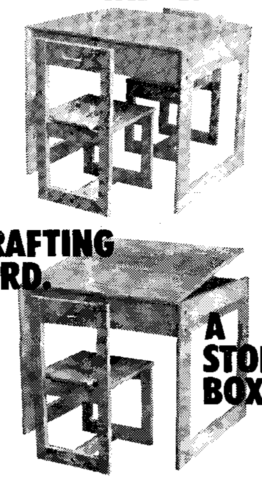

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Kennedy the theoretical candidate, was measured against Carter, the gap between them in the polls would narrow. (It was also expected that, in any event, Carter's rating would not stay at such a low point.) The unexpected effect was that the Carter Administration, perhaps because it was faced with the prospect of a Kennedy challenge, gave indications that it had learned something. Several of its legislative goals began to come to fruition in Congress. Who gets credit for this is subject to some debate, but Carter was looking more "Presidential." So, lest the rationale slip away, the timing of Kennedy's entry into the race was advanced. Also, it was clear that the Carter people had for some time been working on their campaign. Politicians, generally speaking, are not patient people, and their very competitiveness makes it difficult for them to stand back once they have decided to wage a fight. Moreover, Kennedy has a hyperactive personality, as many politicians do, and, seeing that he was in for a real fight, once he had decided to go ahead with it he wanted to go ahead with it.

•

ON the morning of Thursday, October 18th, at eight o'clock, Gerald Ford is having breakfast at the Sheraton-Carlton Hotel with a group of reporters. Here is a former President of the United States, looking well, if a bit older than when he left office, sitting around with a bunch of reporters, talking like one of the guys. Actually, this sort of thing came naturally to Ford during his many years as a member of the House of Representatives. The question at the moment is what he plans to do about running for the Presidency again. Ford lost his race for the Presidency in 1976 in the worst possible way—narrowly. There are many what-ifs to live with after that. Now he would like to be President again, if only he didn't have to run for the nomination. Before 1976, Ford had never run for office in anything larger than a congressional district, and he especially disliked having to slug it out with Reagan in the primaries. At that time, he had the appurtenances of the Presidency to help him along, and still he almost lost the nomination to Reagan. Ford is leading what many would consider the good life—Palm Springs, Vail, well-paid speeches, an ample income, respectful treatment as a former President. Campaigning for the nomination would make him just one of the pack and

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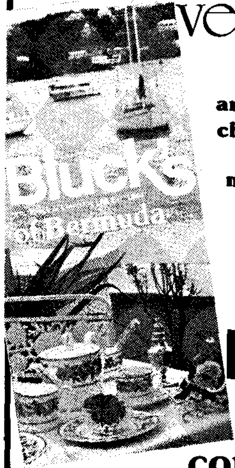

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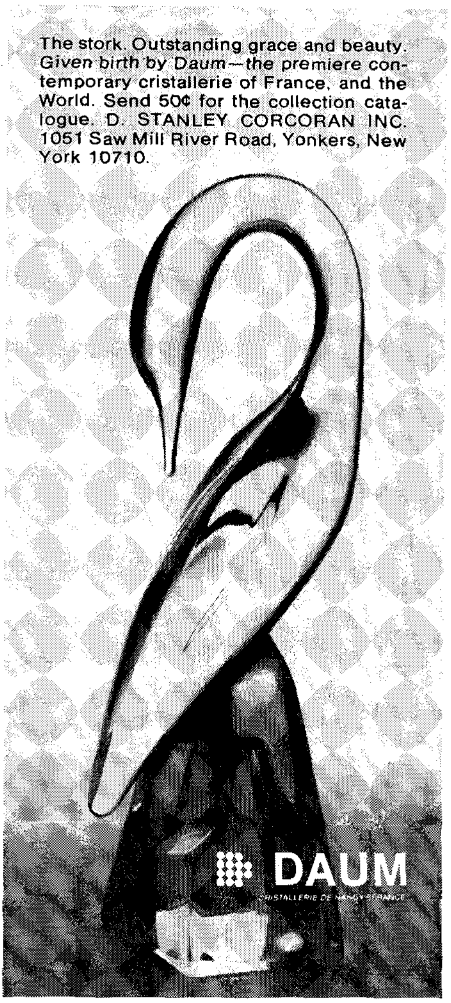

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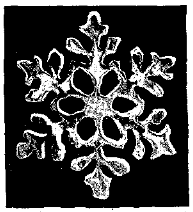

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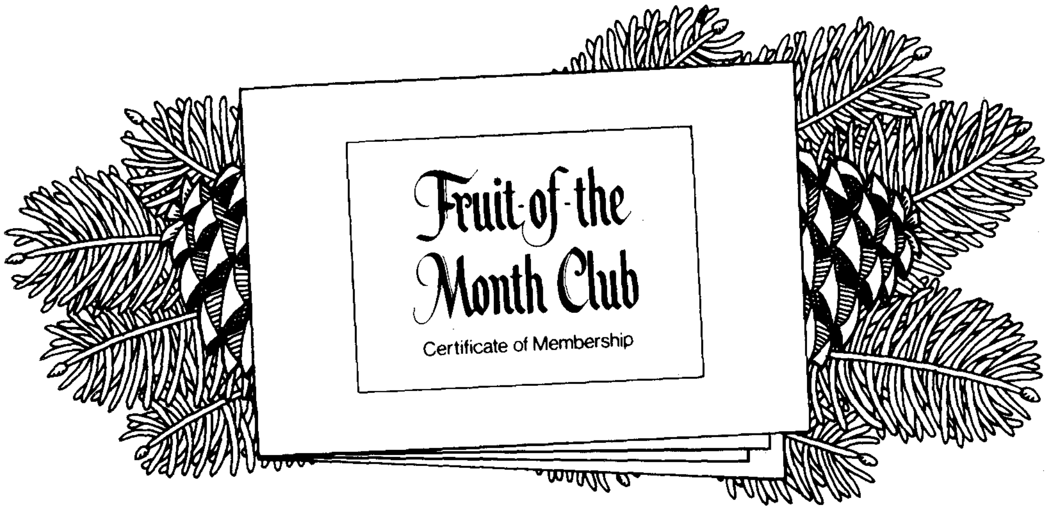
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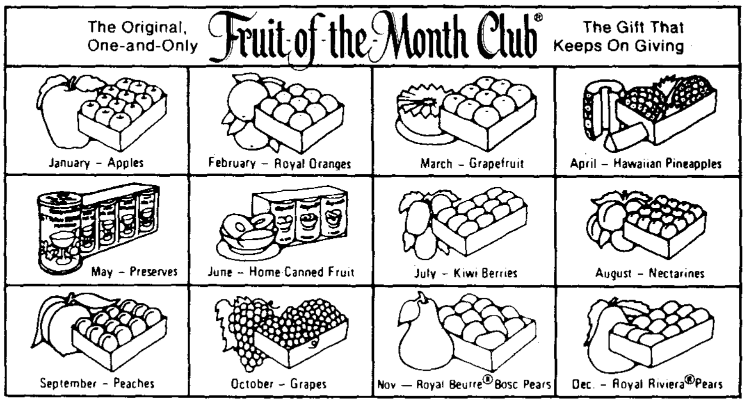
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subject him to the accompanying indignities. He is said by friends to enjoy receiving attention when he appears in golf tournaments or gives speeches, and being told that things were better when he was President and that he ought to run again—and also to enjoy titillating people with hints that he might indeed run. The problem is that all that might be spoiled if he actually ran. Ford's preference is to wait until a few months into next year to see what happens, and then decide what to do. He is one of the would-be candidates who seem to turn up in every election hoping that "lightning will strike." But it hasn't in a long time, and the possibility that it will has become less likely, given the way the nominating system has evolved. Recently, Ford met in Palm Springs with some of his political advisers, who went over the dates and details of primaries and filing deadlines, and so on, with him. They advised him that if he delayed his decision it would only make it more difficult for others who wanted to oppose Reagan, and might well guarantee Reagan the nomination. Ford was also told that if he waits too long it will be too late for him. So the question most on the reporters' minds this morning is what Ford intends to do. He is asked if he is planning to run.

"It's getting more enjoyable on the outside than it was on the inside," he answers, smiling. "If I came here as a candidate, I'd have to be answering tough questions. Now I don't come here having to make some point, having to seduce you. I'm seeing good friends, old acquaintances. Isn't that a nice way to spend a morning?"

The question is repeated in another form.

Ford suggests that the press is trying to stir something up. "I'm exactly today where I was a year ago, two years ago," he says. "I will speak out on SALT, other issues. That doesn't indicate I'm sitting in a smoke-filled room with charts and experts, scheming. If something happens, it happens. I'm a fatalist." And he adds, "I never say 'never' in politics."

In answer to still a third question on the subject, he says, "Only as the primaries progress there might be some switching, but it's too early to honestly say that. Nobody's had a primary yet. . . . We haven't really had a voter test."

The questions and the answers continue along the same line.

"I'm not a candidate, I'm not," he insists. "Somehow you all don't believe it. On the other hand, if a scenario

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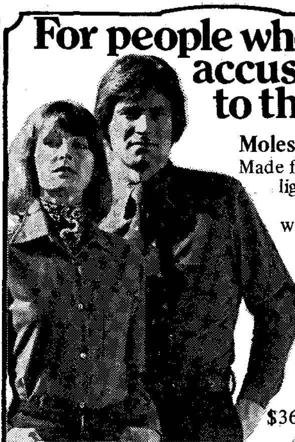

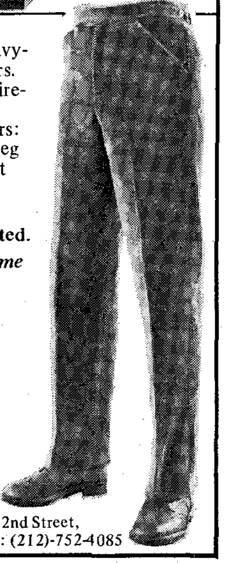

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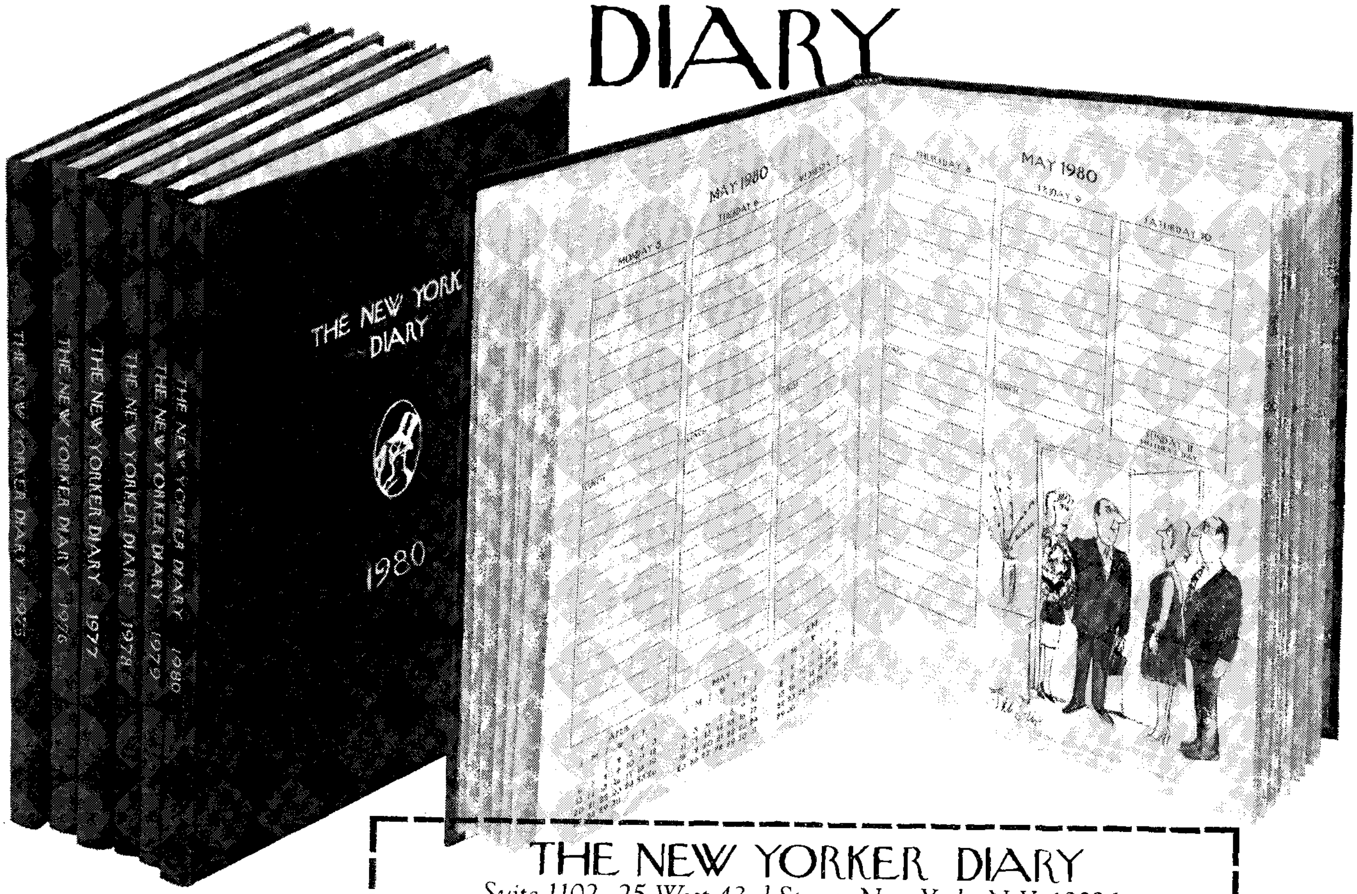
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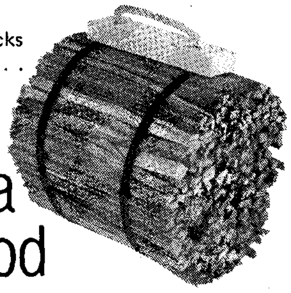

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developed, I'd have to take another look at it."

The next day, Ford calls a press conference on Capitol Hill, on short notice, and announces that he has made "a firm decision not to become an active candidate." He also says that he would be available if the Republican Convention were to be deadlocked but says he thinks chances of that are "very remote."

•

EVERY Presidential campaign causes a large number of people—politicians whose own fortunes might be affected, people with visions of serving in the White House or in some other high-level government job (some are quite specific in their own minds quite early), strategists for various interest groups, people to whom it is important to have the right connections, and other investors in power—to try to calculate what's in it for them to go which way, and where they want to have been when. This can get very tricky, but never more so than in the situation created by the Carter-Kennedy struggle. The calculations are essentially unsentimental and take a number of forms.

A Democratic senator, over lunch in the Senate Dining Room in mid-October, when Kennedy's candidacy seemed certain but was not yet official: "Some of the enthusiasm for Ted's candidacy up here has waned a bit. Carter's low point was just after Labor Day, and Ted's high point was right up until he made his move." When, following its August recess, Congress returned to Washington in early September, many were convinced that Carter was finished. August hadn't gone much better for him than July had (the furor over Andrew Young and the P.L.O. while Carter floated down the Mississippi, the imbroglio over the Soviet troops in Cuba). In mid-September, an Associated Press-NBC News poll showed his approval rating at nineteen. Even members of the House, who, because they run every two years, feel they are closer to their constituents than senators are, and so generally consider themselves more immune to the fate of the top of the Presidential ticket, were worried. One House Democrat said to me at the time, "A lot of us could lose, *and Carter isn't worth it.*"

The Democratic senator continued, "Once it became clear Ted would run, people started attacking him, and others started to consider problems

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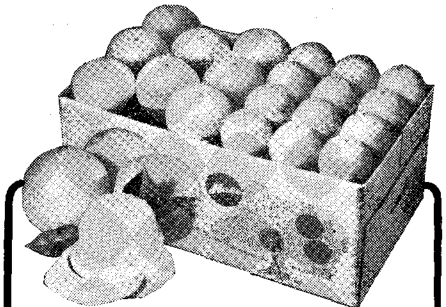

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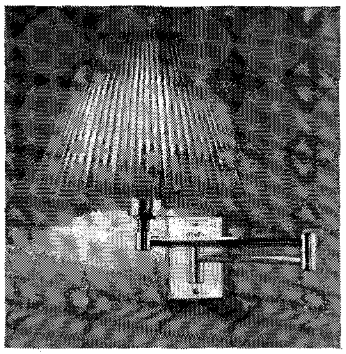

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they'd brushed aside. People here still think he'll be the nominee, but not as easily as before. Carter's people obviously did a professional job in Florida." This was just after Carter won, narrowly, a non-binding preliminary caucus vote in Florida on October 13th against an unofficial Kennedy organization. (Only thirty-four thousand people participated, and the contest was largely one of logistics.) "A lot of people feel that while there has been a lot of ineptness and clumsiness in the Carter Administration, Carter's tried to do the right thing, and he made some tough decisions in the Cuban mess and got out of it not too badly. The conjecture up here is that Kennedy does well in New England, Carter does well in the South, and in the end Kennedy takes New York, Pennsylvania, and California. Up here, people feel that those big states are where the Democrats need the help next year. The feeling is that Carter would help in the South but Ted would help in the big states with a whole pile of House seats that could determine the ideology of the House, and would also make a big difference in the Senate."

I asked him if such a calculation assumed that Kennedy would, if he was nominated, win in November.

"No," he replied. "It doesn't assume that he wins, but it does assume that his candidacy will cause a big turnout—and of minorities, such as blacks and Chicanos—that can determine the outcome of other races. Low turnouts have been hurting the Democrats."

There is another side to that assumption. Some Southern Democrats are unenthusiastic about a Kennedy race for the very reason that some Northern Democrats are eager for it.

There is still another side. One Southern senator said to me recently, "It's almost a wash for Southern senators. He'll bring out the poor and blacks, who vote in small numbers, and that's a plus. On the other hand, the people who feel intensely against him will also be brought out, and that will hurt some in the South."

I SPOKE to another Democratic senator—one who is partial to Kennedy and is not running for reëlection in 1980. "The first thing to remember is that everybody's looking out for themselves," he said. "Some would feel that maybe they're better off with Carter—that it's a different kind of campaign if he's the nominee. They may be able to survive Carter; they may not be able to survive Kennedy. I

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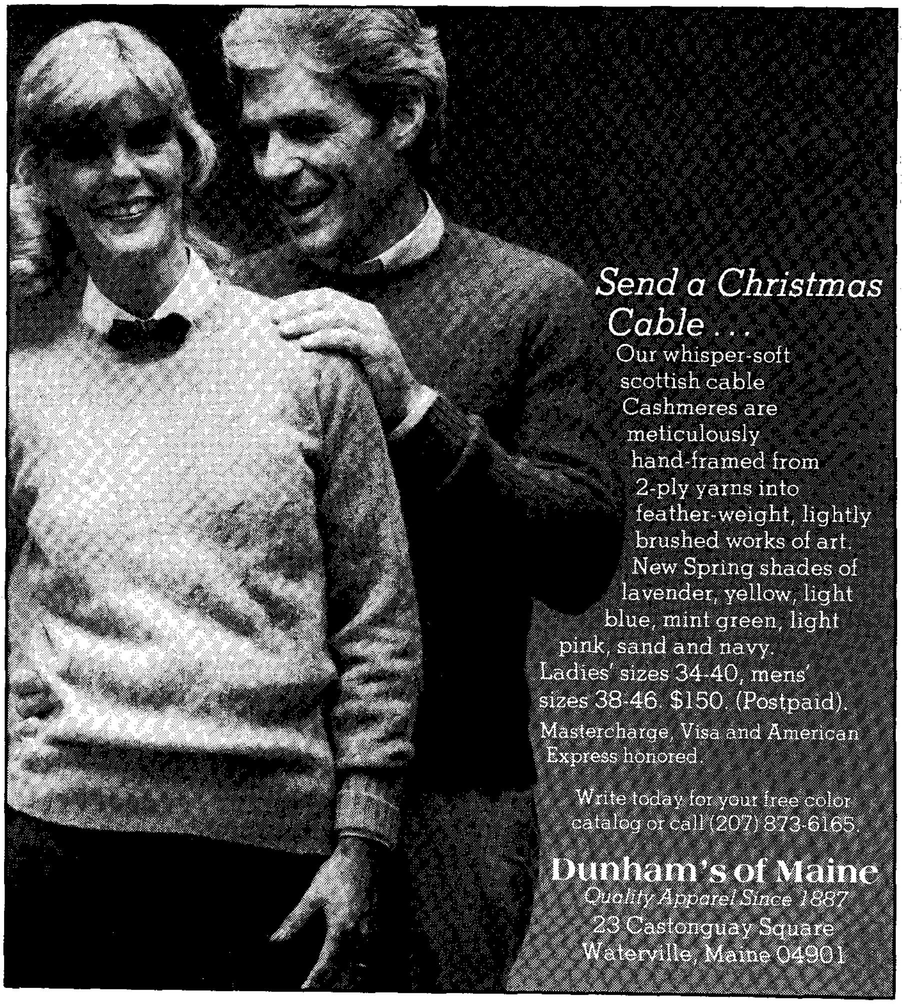

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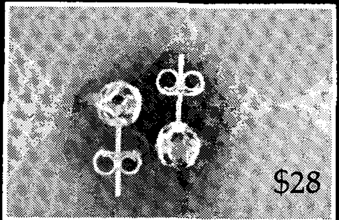

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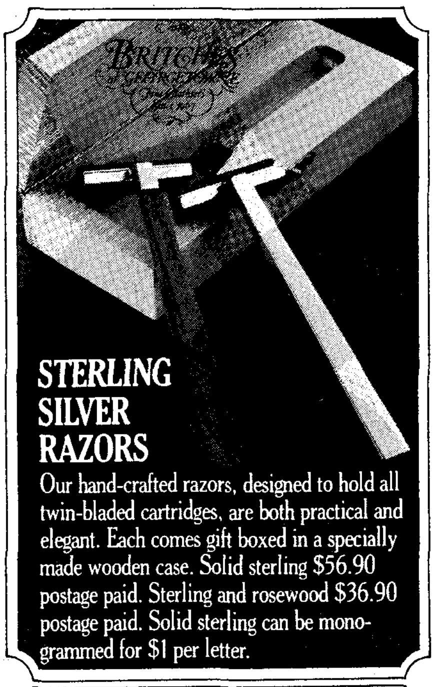

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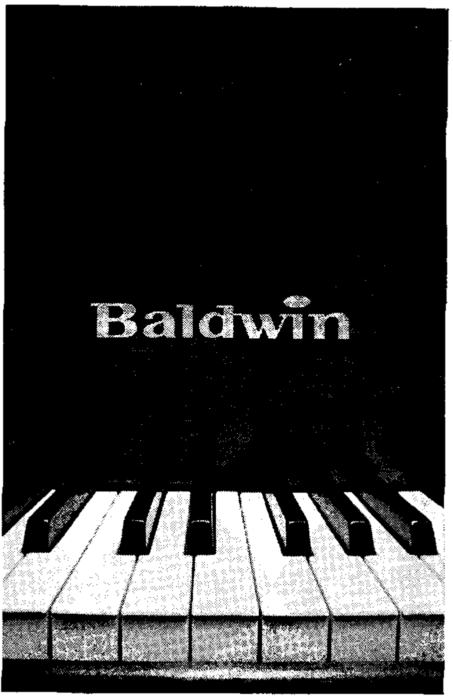
think a guy figures, 'My voting record is different from Kennedy's. Kennedy is too liberal; philosophically, I'm more attuned to Carter. I don't have to defend Carter's positions as against my positions.' I think Carter's game frightens them a little—'I'm going to whip his ass.' They know it's going to be a tough campaign, they worry about Chappaquiddick. There's something else: politicians are very timid guys. They're not sure they want a guy who comes on as strong as Ted does. They worry about what happens with the rising of the decibels. Politicians used to like excitement; now most of them are gray, want to play it safe. They're afraid of the special interests—the gun lobby, the anti-abortionists, the anti-tax reformers. Those groups are the mouthy people, and all the mouthy people are going to be against Kennedy. There is a feeling Kennedy would arouse the dogs in a campaign, and a lot of politicians don't want the excitement."

ANOTHER Democratic senator explained the Capitol Hill calculations as follows: "There's a powerful compulsion when you're up for a House or Senate seat to take yourself out of the Presidential thing. Everyone's consumed by their own fortunes. They need the help of everyone. For them to risk alienating any faction at this stage would be highly unusual."

I asked him about the shift in climate that had occurred on Capitol Hill not long after Kennedy made it clear that he would run.

He replied, "I think some of those who were wanting Kennedy to head the ticket are sobering up as they see how tough it's going to be and how tough an experience Ted is going to be subjected to. These guys want to stand off and see how that storm is weathered. They all get colder feet; there is an impetus to hold back and make sure that their original thesis survives the test. The two most obvious factors that changed the climate were, one, that the Kennedy challenge makes the Carter people pull themselves together, and, two, that the Carter people are getting to what they're good at—campaigning, rather than governing. Also, what you see coming out is sympathy for Carter and the desire for regular order, the natural inclination of regular Democrats to be discomfited by a fight. They say they're for Ted, but 'Why now? Why not 1984?' If they're state chairmen or other Party officials, they themselves are threatened: they could be thrown



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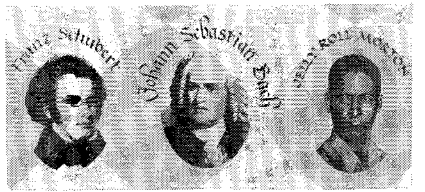

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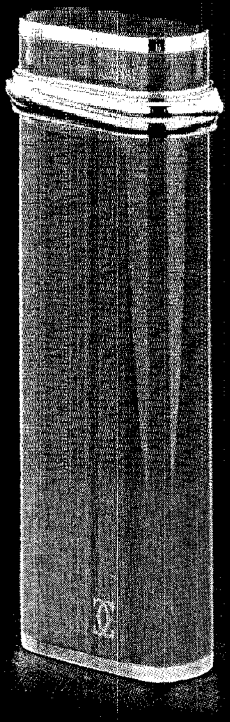

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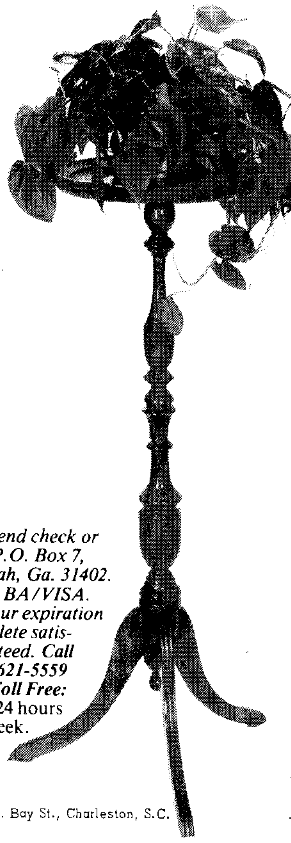
out if there's a split. The safest haven for them is the regular order. So there's a large element of wait-and-see on Kennedy."

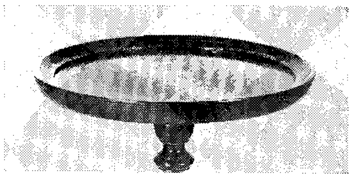
A Democratic senator who is up for reëlection said to me, "I really think it would be a distraction from my campaign for me to endorse either of them. I won't want to go into every meeting—I attend seven or eight a day—and be asked, 'Why are you supporting President Carter, when he's bought that crazy oil-company philosophy and lifted price controls and is letting the oil companies rip us off?' Or 'Why are you supporting Kennedy, with his crazy spending programs?' I think half of my time would have to be devoted to a defense of my position on the Presidential race. Still, I realize that I'm going to have to answer questions on whether I agree with Kennedy or Carter on this or that."

Some Democrats on Capitol Hill would prefer Kennedy to Carter as President because they see him, for all the talk about his liberalism, as a pragmatic politician, as someone they can work with, as someone who understands Congress and knows how to work within it. Some would prefer Carter because they are not certain they want a President who is good at working with them, who might reduce their independence.

Politicians on Capitol Hill noticed that Carter attended a World Series game with House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill and asked him to be the chairman of the Democratic Convention—an offer that O'Neill accepted. "That's smart long-run politics," said one senator who is not partial to Carter. "It shows that they're thinking several months ahead, that they're laying in acorns for the winter." Obviously, O'Neill, a Massachusetts man, has ties that pull him to Kennedy, but, as an old-fashioned Democrat, he is loyal to the President. As Speaker of the House, he is better off not taking any position. His being made chairman of the Convention freed him from pressures to choose, and for that he was said to be grateful.

When I went to see one Democratic senator in late October, Senator Daniel Inouye, Democrat of Hawaii, was coming out of the senator's office. Inouye, who is up for re-election in 1980, had stopped by to ask the senator to attend a "Friends





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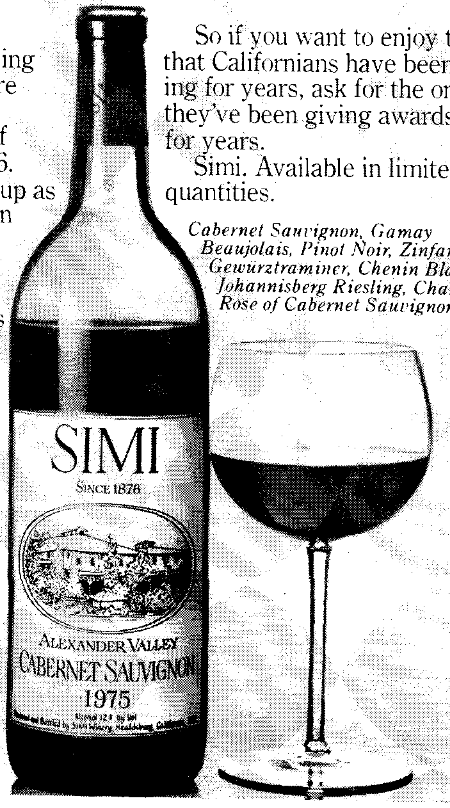

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of Carter/Mondale" dinner that evening. The senator had declined.

WORD of maneuvers in the struggle travels quickly through the cloakrooms of Capitol Hill. And it travelled quickly one day that Jimmy Carter had telephoned Senator Dale Bumpers, Democrat of Arkansas, and said that he and Rosalynn had just been talking about Bumpers and his wife, Betty, at breakfast that morning. And that the President added that he hoped Bumpers would be with him. Bumpers told the President that he was not making any commitments. What gave the story special point was that Bumpers, a moderate Southerner and a former governor, who is up for reëlection to the Senate in 1980, is widely considered a good possibility to be Kennedy's running mate. The penchant for speculation is such that discussions of who Kennedy's running mate would be began in September.

DAN ROSTENKOWSKI, a Democratic representative from Illinois, is the chief deputy majority whip of the House and one of the most important Democratic members. For years, he was, in effect, Mayor Richard Daley's ambassador to Washington, and now, like other Chicago politicians and the remains of the Cook County organization, he has a tenuous relationship with the city's mayor, Jane Byrne. When I go to see Rostenkowski in late October, Mayor Byrne has indicated publicly that she will support Carter, and both Carter and Kennedy are making a big thing of trying to win her support. (Some people in the Carter camp have warned that Mrs. Byrne is highly unpredictable, and that it is very likely that if she finally endorses someone it will be Kennedy, so Carter should not make such a big thing of it.) Therefore, Dan Rostenkowski is on the spot. It is said that he wants to "stay loose." (So do some others in Cook County, for reasons of their own. When Carter went to Chicago recently for a Democratic fund-raising dinner, Roman Pucinski, formerly a member of Congress and now a Chicago alderman, commented to a reporter, "We're just startin' to squeeze the guy.") Rostenkowski has been telling people in the Carter and Kennedy camps that he's going to wait to see what O'Neill is going to do—that, after all, O'Neill is part of the leadership and he himself is part of the leadership.

Rostenkowski is a large man, with reddish hair and a husky voice. "Carter is the contrast now of what he's been

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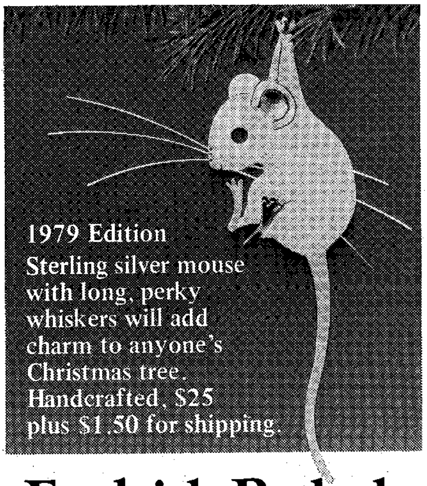

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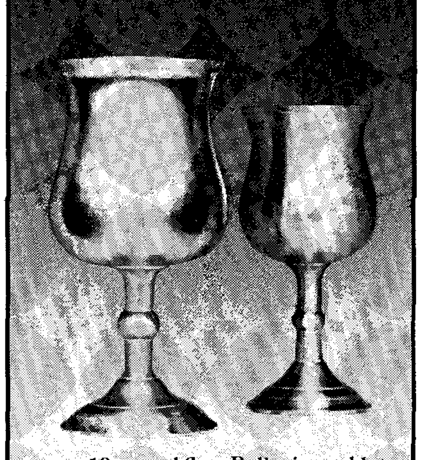

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for the last three years," he says. "He's being aggressively political. Where's he been? I'm happy that he's seen that Washington politics has to be played maybe with a kid glove, but the hand has to be in the glove. He's starting to be a President. When he came to Washington, he wanted his aides to get around Washington in taxis. You had the Ways and Means Committee"—Rostenkowski is a member—"waiting around one day because Mike Blumenthal couldn't get a cab."

I point out that Blumenthal, the former Secretary of the Treasury, like all Cabinet members, had a limousine available for official appointments.

Rostenkowski says, "Well, if it wasn't Mike, it was some Treasury official. I've had some strong conversations with the President about this. He's started to play 'Hail to the Chief' now, but he never should have stopped playing it. This is Carter's last campaign. That's how he'll have to go at it—no holds barred. You're starting to get people to choose sides. Everybody is going to start making assessments about what they've had under Carter and what it would be like under Kennedy. Some of my colleagues are starting to say Carter hasn't been that bad."

I ask him if people in the House have been shifting their assessments.

Rostenkowski replies, "I think the realization of fighting an incumbent President who has become the candidate, has become more aggressive as President—the realization that they're not going to roll Jimmy Carter over—is making some people sit back. On the other hand, it's so much more convenient for a candidate running for reëlection to run on a platform of new hope, new ideas, new leadership. They could do that with Carter in 1976. A candidate could do that with Brown, with Kennedy, but a candidate running with Carter now would have to defend what Carter has done. The fellow that's running for reëlection that doesn't have the comfort of my district"—Rostenkowski got more than eighty per cent of the vote in each of the last three elections—"the tenure that I have, may want to talk about the dreams of tomorrow."

What, then, I ask, does a member of Congress do?

"He's going to play the string out as long as he possibly can," Rostenkowski replies. "He'll avoid identification with one candidate or another as long as possible. He wants to be on the winner's side. Under the conditions that exist today, you can't blame him." He leans forward in his chair and adds, "Besides, if you're good at your job,

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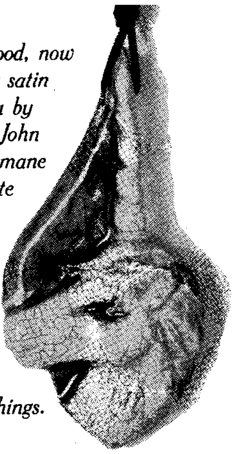

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even if you're on the losing side, the winner needs you."

Following my visit with Rostenkowski, Jane Byrne endorsed Kennedy, thus beating out the Cook County Central Committee, which was also planning to endorse him; Rostenkowski had lunch at the White House with the President; Rostenkowski tried to delay an endorsement of Kennedy by the Cook County organization; the organization endorsed Kennedy. After all this happened, Rostenkowski said to me, "The organization was premature. We don't know how the voters are going to react to Kennedy. For me, it's very hard to drop an incumbent President. But I'll support what the committee has done. I've always done that. But I've also always run as a delegate on their slate. This time, I won't do that. I'm not running as committed, uncommitted. I'm not running, period."

I ASKED one prominent mayor who had endorsed Carter why he had done so. He replied, "The White House can do me a lot of good over the next few months, and if he loses I can't believe Kennedy's not going to need me."

A DEMOCRATIC senator says over the phone, "I'm staying out of it, out of sheer cowardice."

AN important labor leader, at a dinner, says he's staying neutral. "I have other fish to fry," he says. If the President has a serious challenger, the labor leader's bargaining power with the President—and with the challenger—is increased. "The more the merrier," he says, smiling.

The assumption of the union leaders who are remaining neutral—the group includes the leaders of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and the United Auto Workers—is that the rank and file will largely support Kennedy. But the leaders have their own exigencies. A number of wage settlements are coming up in which the Administration will play a role; for the U.A.W., there was the question of federal financial aid for the Chrysler Corporation. Vice-President Mondale has been expending a good deal of effort with union executive boards, trying to rekindle the old Humphrey ties. (Recently—actually, on the day Kennedy made his formal announcement that he was a candidate—Muriel Humphrey, Hubert Humphrey's widow, stood on the White House lawn, with Mondale by her side, and announced that she supported the Carter-Mondale ticket.) As for the Ad-

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ministration's decision to help Chrysler, a U.A.W. official says, "Strauss and Mondale were very cagey. They took the leadership up to the mountaintop and showed them how good the goodies are." Some union people find themselves making calculations not unlike those made by members of Congress. As it happens, eight positions in the U.A.W. leadership are opening up next year. Elections of delegates to the U.A.W. convention are to be held next spring, around the time of several important primaries. A U.A.W. official says, "If a guy figures that what he wants is to be vice-president of the union, he might drag his heels on the Presidential thing, because otherwise it might complicate his life. Therefore, some guys who would be for Kennedy are not declaring."

A MAN I know here works for someone of some importance in the Administration and is also close to someone who is close to Kennedy. This man feels he must take care how much time he spends with his friend, and under what circumstances, so as not to make his boss, to whom he is utterly loyal, uneasy.

•

THERE are many levels to the Democrats' struggle in Washington. One is the obvious strategic and public-relations considerations in the Kennedy camp's luring away of Administration officials. A certain amount of this was to be expected, because the Administration is, after all, made up largely of Democrats, and a certain number of them have old ties to Kennedy, or would like to have future ones. In recognition of this, Jody Powell, the President's press secretary, having bitterly attacked Dick Clark for leaving his job as ambassador-at-large in charge of refugee affairs to join the Kennedy camp, hedged against eventualities by telling reporters in a background briefing that, of course, more "defections" were expected. The Administration has made it clear that people in it are expected not just to try to govern but also to support the President's reëlection. Some people are willing to do the first but are less enthusiastic about the second. People working at agencies far removed from the White House tell of hearing that their political loyalties have been inquired about. Married couples who work for the Administration have to consider the effect on the career of one partner if the other leaves to work for Kennedy. What the Administration will have a hard time

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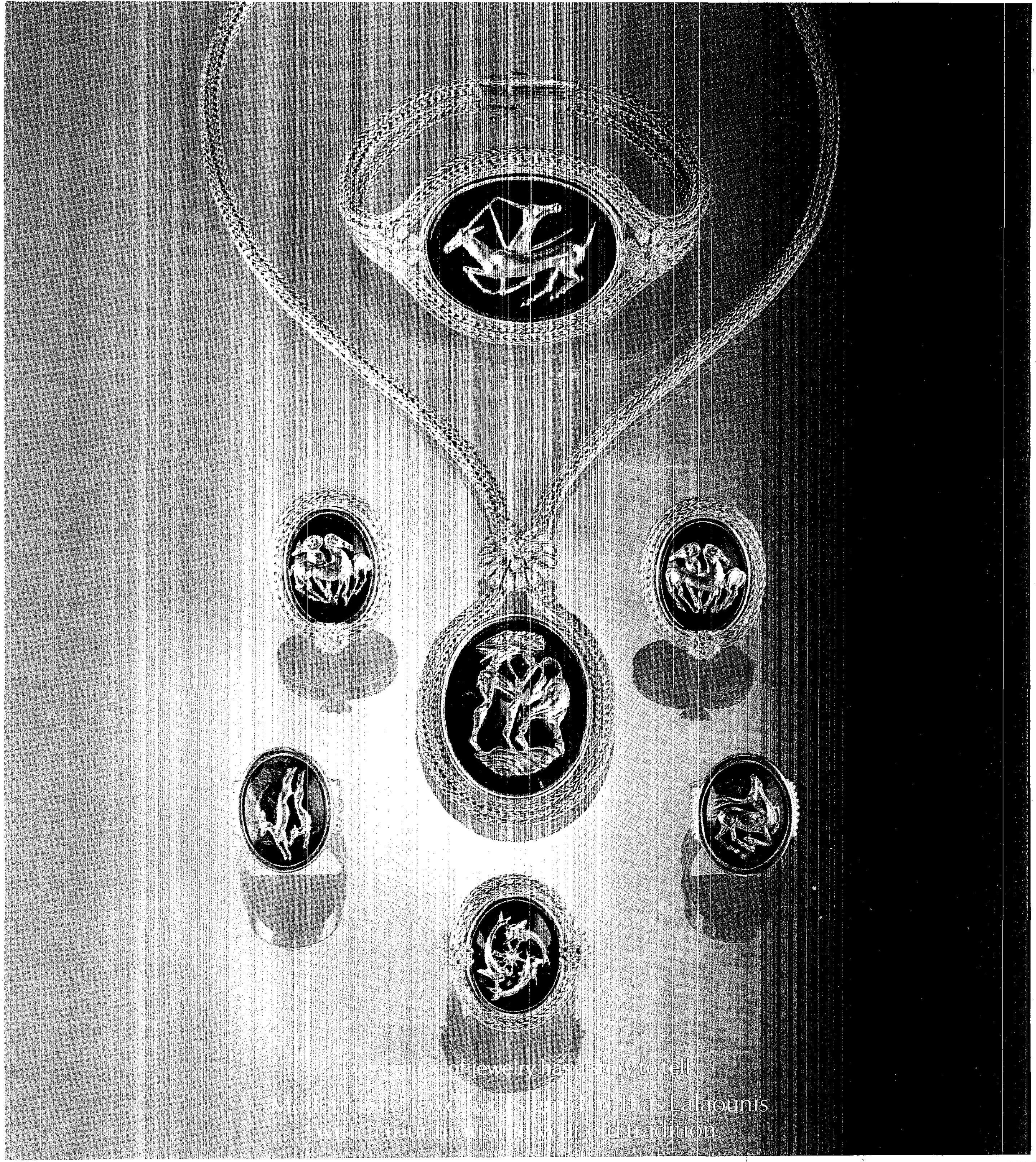
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doing anything about is that Kennedy has for a long time been the recipient of memorandums and information from people within the Administration who are dissatisfied with certain policies.

•

BY comparison, Republicans are almost mellow. I went to see a moderate Republican senator one afternoon in October. He said he went along with the general assumption that his party's nomination was Reagan's unless Reagan did something to lose it. He continued, "I don't find the divisive quality to this campaign that I have found to every one of our other campaigns since 1964."

I asked him what he thought was the reason for this.

"It may just be that it's early," he replied. "But I also think that the terrible divisiveness of 1976, and the fact that most people say that that's what cost the G.O.P. the White House, has been a sobering experience."

I suggested that if I had said to him four years ago that Ronald Reagan was going to be the nominee of his party he would not have been sitting there so calmly.

"At that point, he wasn't," he replied. "Besides, I'm not about to be a part of allowing the Party to become just a Sunbelt club. This is one of the things we've got to thrash out."

It seems that the moderate Republicans are in part bowing to what might be the inevitable and, if they are up for reëlection, trying to avoid the wrath of the Party's conservatives, and perhaps even work out a deal with Reagan, who might need them. (Thus, Jacob Javits, of New York, who is up for reëlection—but has not let it be known whether he will run—said on "Face the Nation" in September that he could live with any of the candidates, including Reagan.)

•

ON Thursday, October 25th, George Bush is addressing a luncheon of the Washington Press Club at the Sheraton-Carlton Hotel, in the same room where Ford had breakfast with reporters a week ago. (Not far away, John Anderson, a House Republican from Illinois, who has also declared for the Presidency, is addressing the National Press Club.) Bush is virtually nowhere in the polls now, and few people give him a chance. His supporters here say that he is doing well in Iowa (where he has spent a great deal of time), in Puerto Rico, and

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even in New Hampshire. Bush has held a larger number of important jobs than most people who run for the Presidency—director of the C.I.A., head of the United States mission in Peking, Ambassador to the United Nations, Republican Party chairman, representative from Texas—and he was among those who were thought to be considered for the Vice-Presidency when Richard Nixon had to fill the vacancy left by Spiro Agnew. Such a string of experiences is likely to leave a man thinking he is at least as well qualified to be President as others who make the attempt. (Elliot Richardson, who outdoes Bush in number of government jobs held, and is another story, has also had that thought.) Bush is tall and handsome and has a slightly crooked smile, and reporters who have travelled with him come away saying that he is a very nice man, but they also say they can't much remember what he said. As he goes about seeking Republican support, Bush stresses his experience as a Texas businessman over his roots in New England, where he grew up.

Today, Bush begins by making some not terribly funny remarks, in a game attempt at self-deprecating humor. It is as if he felt he may be just a bit too elegant, a bit too patrician, a bit too polished for what people expect in politicians, and he must show that he can be one of the boys. Then he swings into his prepared statement, in which he describes the nineteen-eighties as "the most dangerous decade in the past forty years." He points out that Carter ran as a candidate "who talked love and trust," and says he hopes that the fact that Carter is now viewed as "weak and ineffective" has not "given decency a bad name." And then, in case Kennedy turns out to be the problem, he attacks what he calls "the Camelot syndrome in modern media politics." He outlines his own economic program: limit the growth of spending, remove the excesses of regulation, build productivity by cutting taxes, balance the budget. He makes a jab at John Connally, without mentioning his name. This is a little convention that Republicans, at least for the time, are observing. He points out that Teddy Roosevelt didn't say, "Talk tough and carry a swagger stick." He says that the "true toughness" is "mental toughness," and that the American people know this, and that this is why "I'm going to win the nomination and the Presidency next year." He is not a compelling speaker—though today he is trying to pump more enthusiasm, definiteness, into his speak-

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ing style. As he reaches the close of his prepared remarks, he says, "Some others might be more exciting orators. But we're not trying to elect a class valedictorian; we're trying to elect somebody who can restore confidence in this country—run it." And he gives his definition of leadership, which is what all the candidates seem to be saying they are for: "experience; conviction; the ability to inspire confidence in the people you lead; the ability to disagree and still command respect; the ability to persuade without bullying; enough humility to avoid the unnecessary error; the ability to attract excellence and to bring out the best those people can offer."

As Bush answers questions, he again tries to persuade the audience to take him seriously: "I know I'm going to win this nomination. You just watch."

He is asked if he is gaining ground in the Republican race.

"There is great evidence that it's getting better," he says. "You had no reason to take me seriously a year ago. Now today you do, some of you grudgingly." He says this with good humor. He points out that he has been winning "straw polls" in Iowa; there have been six thus far, and Bush has won them all.

In 1975, Jimmy Carter, who until then had been little noticed, won a straw poll in Iowa, and so now some are taking that as the model. "We've got a classy game plan, the best grass-roots organization in these early states," Bush says, "and that's how you build name recognition." He grows animated and waves his arms. "I'm going to win it by seeing very little of you and a hell of a lot of Iowa and New Hampshire."

•

ON Wednesday, October 31st, two days after Kennedy's brother-in-law Stephen Smith announced the formation of a Kennedy for President Committee, Kennedy's Senate office, Room 2241 of the Dirksen Office Building, is a madhouse. Job applicants, tourists crowd the reception room. One of two women who handle the phones (the line is often busy these days) is politely thanking someone for offering Kennedy a place to stay during the campaign. Former Kennedy staff members are coming back. Roles in the campaign are still being sorted out. Telephones have not yet been installed in the campaign headquarters in downtown Washington. Campaign strategists are scattered around the city. There are logistical problems to be solved, advance people to be suddenly

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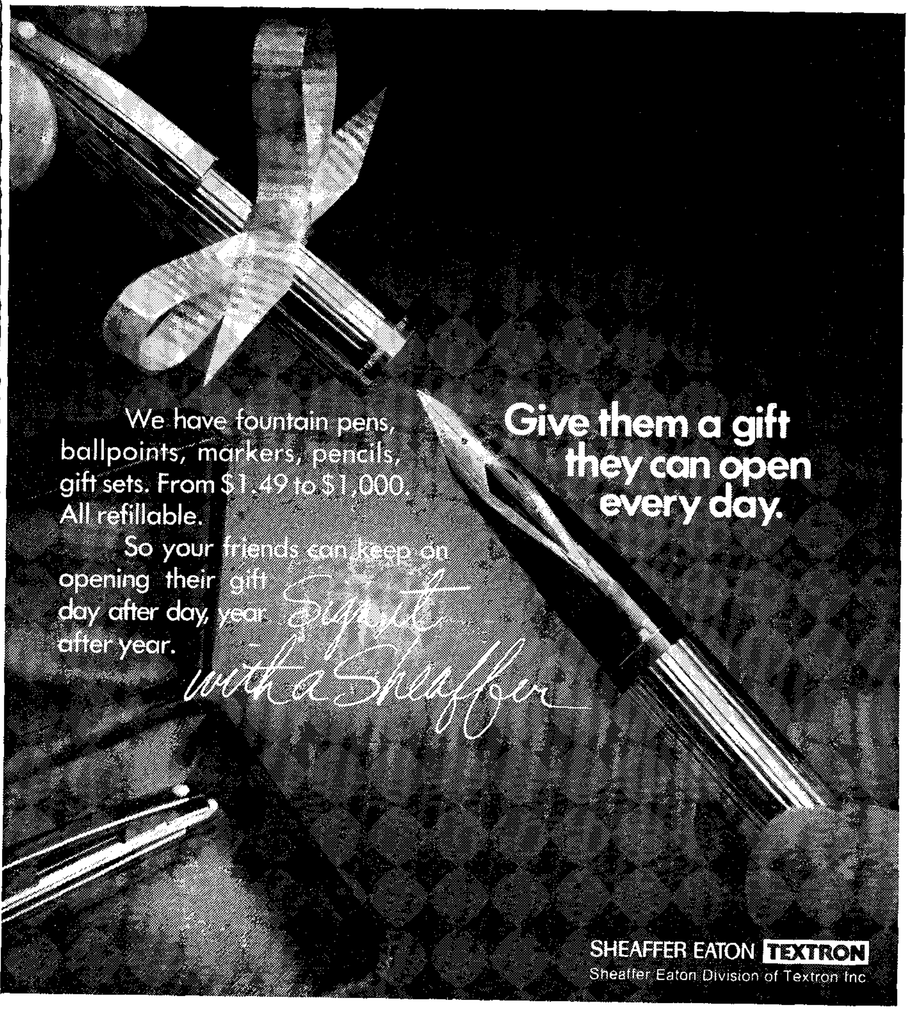
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found and sent into the field. There are questions of baggage handling and hotel rooms. The travel schedule keeps changing. Strategists are still sorting out the requests for appearances and their own ideas as to when Kennedy should appear where. The schedulers have to mesh the political exigencies with commitments already made and with the Senate duties that Kennedy will still want to perform. Morris Dees, who was Carter's fund-raiser in 1976 and will now be Kennedy's, is trying to figure out what mechanisms—concerts, dinners, mailings, and so on—to use. Martin Katz, the director of finance and administration, is trying to figure out what funds are on hand and to budget money for advance work, for travel, for fund-raising, and so on. Paul Kirk, the national political director, and Carl Wagner, director of field operations, are going over lists of people who are available for organizing, and deciding what states they should be sent to. Kennedy will go to West Virginia and Buffalo this coming weekend, and so far sixty-three reporters, an exceptional number for any political figure except a President, have signed up to go along. When Carter was flying around Iowa in January, 1976, only a handful of reporters accompanied him. What will amount to about a sixteen-million-dollar effort (just for the primaries), involving fifty states and four hundred and thirty-five congressional districts, suddenly has to be assembled. The idea that the Kennedys have a "well-oiled machine" at the ready is mistaken, as it was in 1968. Kennedy people stress how much of a head start the White House has had; they say that winning Iowa will be very difficult. (When it appeared that his surrogate forces would lose Florida, Kennedy said that Iowa would be the first real test.) At this point in the campaign, each side has reason both to play up its chances (so as to attract, or hold, people and donors and psychological edge) and to play them down (so as not to create expectations that are not fulfilled), and at this point both sides are doing both.

In one corner of a large room where eight people are working, in Kennedy's Senate office suite, Carey Parker, Kennedy's chief legislative assistant, is getting together "issues books" for the campaign—black notebooks containing material on Kennedy's record, the issues on which he is likely to be challenged, the issues on which he will challenge Carter. Parker, who is in his mid-forties, is a tall, thin, soft-spoken

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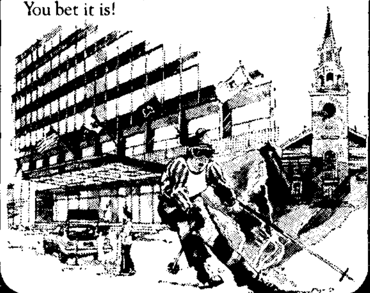
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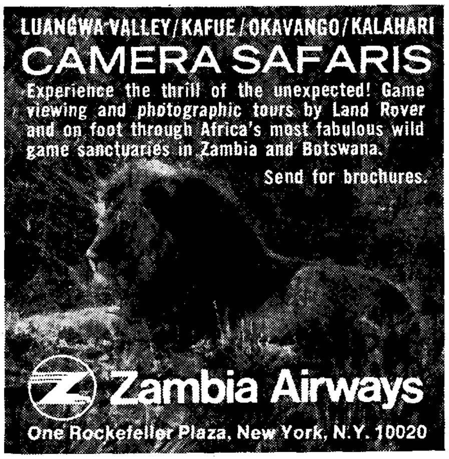
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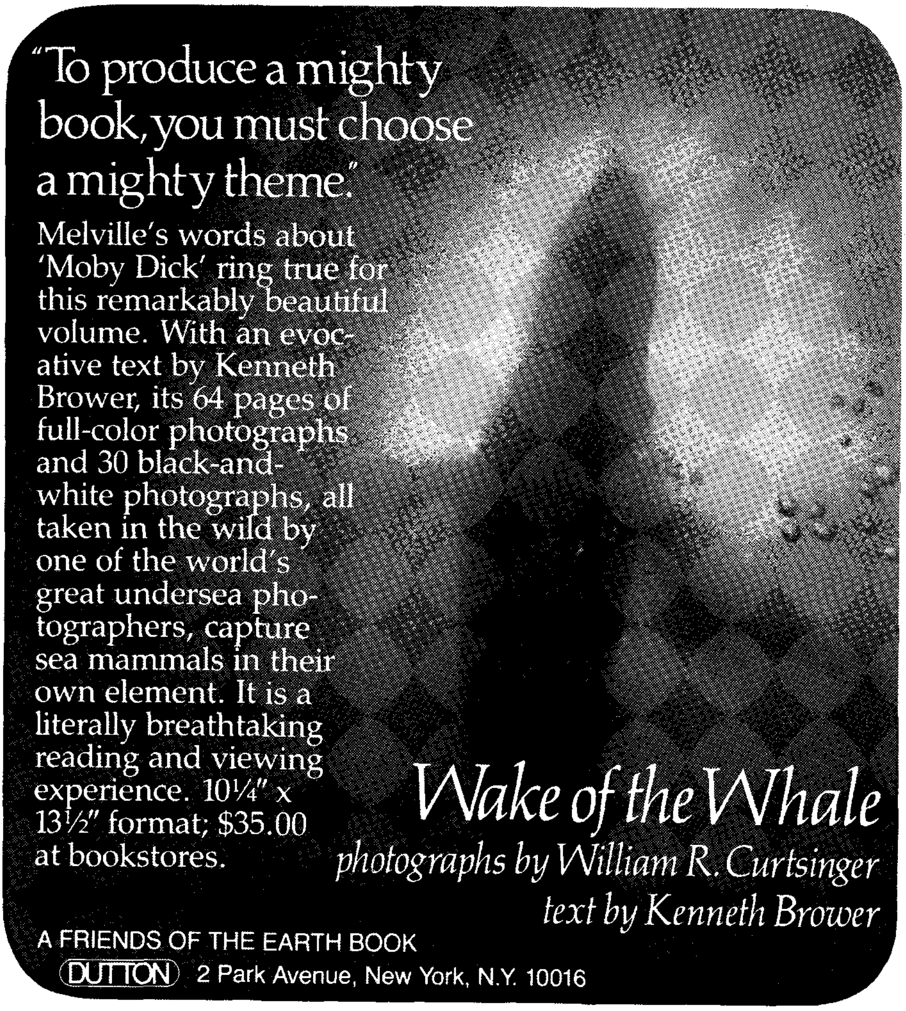
man; he has worked for Kennedy for ten years and is generally considered one of the most brilliant staff people on Capitol Hill. There have been numerous meetings over the past few weeks to discuss which issues to stress. The consensus is that the main themes are "leadership," the economy, and energy, but the questions are how to develop and illustrate the leadership theme, and how specific to get on the other issues. This is one big challenge of the Kennedy campaign: his differences with Carter on the issues are not enormous; what he has to assert is that he is more likely to get things done. To the extent that it can, the Carter campaign will try to hold Kennedy to the issues, suggesting that there is really no rationale for his candidacy. The Kennedy campaign plan at this point is to see how the speech announcing his candidacy—which is now being worked on—goes, and then to have Kennedy make a speech to dispel the idea that there are not differences between Carter and Kennedy on the economy and to show that Kennedy would be better able to carry out policies than Carter is. The need to demonstrate that one is a better leader is an easier thing to understand than to commit to paper as a strategy. Kennedy's hopes lie in the possibility that people will simply assimilate this idea almost unconsciously. Carter's hopes lie in the possibility that they will not.

Kennedy's people assume that he will be attacked as a big spender, as soft on defense, as someone who talked about national health insurance but could not get a bill on it out of subcommittee (Kennedy and the Carter Administration never agreed on a bill, in part because they didn't want to); the Kennedy people know there will be at least oblique attacks on his character. Ways of handling all these charges are being prepared. Kennedy's voting record is being combed for inconsistencies, on the assumption that a similar exercise is being conducted at the White House. And the Kennedy forces figure that Carter will have his own vulnerability on the matter of shifting positions. Some people in the Carter camp think that Kennedy made a mistake in his speech in Memphis last December when he criticized Carter's plans to increase military spending—by three percentage points over inflation—and to hold down increases for social programs. Mondale countered the next day with a speech in which he said that an anti-inflation program is also a social program. In the weeks following



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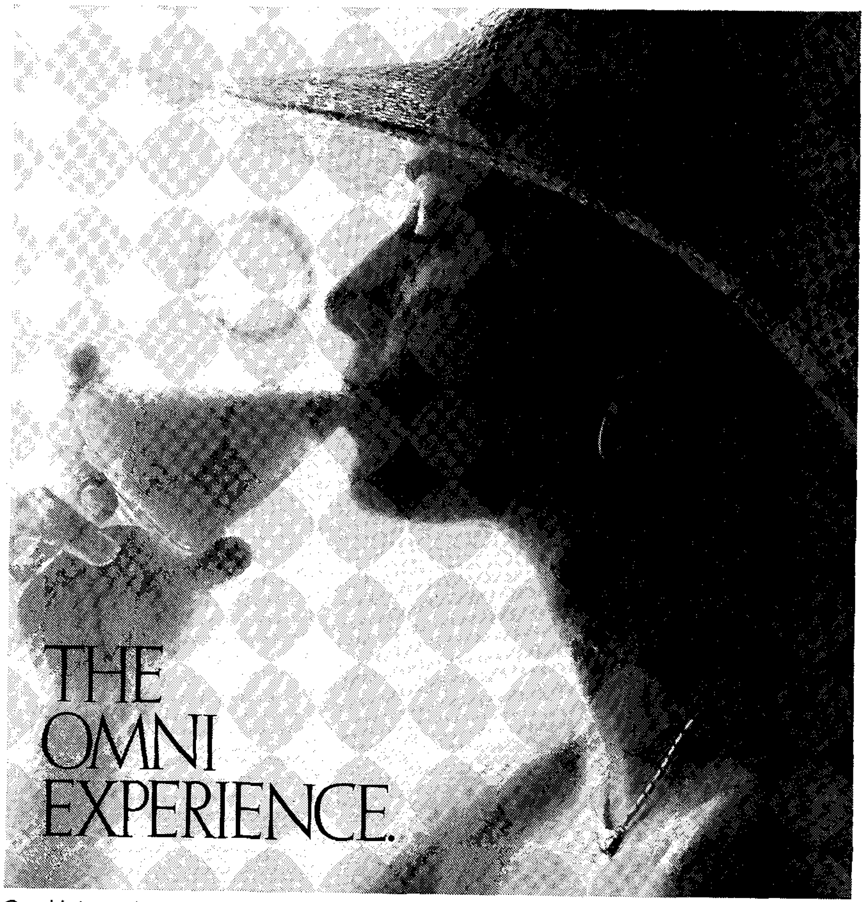

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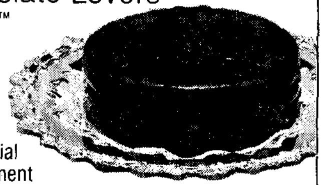

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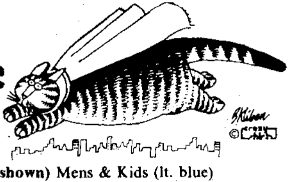

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the Memphis meeting, the Carter Administration found more money for social programs, and Kennedy issued a press release in which he said he approved the Administration's attempt to hold the new budget deficit to less than thirty billion dollars. In September of this year, the political climate surrounding the issue of defense spending having changed, Kennedy joined other senators in voting for a three-per-cent increase in defense spending for 1980. (The vote was seventy-eight to nineteen. The Senate also went on record, by a much narrower vote, in support of increases in 1981 and 1982 of five percentage points over inflation—a move that Kennedy opposed, as did Carter.) At this point, an early speech is planned to deal with the idea that Kennedy may be "soft on defense."

Carter and Kennedy will, to some degree, be trying to adopt each other's constituencies. For some time, the Carter strategy has been to hew to the middle, figuring that in the final election that is where most of the voters are. Now Carter must do what he can to hold the Party's constituent groups. Kennedy must march toward the center, so as to avoid, the theory goes, winning the nomination only to lose the general election, and he must try to do so without being labelled a hypocrite and losing some of his troops. The Kennedys have always been pragmatic politicians. John Kennedy's Presidential campaign was criticized for being devoid of content. Robert Kennedy was accused of expediency when he talked about "law and order" in the course of the 1968 Indiana primary.

•

AT the end of the day on which I have been to Kennedy's office, I talk to Jody Powell at the White House. He has just come from a meeting to plan the President's speech, scheduled for December 4th, announcing his candidacy for reëlection. The President and his aides are described by a number of people as more upbeat than they have been in a long time. It is said that the Kennedy challenge got their juices flowing—that the President emerged from a period of self-pity, which had lasted through much of the summer, of feeling trapped by matters he could not control, and of believing that there was indeed "malaise" in the land and that it was in part his fault. There is a belief that matters are going better for the Administration in Congress. Carter and his associates are glad to be back to campaigning. One of Carter's advisers says that Kennedy

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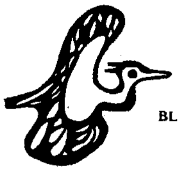

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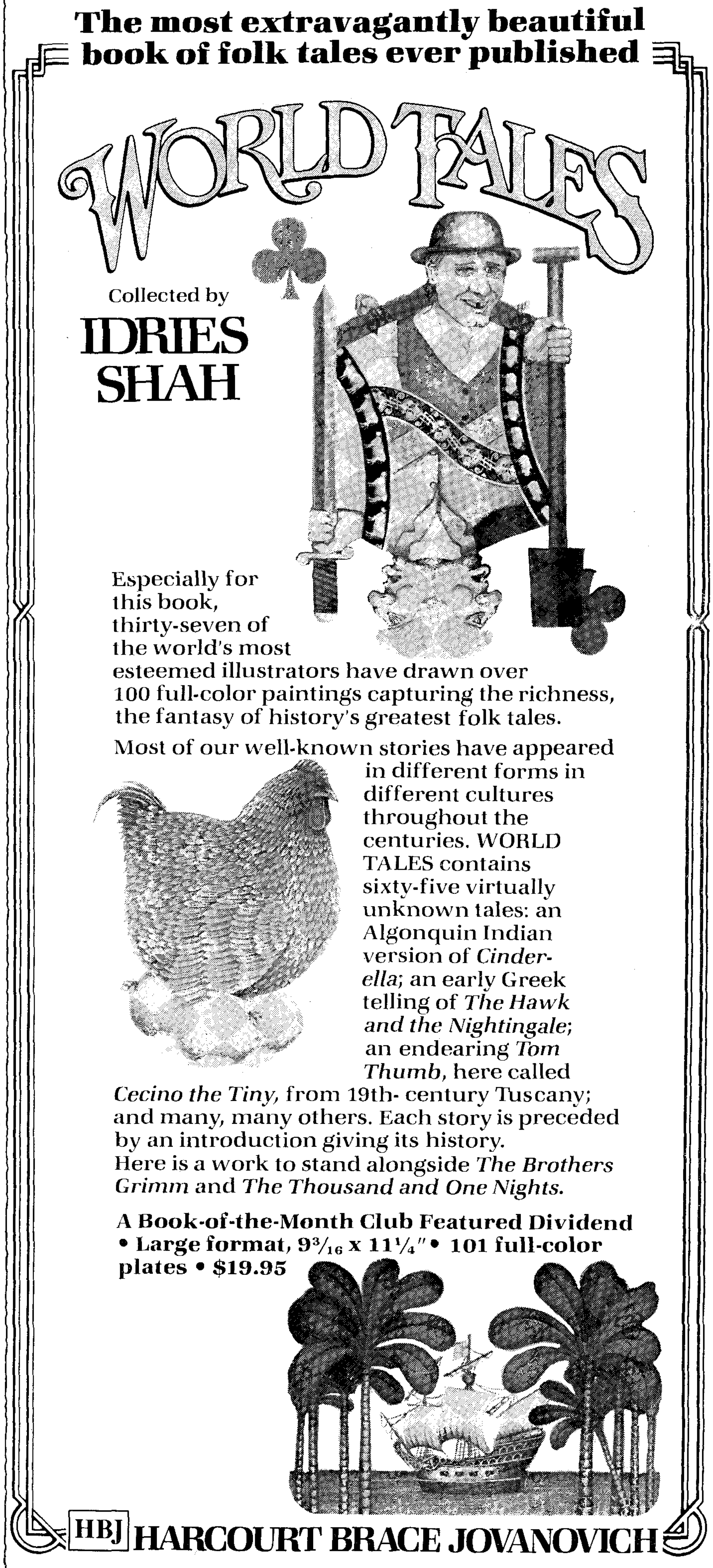
drew out Carter's combativeness, making him a better President and a better candidate. They have felt for some time that Kennedy is more vulnerable than the polls and much of the public commentary have indicated; some of the Carter people have been spelling out sequences of events which had Carter winning. But the pressures of trying to govern—Carter will be judged on his record and is eager to show that he can get things done—and also campaign impinge on the White House. "It's hard," says one person who works there. "You're pursuing the course that has been determined on certain issues, implementing the President's policies, and, on the other hand, trying to anticipate what the opposition is going to do, and develop strategies so that you're not always on the defensive. There's a lot to think about and strategize about and anticipate. A good deal of thought has gone into the elements of what we expect Kennedy's approach and issues are going to be, and how to anticipate those and how to respond." Moreover, the President is facing another round of budget-making decisions that, given current economic restraints and inflation, are going to cause even more agonizing choices than last year's exercise did, and risks of antagonizing constituent groups. Because of the political situation, one of the President's advisers says, this year's budget process is "more poignant."

In my conversation with Powell, he says, "The announcement speech is a forcing mechanism for the basic approach for the whole campaign writ large: What is your basic approach? What do you choose to emphasize? We clearly forced Kennedy to move before he wanted to move. That's a problem for him and also a problem for us. They seem to be wanting to take one more run at the 'stampede' number—that the Carter people had might as well throw up their hands and quit. They tried that in September, and they're having one more shot at it now. Clearly, neither Jane Byrne nor Dick Clark wanted to do what they did the way they did it."

I ask him how he knows this.

"It just makes sense," he replies. "Neither of them looked very good." Powell points out with pleasure a news story that appeared in the Atlanta *Constitution* that day saying that Kennedy had invited the Reverend Martin Luther King, Sr., to his office and asked for his support, and that King, who has supported Carter, declined. Powell says, "I'm sure they've got a few more salted away somewhere. We've got to prevent him from creat-



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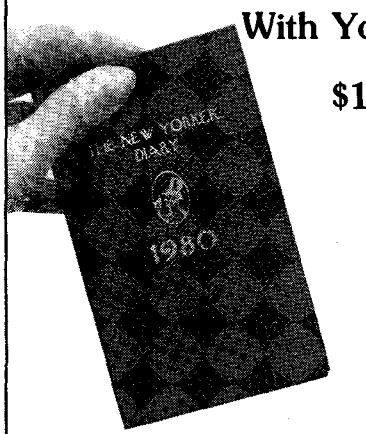

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ing the stampede picture over the next two to three weeks. We have one thing that will beat it—the straw poll in Iowa next Saturday." (Carter, as had been expected, won the straw poll, conducted at a dinner in Ames. The results were based on which side got more supporters to buy tickets. The Kennedy people, expecting defeat, played the event down.) Powell continues, "And we have one or two other things in mind. If we can brake the stampede this time, then he's got to have a second act. Right now, he's on a 'Look at me, don't I just sorta make you feel better' sort of thing. There's got to be more to it than that. If they can't get the bandwagon rolling, then he's losing his rationale for running. As long as the myth that the nomination was his for the asking was credible, that's one thing. Then there is no party-splitting fight, because there is no fight. But now he no longer has a rationale—or not the rationale he said."

Powell returns to the subject of the considerations shaping the President's campaign. "What we're really dealing with in its bluntest terms," he says, "is what should the President say about himself. Others could say other things. What contrasts should we draw? Kennedy clearly would like to avoid the drawing of issues. We've done some work on where he might choose to go when he has to deal with specifics. That's one of the reasons I get the feeling they're not as ready as they'd like to be. There are some real inconsistencies, and some important things on which he's endorsed what we've done on energy and the economy. By their saying they don't want to stress issues, but leadership, that not only plays to Kennedy's strength—the strong, forceful Kennedy thing, and the nostalgia thing—but he's also trying to run away from the record. You can try to define the campaign by not having the record an issue, but you can't try to change the record, and that's what they've tried to do, and that guarantees that the record becomes an issue."

I ask Powell if he thinks Kennedy is vulnerable on, for example, defense.

He replies, "He's vulnerable on that basic trust-and-confidence issue. He's one thing today and something else tomorrow, and that's his basic weakness anyway—trust and confidence, all the sort of personal baggage. So why would they give us a chance to go after him on that kind of issue? You have to ask yourself how much of that is the sort of thing you want to get

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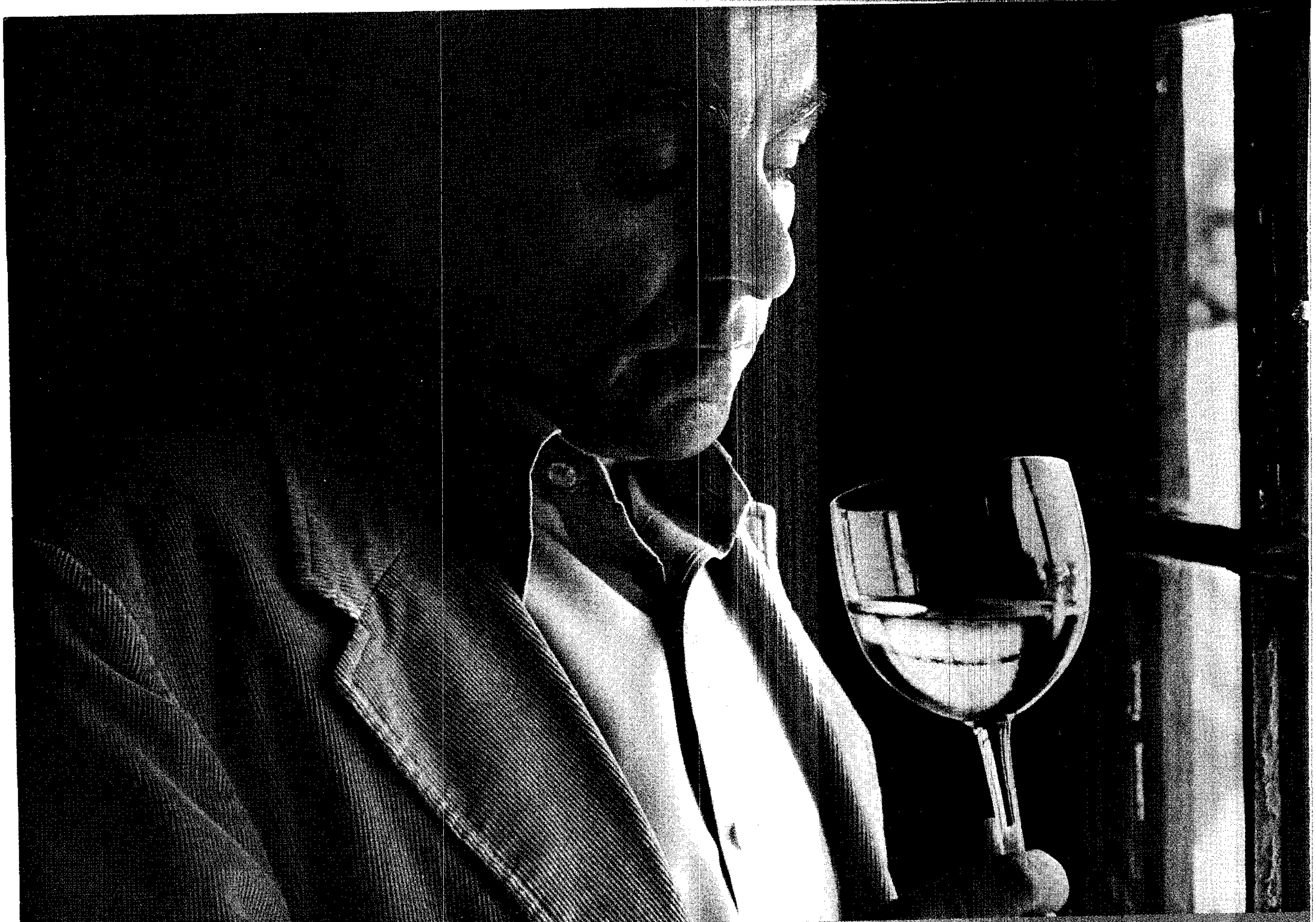

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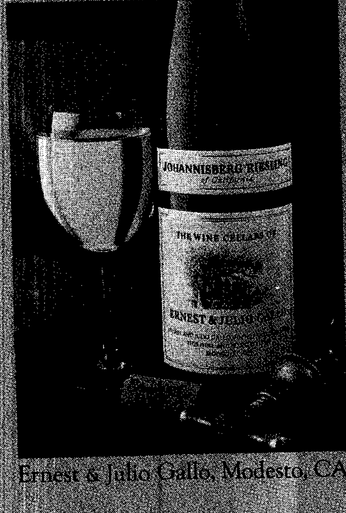
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into, and is it a legitimate thing to get into. It clearly is a legitimate thing to deal with someone who is inconsistent, who fuzzes things up, who runs for President and has said things that don't fit together. That goes to a basic question about the person."

●

ROOM 318, the Senate Caucus Room, November 1st. Howard Baker is announcing his Presidential candidacy. A large number of Republican senators are here, some because they support him, some out of courtesy—he is, after all, the Senate Minority Leader. Baker tried to be Vice-President, beginning in 1968, and he, too, was among those mentioned as a replacement for Agnew, and after Ford passed him over in 1976 he said, "If I ever run for national office again, it won't be for Vice-President." Baker, too, has had to move up his timing. He apparently hoped to star in the Senate debate on the SALT treaty and then announce his candidacy, but the SALT treaty has been delayed in getting before the Senate, and he has been advised that he had better get an organization together, that the other candidates are not sitting around. One of the senators here to witness the announcement is William Cohen, of Maine, who for some time has been promoting the idea that Howard Baker is the moderates' best hope of saving the Party from the conservatives. This Saturday, there will be a "straw poll" in Maine, and Cohen has worked hard to see to it that Baker wins. A number of Presidential candidacies have been launched in the Caucus Room, but this is also, of course, where Baker became famous for his role in the Ervin-committee hearings on Watergate—a role that remains marked by controversy. Some see Baker as gifted at legislative compromise; others wonder whether he has any compass. Today, he is wearing a navy-blue suit, a white shirt, and gold-rimmed glasses. He begins straightforwardly: "I am a candidate for President of the United States." A banner on the marble wall behind him bears his name and his slogan, which is presumably meant to carry a subliminal message: "Tough. Honest. Right for the 80's." Baker says, "Throughout our history, days of trouble have turned into years of pride through a renaissance of the American spirit." He says that "we will recover in pride—but only if we are honest enough to admit our peril." He says that America has lost its "margin for error." He says that "our superiority in strategic arms . . . is

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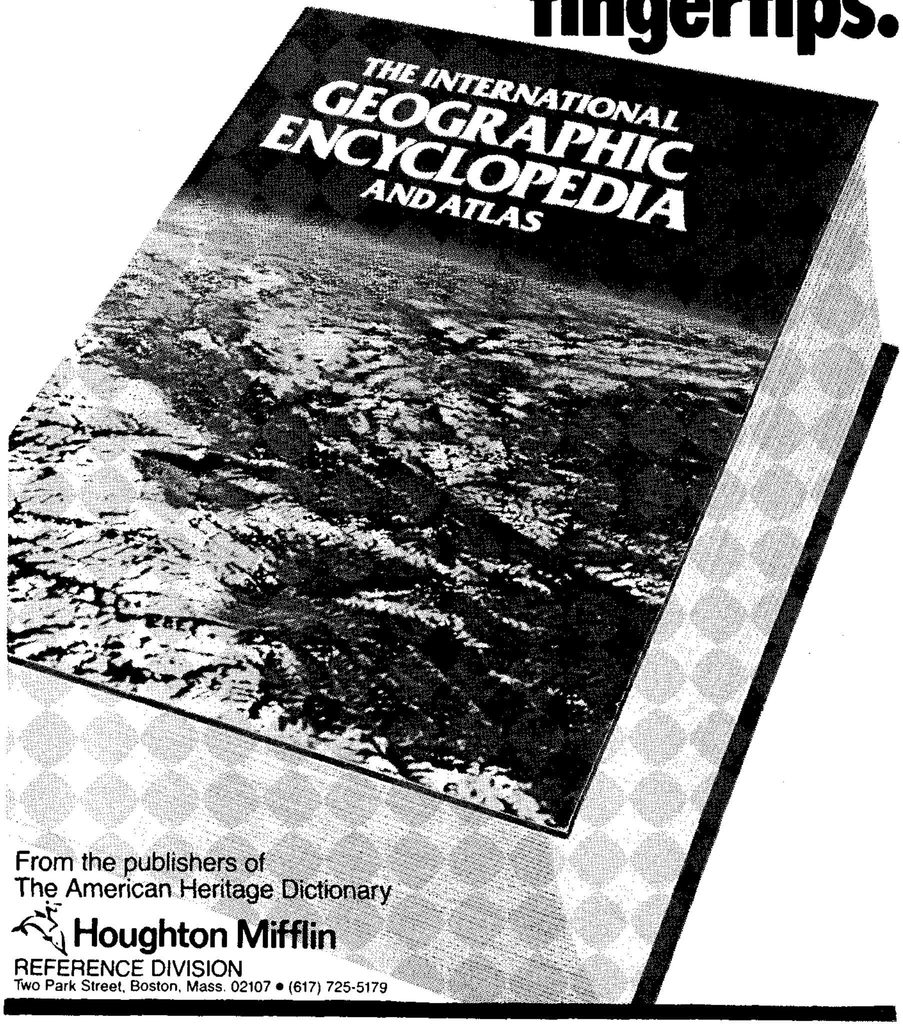

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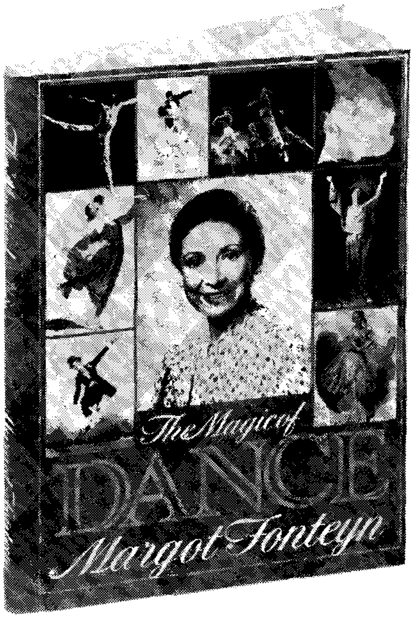

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gone." He says that our abundance of energy is gone, that our advantage in productivity and our confidence in the future are gone. Like Bush, he swipes at his opponents without using names. He says, "It is obvious that one of five men will be our next President." Then he says, "Surely we know we cannot withstand still more Washington inexperience." (Carter, Reagan.) He says that "government by ideological reflex, left or right, will not bring the unity we need." (Reagan, Kennedy.) He says that "a President cannot govern without trust and . . . trust never comes from bluster." (Connally.) He says, "And surely we know that we need a leader for tomorrow if the goal is a new generation of confidence." (Baker.) He continues, "So I offer myself for the job with humility, but as well with the personal certainty that I am ready." He lists some more of his qualifications: that he can "give us the confidence to stand tall again;" can "curb useless regulation and spending . . . assure energy independence . . . cope with inflation;" that he can provide tax relief; that he is articulate enough, tough enough, honest enough, compassionate enough, young enough, and experienced enough. He asks that he be judged on his performance on Watergate and in the forthcoming SALT debate, and he makes it definite that he will work to defeat the treaty. Some of the Republican senators withhold their applause when he says this. "I don't honestly know whether I can beat both Jimmy Carter and Teddy Kennedy on this treaty," he says, and he concludes, "Watch me. Judge me. Then come with me. Let's reach for the future and make it ours."

During the question period, he says that his comments were not aimed at any of the other candidates.

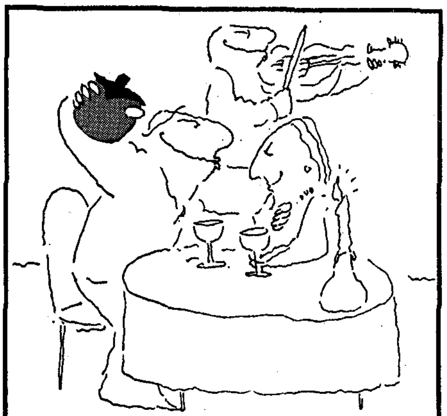
He is asked if his opposition to the SALT treaty is politically motivated, and is part of an effort to make amends to the Republican right for having supported the Panama Canal treaties. It is a question to which the response is not likely to be "Yes."

"No," he says. He says, "I'm dedicated to the SALT process," and "I'm convinced we got outbargained on this treaty and it should be amended;" he calls for the sorts of amendments that the Administration says would require renegotiation of the treaty.

He acknowledges that Reagan is the front-runner.

He is asked where he thinks he might be able to beat Reagan.

After a long pause, he says, "I would have to overtake him by the



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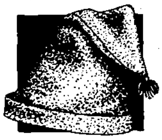

time we're in the middle primaries. There are lots of states out there and I have lots of plans."

•

ON the evening of Sunday, November 4th, at a party where political journalists and campaign strategists are gathered, the Bush man is jubilant—and surprised—that Bush won the Maine straw poll last night, defeating Baker and six others. He says that the Bush campaign will have to get Baker out early, so that someone can become the alternative to Reagan early and that that person won't be Connally. The Connally man agrees with the Bush man that Baker has virtually no organization and that there is feuding among his strategists. The Connally man says that Connally will come within eleven points of the front-runner in New Hampshire, and that that person might be Bush, not Reagan. The Reagan man says that Reagan's biggest challenge as front-runner is to live up to expectations—not to falter—and that the plan is to announce the candidacy relatively late, lie low, win the nomination in about three months, and then take a respite until the final campaign. The Reagan man also suggests that the Reagan people in Maine threw votes to Bush so as to knock out Baker and Connally.

•

ON Monday, November 5th, two days before Kennedy is to formally announce his candidacy, I have an interview with him over lunch in his office. During the past weekend, he has made a campaign trip to Charleston, West Virginia, and to Buffalo, and today he seems tired and has a slight cold. The wind of opinion has taken a sudden shift, and this week's certainty is that Kennedy will have no easy time of it in trying to defeat Carter. Much is being made of his performance on a CBS special about him that was on the air last night—the fact that he stumbled around on some answers, did not seem to have his thoughts together, and provided some unsatisfying ones about Chappaquiddick. It was not to be expected that he would have anything new to say about that—he cannot by this time—and it had been known all along, and written, that Kennedy often speaks in incomplete sentences. So did his brother Robert. Edward Kennedy has an unusual articulate/inarticulate ratio. In delivering formal speeches, he can be eloquent, and in private conversation he can be barely comprehensible, but he can also be

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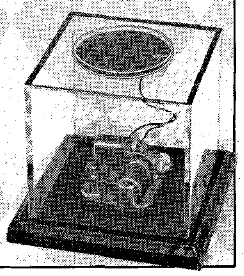

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comprehensible in private conversation and in interviews and highly articulate in spontaneous give-and-take on the Senate floor. Now that he is an actual candidate, rather than an abstraction, however, things that had been known about him but perhaps, as one of his colleagues has suggested, brushed aside are viewed differently. The Kennedy camp expected that once he became a candidate his liabilities would receive greater scrutiny, but it is doubtful whether they were prepared for the force and suddenness with which the wind would shift. It was assumed that on Chappaquiddick the questions would be the same, and that the answers, satisfying or not, would be the same, and that there might be one more round of stories on the subject, and that then, as the campaign got under way, attention would turn elsewhere. One of Kennedy's aides says it is a good thing that now they can take the campaign on the road, have him deal with audiences—which they presume him to be good at—and start shaping and refining the issues, seeing what works, and forcing the White House to respond. "We've been in a kind of sitzkrieg," the aide says.

I ask Kennedy if he is relieved that the campaign is getting under way.

"I've really never second-guessed the decision," he replies. "I made up my mind this summer. I suppose there was a set of circumstances that could have altered it or changed it. I'm actually relieved that the final aspects of the campaign have started. I think I had some consideration that I could remain in the Senate during the debates on windfall profits and SALT, but quite clearly the acceleration of interest in the campaign, and the Administration's actions, and the need to organize, and the firmness in my own mind led me to accelerate the announcement. The issue wasn't Carter's standing in the Party or in the country. There were many people who came and spoke to me about his standing. The issue was the *reason* for that standing—it was the realization, from my own evaluation and discussions, that the standing was because of a failure to come to grips with the concerns of Americans. If his position in the polls had been the result of his setting forth visions for this country and coming to grips and setting forth in a bold and compassionate way, then no matter where he was in the polls I would not have run. I would have stood on the barricades with him."

I ask him whether the campaign is proving rougher than he expected.

"No," he replies. "I knew it would

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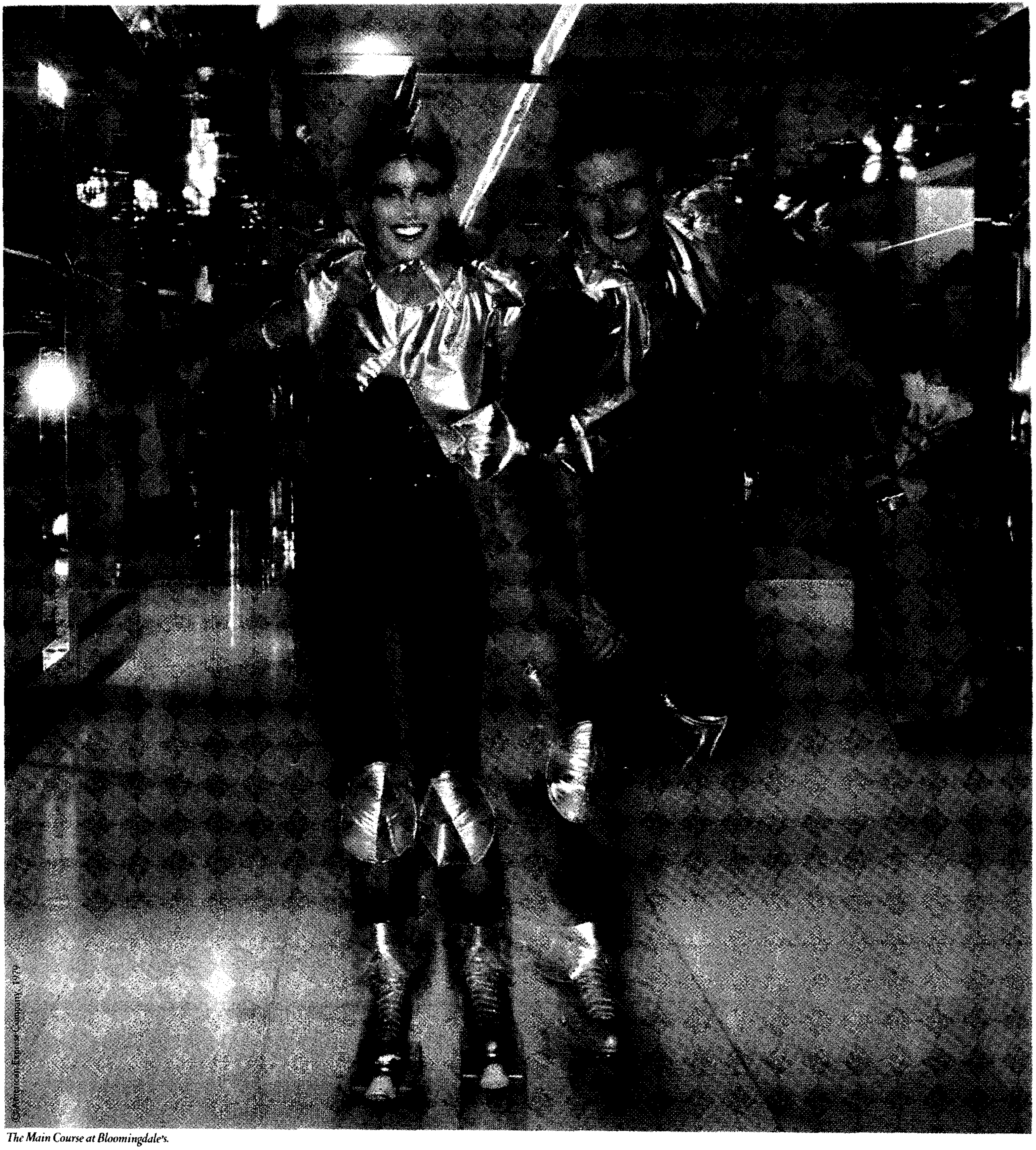

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be a hard and difficult campaign. I knew, obviously, that I'd be tested on my positions on issues and my vision for this country as well as on personal matters."

I ask him if he expected so much attention to the last.

He replies, "Yes, I did. I expected that there would be—I also knew that there was nothing new that would develop about those aspects, because, obviously, if there was anything new that would come out it would end the candidacy effectively."

I ask him how damaging he thinks these personal issues are.

"It's hard for me to make any assessments," he replies.

I ask him if he feels he has a problem in establishing a rationale for his campaign.

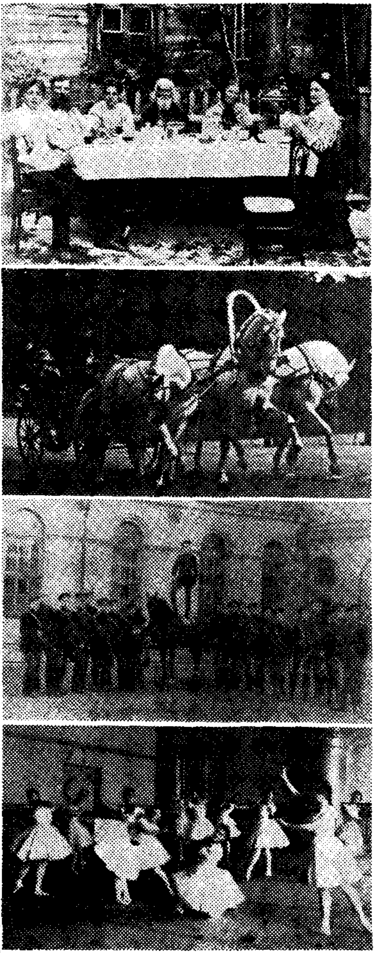
"I'll spell that out in my announcement statement, and effectively so," he replies. "That's what the purpose of the statement will be. I think we'll be effective in doing that in the next few weeks and months. I think the differences will be both implicit and explicit in the statement, in running for the Presidency, and will develop in the course of the campaign."

I ask him if he sees a political problem in trying to appeal to the traditional Democratic constituency groups and also trying to win a general election.

"I don't think so," he replies. "The central concern in the country is not only who is bearing the burden of the failure to deal effectively with inflation—the needy and the elderly and the disadvantaged—but I think there is a sense across the spectrum that a vision of America is not being spelled out, that the goals are not being established, that there is not effective coördination of the government and galvanization of the people. Meanwhile, there is talk about 'malaise' of the people—that the problems are too difficult to deal with—from our national leadership. The former analysis is much more consistent not only with the people who are bearing the burden but with the overwhelming majority of the people, who feel that there is a failure."

I ask Kennedy if he thinks there is a danger that he might raise expectations too high.

He replies, "I think people are very realistic about the complexity of the problems. People understand there is no magic solution, that no single piece of legislation will solve the problems. What they want is a feeling of progress in which they are involved—that you don't overpromise, that you don't



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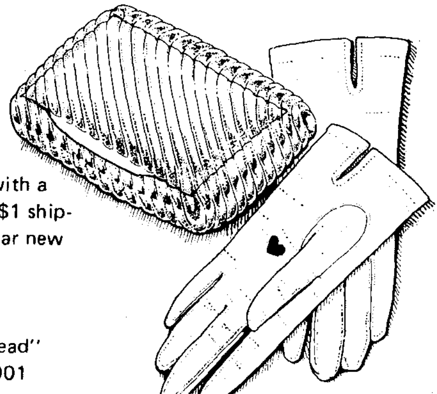

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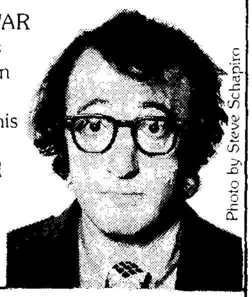

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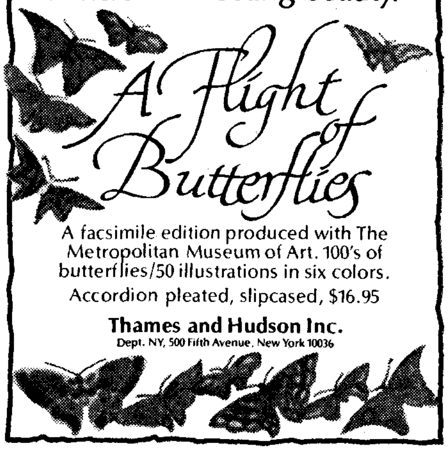

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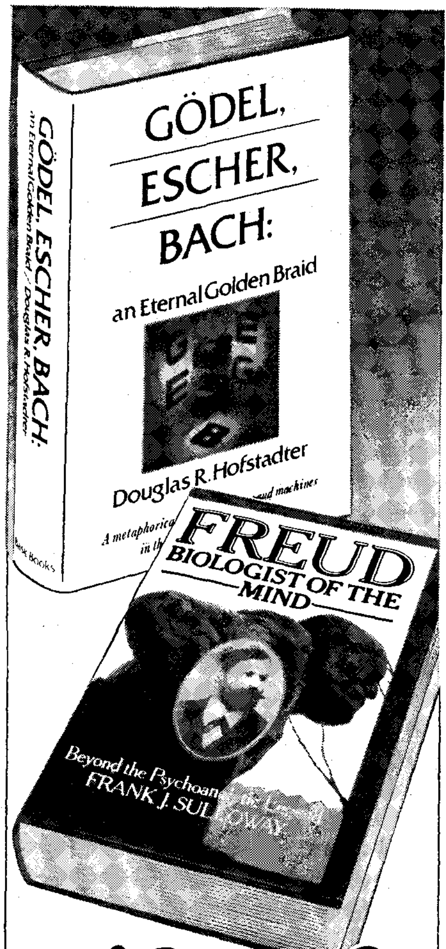
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try to solve the problems with massive programs but that you involve them and there is a sense that we're moving along on these issues. And that doesn't exist in this country today."

Does he, then, I ask, concede that the problems are more complicated now than they were before?

"I don't know that they're more complicated," he replies. "People have been led to believe it. Fighting our way out of the Articles of Confederation into the Constitution. The Depression. I don't think they're necessarily so. They are complicated, but as Americans were involved in other parts of our history and faced up to the challenges, I think they want to be involved today in facing up to the challenges, and they're not being asked to do it. The President's speech in July"—the "malaise" speech—"made a significant impact on my thinking about the next four years: the way the President looks at the American people and the future."

I return to the question of raising expectations too high.

"I think Americans always have responded best when they're challenged," Kennedy replies. "Obviously, the question is how one perceives leadership: obviously, it's releasing the enormous forces in this society who want to be productive and be involved in the solution of the problems. A leader wants to be able to release those energies and play a critical role in setting out the agenda. I think those forces out there—the elderly, youth, church groups—have a synergistic effect on each other, and that moves this nation. The energy is what's involved in moving this country to come to grips with these problems. I don't think that's overpromising; I think it's releasing the energy and the hope to deal with these problems in a positive and constructive way."

I ask him about the view that there are deeper divisions among groups in this country than ever before, and that each group is getting more sophisticated in finding methods to push its view, thus making consensus on many issues hard to achieve.

"I agree with that," Kennedy replies. "And I think those groups are strengthened. And when you don't have clearly established a vision and sense of direction for this country, then it releases those forces. This country doesn't stand still. One of the failures of this Administration has been to fail to recognize that this country wants to see a President do well, that the Congress wants to see a President do

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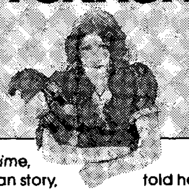

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well, and that they want to see someone who can work with the institutions. If there is a perception in the institutions that there is not a direction, not national goals, then the regionalism, narrow self-interest, special interests contaminate the purposes of our society. I think having set out a vision and purpose and goal for this country, it's important to develop a team that can work on these goals and work with the institutions that can impact them. That's not been there. I think the challenge is that American people who have confidence in themselves, confidence in their country, are perhaps cynical and skeptical about their country. The challenge is whether they would have a sense of confidence during the next twelve months that you're able to establish these directions and play a part in setting these goals."

Is he, I ask, talking about some sort of formal goals-setting process?

He replies, "I'm not talking just about a listing of programs. I started last week, on my trip, and will address in a serious way the major matters that face this country, and establish the agenda for the next four years—a vision for the country, standards for the nation."

•

ON November 8th, Jerry Brown comes to Washington to announce his Presidential candidacy at the National Press Club, another place from which a number of candidacies have been announced. Brown has almost been forgotten in all the uproar. The polls show him behind both Kennedy and Carter. In what does not appear to be a marvellous public-relations stroke, on the lectern that he stands behind is a poster that says "WOW! BROWN NOW." What shows up on the television screens is his head and "WOW!" In his statement, he says, "My principles are simple: Protect the earth, serve the people, and explore the universe." NBC shows him being asked what he thinks his chances are. He says that the odds are one in three. "One in three?" he is asked. He replies, "One in three. There's Kennedy and there's Carter and there's me."

—ELIZABETH DREW

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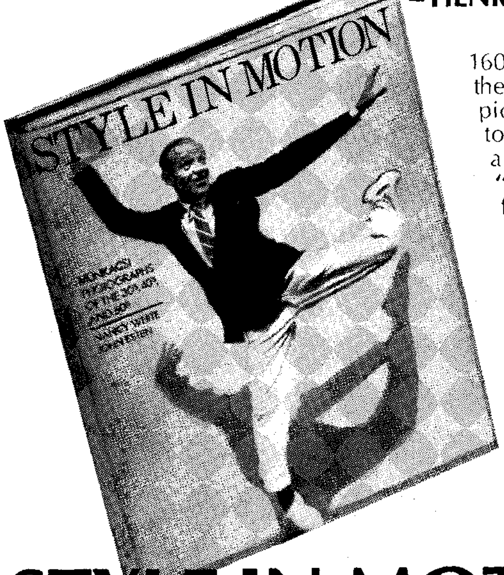

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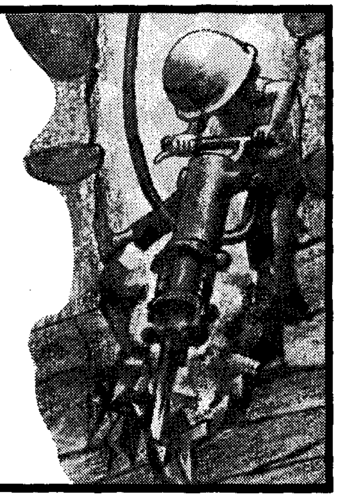

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Father and Son

JAMES BALDWIN's new novel, "Just Above My Head" (Dial; $12.95), is nearly six hundred pages long, and is full of echoing rooms and long halls and shrouded light. His first novel, "Go Tell It on the Mountain," published twenty-six years ago, lives in it, and so does "The Fire Next Time," published sixteen years ago. "Go Tell It on the Mountain" is a remarkable novel. It is intensely textured, and its prose is incantatory and poetic. ("She hoped only that they would not pass anyone she knew; she kept her head high, looking straight ahead, and felt the skin settle over her bones as though she were wearing a mask.") It is a charged, relentlessly black book—white men are remote demons—and so is "The Fire Next Time," which consists largely of the classic sermon that Baldwin delivered in this magazine as "Letter from a Region in My Mind" and that announced the great civil-rights surge of the sixties. These eloquent books inform "Just Above My Head," and share its subject matter: Baldwin's obsession with his father and with his own brief career as a teen-age preacher in storefront churches.

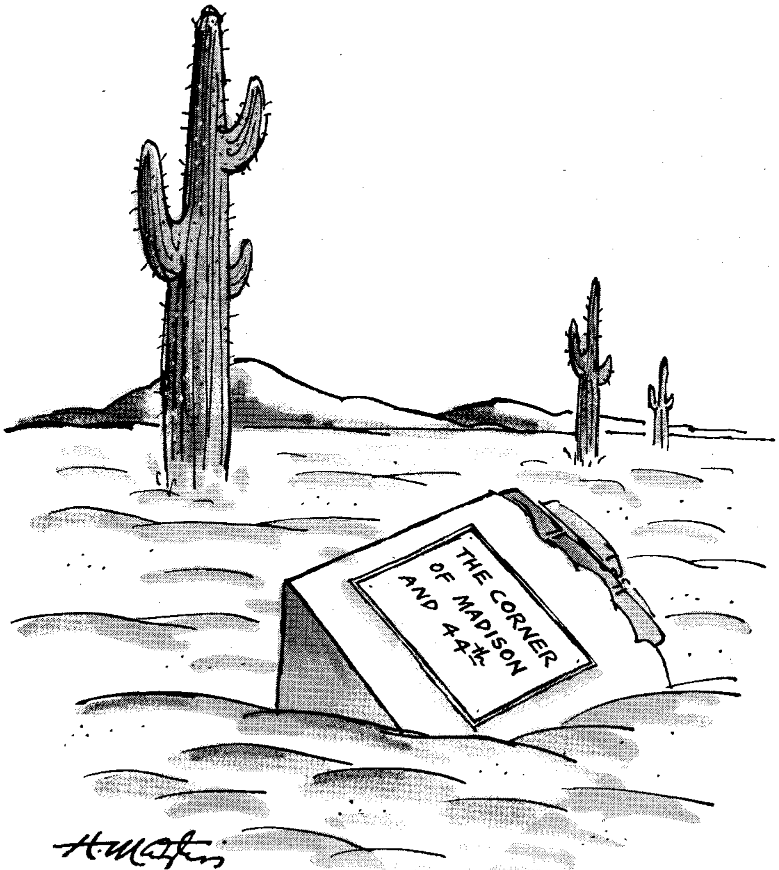
In "Go Tell It on the Mountain," the chief figures are a young boy, who vacillates between the church and the street, and his stepfather, a preacher who hardens into a cruel mountebank. In the new novel, which is set largely in Harlem in the fifties and sixties, the strongest figures are Julia, a child preacher, and her monstrous father. Julia's success turns her father into a useless dandy, and it destroys her ill mother, who refuses medical help after Julia convinces her she can be healed by the laying on of hands. The mother dies, and Julia withers. She is forced into incest by her father and escapes only after he has nearly beaten her to death. Julia refuses to bear witness against him; she becomes a prostitute and, by a curious but plausible round of events, a famous model. (The Harlem where all this takes place is cold and empty. Baldwin keeps telling us that the streets are full, but there never seems to be anyone there. Perhaps his long years abroad have made the old, teeming Harlem unreal and unimaginable.) Julia and her father dominate the book, though it revolves around Julia's friends and guardians, the Montanas. Paul Montana, patient and savvy, is a successful uptown jazz pianist, and his wife, Florence, wise, funny, sardonic, is the mammy gone North and in tough, citified bloom. Their oldest son, Hall, is the bland narrator of the book. He makes it in a white advertising agency, sells space for a black magazine, and turns to managing his younger brother Arthur, who becomes a renowned gospel singer. Baldwin works hard over Arthur Montana, but he fails to make us hear or feel Arthur's music, the beautiful, wild melismatic music of Mahalia Jackson and Claude Jeter and Ray Charles. We are told again and again that Arthur is a marvellous singer, whose delicate, lucent, scatter-brained self cannot support such genius. But when Arthur dies in a London pub at thirty-nine (of a stroke? of alcoholism? of what?) we are only bewildered.

Baldwin likes to write about violence and he likes to write about sex, and he does these things as easily as other, more domesticated novelists handle Thanksgiving dinner or Christmas homecoming. He likes to hold emotion up to the light, and he likes to reduce his characters to tears or rages. Louis Armstrong loved Guy Lombardo; Baldwin loves melodrama. He also likes to philosophize, even when his thoughts form a snare:

> Perhaps . . . we have no idea of what history is: or are in flight from the demon we have summoned. Perhaps history is not to be found in our mirrors, but in our repudiations: perhaps, the other is ourselves. History may be a great deal more than the quicksand which swallows others, and which has not yet swallowed us: history may be attempting to vomit us up, and spew us out: history may be tired. Death, itself, which swallows everyone, is beginning to be weary—of history, in fact: for death has no history.

There are uncomfortable patches in the book, such as this Faulkner outcropping: "In the shadow of all that metal, beneath the unspeakable hostility of the inescapable trains . . . Crunch's door, and all the doors on this avenue, seem furtive, doomed, sordid, choked payment for choked sins." And this Gertrude Stein one: "Julia and I had a big thing, a brief thing, a big thing, a long time ago, long, long after she had left the church, and both of us were wandering, a long time ago."

But here, in what amounts to a photograph of Julia's father, is the Baldwin of "Go Tell It on the Mountain": "The shape of his skull, the curl of his hair, etched themselves into the gray day pounding at the windowpane; and the broad, bony shoulders, the hair and the bone, at the nape of his neck, the thin, dirty undershirt, the hair in his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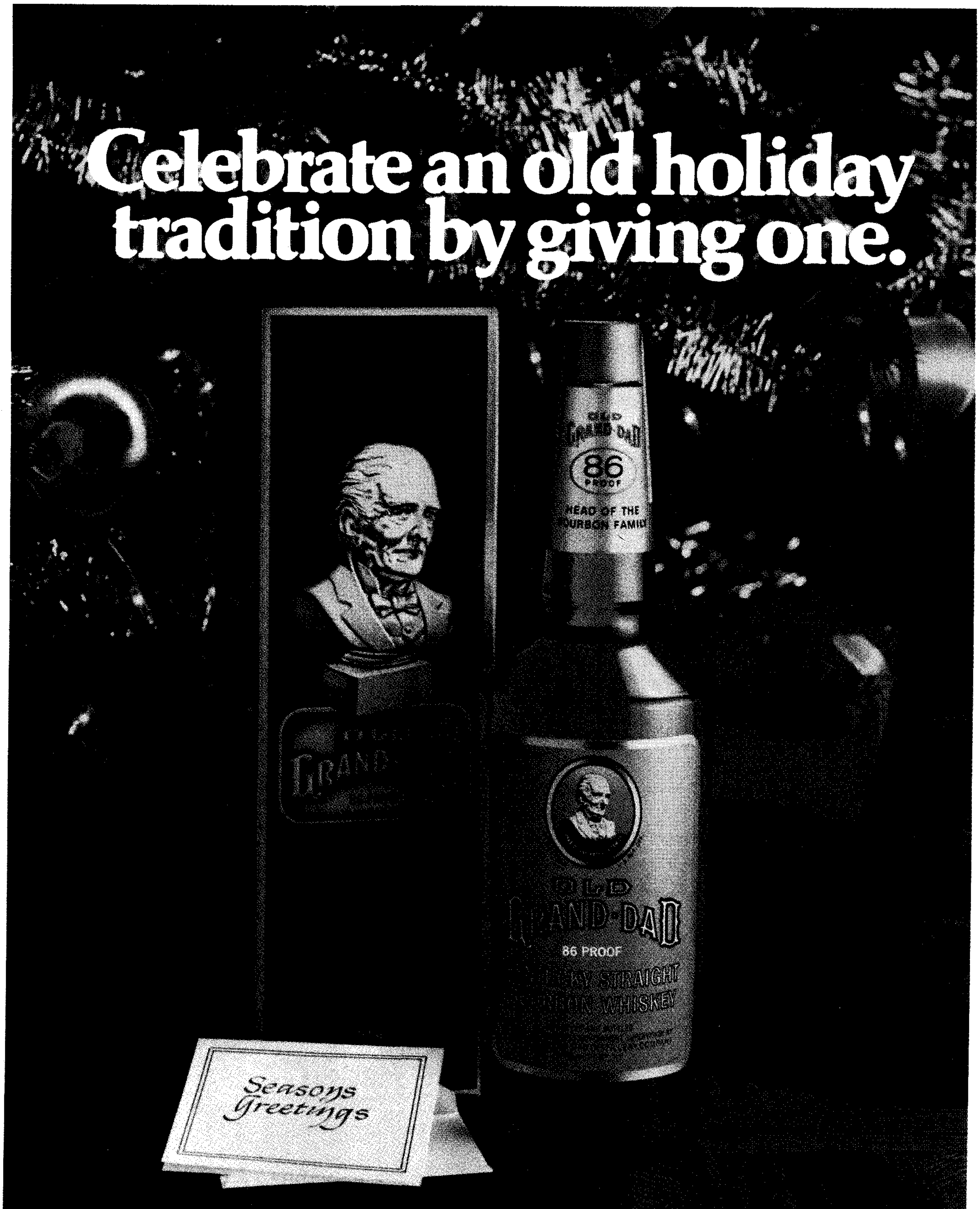
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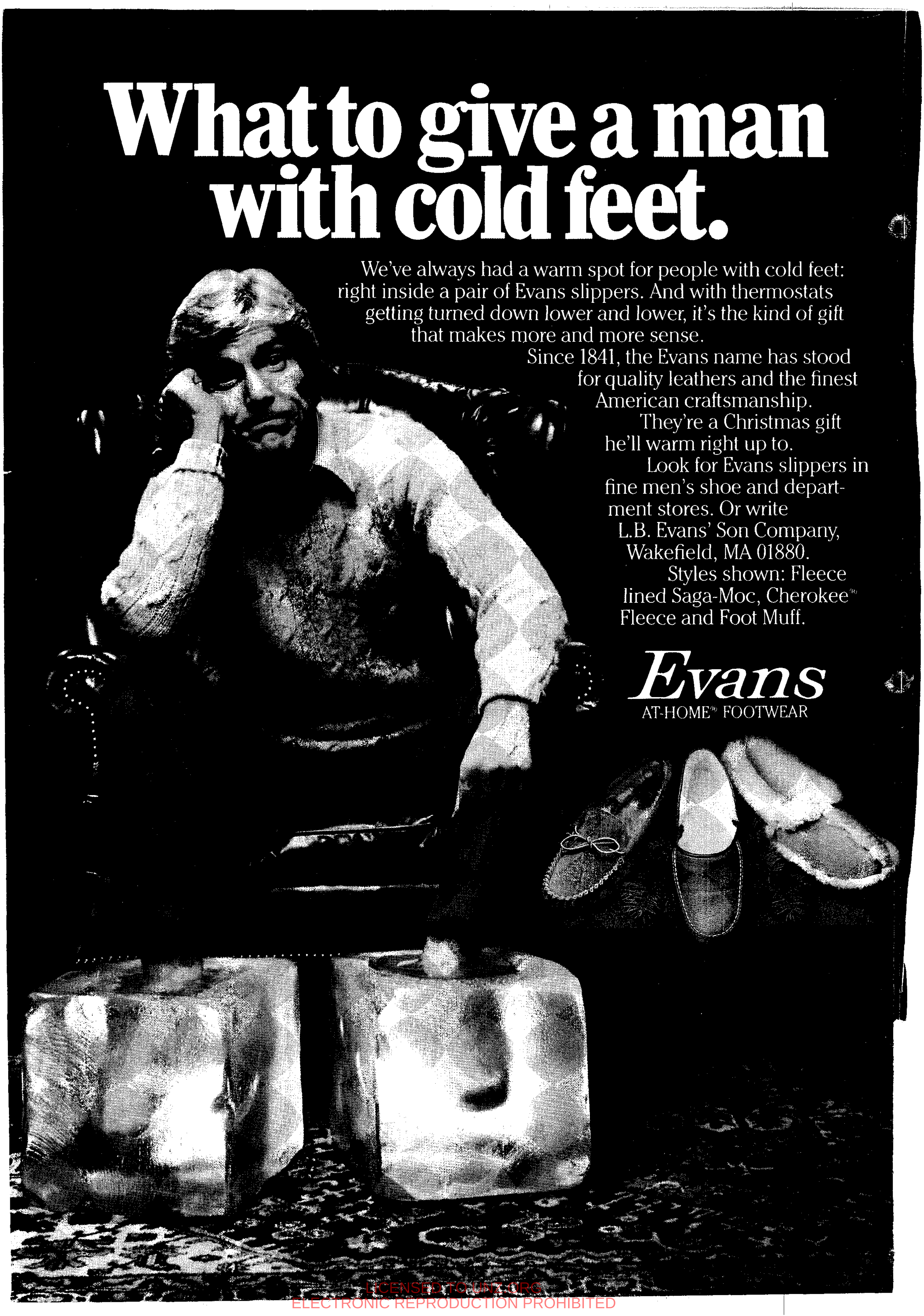

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armpits, the broad black belt at his waist, his narrow buttocks, his long, wiry thighs and legs . . ." And here is the beginning of one of Julia's sermons:

> Now that was *David* talking. You all know who David was? David wrote these psalms and I believe they was put to music in the olden times and the people just sang and made a joyful noise unto the Lord with the *psalms*. This is David talking, and you know who David was? Well, David went out, one day, looking for this wicked giant, looking for this *big*, terrible looking, *wicked* giant had everybody in the neighborhood scared to death of him, this giant they called Goliath, and little David went out with his slingshot one day, and he *slew* this wicked giant! You all still don't know who David was? David was a shepherd boy, he fed the hungry sheep! I hear some of you saying, Who was this David? tell me more about this David! Well, David was a *King* . . .

The novelistic walls of "Just Above My Head" bulge and leak. But the form Baldwin chooses to write in no longer matters. His great and peculiar power is to re-create the maddening halfway house that the black man finds himself in in late-twentieth-century America. Baldwin is a prophet, a master of exhortation. Only weariness makes his voice crack.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A COAT OF VARNISH, by C. P. Snow (Scribners; $10.95). Lord Snow, now in his seventy-sixth year, has turned his vivacious attention to still another culture—the classic English murder mystery. The result, as might be supposed, is both rather more and perhaps a bit less than a standard detective novel. The setting, which he draws with an engagingly old-fashioned loquacity and an almost Jamesian sensibility, is an elegant square in the elegant heart of Belgravia, and the victim, who is given (most uncommonly) a thorough delineation as a character, is an aged widow, a onetime notorious society beauty called Lady Ashbrook. She is thought to be fatally afflicted with cancer, then found to be in normal good health, and then, a few days later, discovered strangled to death in her drawing room, with her head bashed in by a hammer. What is most interesting here is not the identity and the motivation of the murderer, though these are nicely explored, but the artful examination of the several men and women who made up the dead

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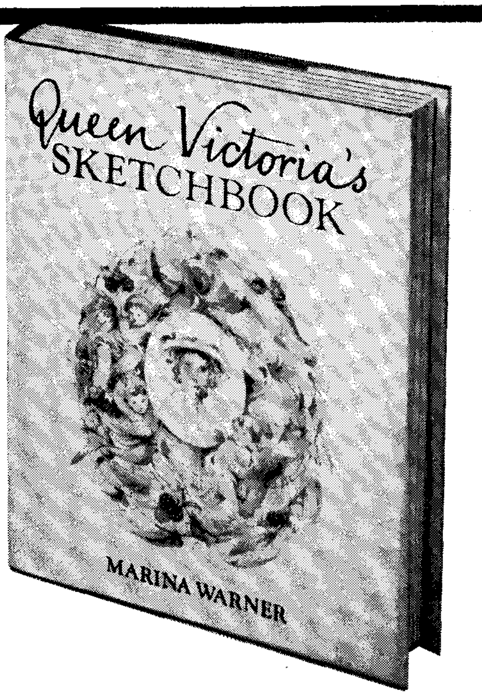

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GENERAL

OUT OF THIS CENTURY: CONFESSIONS OF AN ART ADDICT, by Peggy Guggenheim, with a foreword by Gore Vidal and an introduction by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. (Universe; $17.50). In the first chapter of this autobiography, the author introduces us to her family, stressing their eccentricities as well as their wealth, as if to suggest a genetic source for her own oddities. She has two stories to tell: one of her rackety private life and the other of her career as a collector, patron, gallery owner, and impresario of modern art. In the recounting of her assorted marriages, divorces, and romances, her style is naïve; in discussion of works of art, and especially their prices, it is astute. Her prose recalls Grandma Moses, who was not as simple as she painted. Peggy Guggenheim, at the age of eighty-one, is now the chatelaine of her own museum in Venice—an implausible but not unmerited apotheosis.

CIVILIZATIONS OF THE HOLY LAND, by Paul Johnson (Atheneum; $14.95). A handsomely illustrated book whose concise, stylish prose opens historical vistas all the way back to the beginning of history. The author starts off with Stone Age Palestine, but before we know it the Semitic Canaanites are building harbors, sailing around the Mediterranean, and inventing the alphabet. We enter written history relying heavily on the Old Testament, which, Mr. Johnson says, twentieth-century research has found surprisingly reliable. He calls attention to parallels between the development of Hebrew society and that of early Italy and Greece; apparently, a common Bronze Age Mediterranean civilization existed until the twelfth century B.C., when it was broken up by raiding sea peoples. Thereafter, new land-based empires (Assyria, Babylon, Persia) arose in the Middle East, and Greek influence did not return until the armies of Alexander the Great brought

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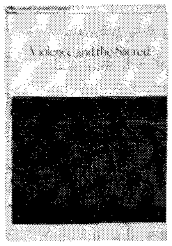

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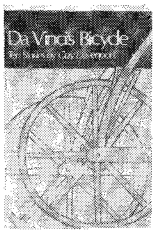

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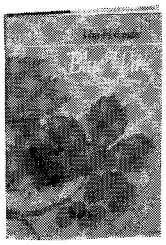

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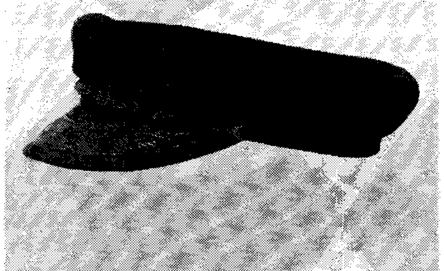

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Hellenism in their baggage. Civilizations piled atop one another in Palestine, and Mr. Johnson portrays them all—Hebrew, Greek, Roman, Christian, Muslim—not only justly but vividly, showing the fusions and borrowings among them while making clear what is, or was, distinctive about each.

MARIE WALEWSKA, by Christine Sutherland (Viking; $9.95). Of all the people who entered history in the company of Napoleon, perhaps the only one whom no one has ever had a bad word for is the stunning honey-blond Polish countess Marie Walewska. She first met the Emperor at a reception in Warsaw in 1807, shortly after his troops had pushed the Russians out of the city. Marie, the twenty-year-old wife of a court chamberlain fifty years older than she, was shy and retiring, but the dream of Polish freedom from the Russians burned in her, and Napoleon, in his pursuit of her, played on that. At first, she was offended by his proposals, but the importunings of her relatives (and the rather servile concurrence of her husband) finally brought about her surrender for the cause. This biography follows the romance—for romance it became, after Marie fell deeply and forever in love with Napoleon, by whom she bore a son—to its inevitable unhappy end, when he betrayed her, as he betrayed her country. "Yes, I am in love," he wrote his brother at the height of their affair, "but always subordinate to my policy." The book is nicely written.

NOTE: Burton Bernstein's "Sinai: The Great and Terrible Wilderness," which originally appeared as a three-part article in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Viking ($13.95). . . . "Giving Good Weight," a collection of John McPhee's writings on such matters as produce markets and pinball machines, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux ($9.95). All the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "William Steig: Drawings," with an introduction by Lillian Ross, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux ($19.95). Many of the drawings originally appeared in these pages.

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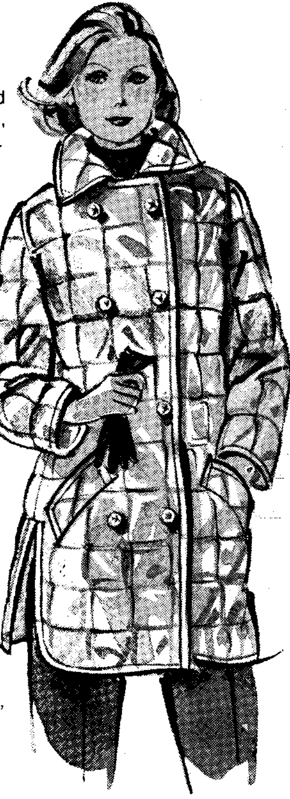

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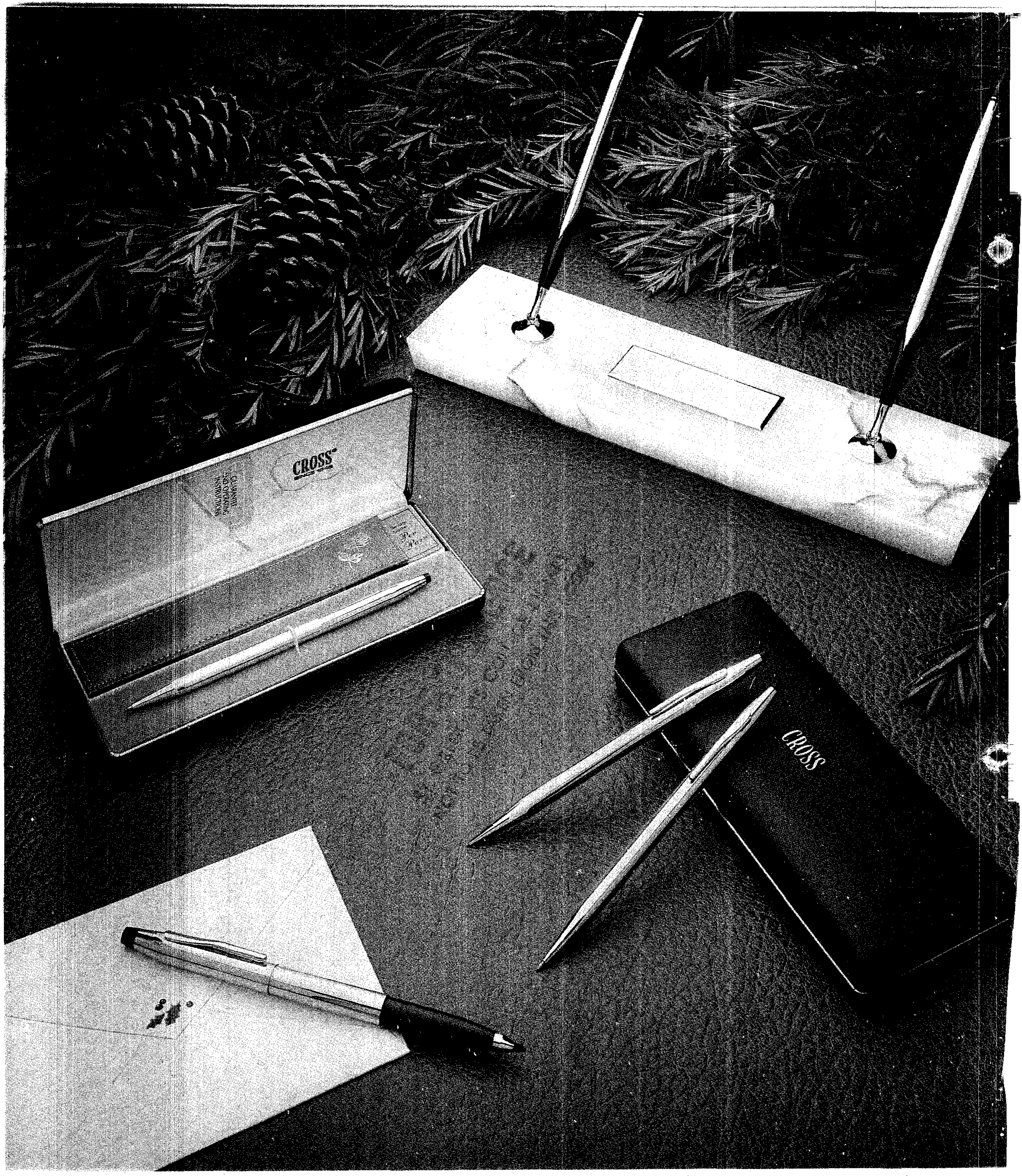

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